THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES

In Five Parts.

PART I.

The Fifth Edition.

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PREFACE.

THE Original of this Piece is attributed by the Publick Voice to the Arch-Bishop of Cambray: And certainly 'tis not unworthy a Person who was entrusted with the Education of Princes. That Virtue, Wisdom, and ardent Desire to procure the Good of Mankind, which are interwoven with the following Story, shew the fitness of the Author for so great a Trust. The Reason he had to involve his Instructions in Fable, will be obvious to all who shall consider that as he wrote for Princes, who seldom fail to reject all Precepts that are not guilded with Delight; so he lives under a Monarchy that will not suffer open and undisguised Truth. His Stile is Poetical, and Copied from Homer; or rather from Monsieur de la Valterie's Excellent Version of that Divine Poet, which is esteem'd a Master-piece in the Kind. How far this Translation has

Imitated the Perfections of these Originals, is submitted to the Judgement of Others.

Lately Printed for Awnsham *and* John Churchil.

THE Historical Library of *Diodorus* the *Sicilian* In 15 Books. The first 5, contain the Antiquities of *Egypt*, *Asia*, *Africa*, *Greece*, the Islands and *Europe*. The last 10, an historical Account of the Affairs of the *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Macedonians*, and other Parts of the World. To which are added, the Fragments of *Diodorus* that are found in the Bibliotheca of *Photius*. Together with those Publish'd by *H. Valesius*, *Rhodomannus*, and *F. Ursinus*. Made English by *G. Booth* of the City of *Chester*, Esq; *in Folio*.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

CALYPSO continued Disconsolate for the departure of *Ulysses*: Her Grief was so violent, that she thought her self unhappy in being Immortal: Her *Grotto* was no more heard ecchoing to her tuneful Voice: The Nymphs that serv'd her, durst not venture to speak to her: She often walk'd alone on the Beach, which was cover'd with a

charming mixture of Green, and Flowers quite round the Iſland: But theſe beautiful Walks were ſo far from aſſwaging her Grief, that they ſerv'd only to awaken the killing Thoughts of *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Company ſhe had ſo often enjoy'd in thoſe Places: Sometimes ſhe ſtood ſtill and wept, watering the Banks of the Sea with her Tears, and always turning her Eyes to that ſide where ſhe had laſt ſeen *Ulyſſes* his Ship plowing through the Waves; when on a ſudden ſhe perceived the broken pieces of a Veſſel that was juſt then ſplit upon the Rocks, the Oars and Seats of the Rowers ſcatter'd here and there upon the Sands, the Maſt, Rudder and Cables floating near the Shore.

Immediately after this, ſhe diſcovered two Men at a diſtance, one of them appearing to be Aged, and the other, tho' Young, reſembling *Ulyſſes*; the ſame ſweetneſs and dignity in his Looks; the ſame noble Meen and majeſtick Port. The Goddeſs preſently knew him to be *Telemachus*, the Son of that Hero. But tho' the Deities of this Order far ſurpaſs all Men in Knowledge, yet ſhe could not

not discover who was the venerable Person that accompanied *Telemachus*. For the superior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they please; and *Minerva*, who in the shape of *Mentor*, accompanied *Telemachus*, would not be known to *Calypso*.

In the mean time *Calypso* overjoy'd at this Shipwreck, that had brought the Son of *Ulysses*, and so like his Father, into her Island, advanc'd towards him; and without seeming to know who he was; whence had you, said she, the Confidence to enter my Island? Know, young Stranger, that there are Punishments for all those that come within my Empire. Under such menacing Language she endeavour'd to cover the joy of her Heart, which for all this, appear'd in her Face.

Telemachus answer'd, O whoever you are, whether a Mortal or a Goddess (tho' by your Looks you should be something Divine) can you be insensible of a Son's Misfortune, who seeking his Father, and committing his Life to the mercy of the Winds and Seas, has seen his Ship dash'd in pieces against your

Rocks? Who, I pray, replied the Goddeſs, is that Father you ſeek? He is called *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Telemachus*; and is one of thoſe Kings, who after a Siege of 10 Years, deſtroy'd the famous City of *Troy*. His Name is celebrated in all Parts of *Greece* and *Aſia* for his Valour in Fight, and much more for the Wiſdom of his Counſels: But now he wanders in unknown Seas, and has paſt moſt aſtoniſhing Dangers. His Country ſeems to fly from him: His Wife *Penelope*, and I, who am his Son, have loſt all hopes of ſeeing him again. I run the ſame Hazards he has done, to learn where he is; but what do I ſay! It may be he is now bury'd in the profound Abyſs of the Sea. O Goddeſs! Pity our Misfortunes; and if you know what the Fates have done, either to ſave or deſtroy *Ulyſſes*, diſdain not to inſtruct his Son *Telemachus*.

Calypſo fill'd with Amazement and Compaſſion to find ſo much Wiſdom and Eloquence in ſo much Youth, could not ſatiate her Eyes with looking on him, and ſtood for ſome time ſilent. At laſt ſhe ſaid to him; we will inform you, O *Telemachus*, what has hapned to your

your Father ; but the Relation is long, and 'tis more than time to repoſe after all the Fatigues you have endur'd: Come into my Habitation, and I will receive you as my Son: Come, you ſhall be my Conſolation in this Solitude, and I will make you happy, if you know how to be ſo.

Telemachus followed the Goddeſs, who was ſurrounded by a Crowd of young Nymphs, and ſurpaſſed them all in Stature as a well grown Oak of the Foreſt raiſes his lofty Head above the reſt of the Trees. He admir'd the luſtre of her Beauty, the rich Purple of her long and floating Robes, her Hair careleſsly but gracefully tied behind her Neck, the Fire that darted from her Eyes, and the ſweetneſs that temper'd this Vivacity. *Mentor*, with a modeſt Silence, and looking towards the Ground, follow'd *Telemachus*. Arriving at the entrance of *Calypſo*'s Grotto, *Telemachus* was ſurpris'd to ſee whatever might charm the Eye, covered under the appearance of rural Simplicity. There was neither Gold nor Silver to be ſeen, no Marble nor Pillars of Stone, no Painting nor Statues.

The Grotto was cut into divers Vaults within the Rock, which were incruſted with Shells and Rockwork. The Tapeſtry was a young Vine, extending its tender Branches equally on every ſide. The gentle *Zephyrs*, preſerv'd a refreſhing coolneſs in this Place, ſecure from the ſcorching Heat of the Sun. Springs of pure Water paſs'd ſweetly, whiſpering through the Meadows that were painted with Violets and Amaranthus, and form'd divers natural Baths as clear and as bright as Cryſtal. A thouſand Flowers enamell'd the green Turf that ſurrounded the Grotto. There was an entire Wood of thoſe Trees, that bear Golden Apples, and put forth Flowers in every Seaſon, yielding the ſweeteſt of all Perfumes. This Wood ſeem'd to Crown the beautiful Medows, and made an artificial Night, which the Beams of the Sun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard, but the ſinging of Birds, or the noiſe of Waters impetuouſly precipitating from the Rocks, and gliding away through the Fields.

The Grotto of the Goddeſs was on the deſcent of a Hill, from whence ſhe had a view of the Sea, one while clear and ſmooth as Glaſs, at another time vainly angry with the Rocks, ſwelling into Waves, and breaking to pieces againſt them: From another ſide ſhe might ſee a River, containing many little Iſlands border'd with flowering Lime-Trees, and lofty Poplars, that rear'd their ſtately Heads to the Clouds. The ſeveral Channels that formed theſe Iſlands, ſeem'd to play and ſport between the Banks, ſome rowling their Waters with rapidity, others more gently and quietly; and others after many windings, returning as it were to the Spring from whence they came, ſeem'd unwilling to leave the charming Place. One might ſee afar off many Hills and Mountains hiding their Heads in the Clouds, and forming ſuch odd and unuſual Figures as were very agreable to the Eye. The Hills that ſtood at leſs diſtance were covered with Vines, the Grapes of which ſurpaſs'd the richeſt Purple in Colour, and could not conceal themſelves under the Leaves of the

Trees

Trees that bow'd under the weight of their Fruit. The Fig-tree, the Olive and the Pomgranat, with all Kinds of other Trees cover'd the reſt of the Country, and made it one intire Garden.

Calypſo having ſhow'd *Telemachus* all theſe Beauties of Nature, ſaid to him, 'tis time for you to repoſe, and to change your wet Garments; after which we will ſee one another again, and I will tell you ſome things that ſhall affect your Heart. Having ſaid this, ſhe cauſed them both to enter into the moſt private and retired part of a Grotto, which ſtood near to that in which ſhe dwelt. Her Nymphs had taken care to light a Fire of *Cedar*, which fill'd the Apartment with an agreeable ſcent, and had left all neceſſary Apparel for the two Strangers. *Telemachus* finding that the Goddeſs had deſign'd him a Tunick of the fineſt Wool, and white as Snow, with a Veſt of Purple, richly embroider'd with Gold, was, like a young Man, infinitely pleas'd with this Magnificence; which *Mentor* perceiving, he ſaid with a grave and ſevere Voice, 'Are theſe, O '*Telemachus*, the Thoughts that ought to poſ-

‘ poſſeſs the Heart of the Son of *Ulyſſes*?
‘ Think rather to maintain the Reputa-
‘ tion your Father has acquired, and to
‘ overcome the Perſecutions of Fortune.
‘ A young Man who loves to dreſs like
‘ a Woman, is unworthy of Wiſdom
‘ and Glory. The Heart that knows
‘ not how to ſuffer Pain and deſpiſe
‘ Pleaſure, is unfit to poſſeſs thoſe glo-
‘ rious Advantages.

Telemachus with a deep Sigh anſwer'd, May the Gods deſtroy me rather than ſuffer me to fall under the Power of effeminate Pleaſures. No! the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſhall never be ſubdu'd by the Charms of a ſoft and unworthy Life: But what Favour of Heaven has brought us to this Goddeſs, or to this Mortal, who has received us with ſo much Goodneſs?

‘ Tremble, replied *Mentor*, leſt in the
‘ end ſhe overwhelm you with Evil;
‘ be more afraid of her inſinuating
‘ Charms, than of the Rocks that ſplit
‘ your Ship; Death and Shipwreck are
‘ leſs dreadful than the Pleaſures that at-
‘ tack Vertue; be upon your Guard,
‘ and beware of believing any thing ſhe

‘ ſhall

'ſhall ſay to you; Youth is full of Pre-
'ſumption and Arrogance, tho' no-
'thing in the World be ſo frail; it fears
'nothing, and vainly relies upon its
'own Strength; believing all Things
'with the utmoſt Levity, and without
'any Precaution. Beware of hearkning
'to the ſoft and flattering Words of *Ca-*
'*lypſo*, which will ſlide into your Heart
'with Pleaſure: Fear the concealed Poi-
'ſon, diſtruſt your ſelf, and determine
'nothing without my Counſel.

After this they return'd to *Calypſo*, who waited for them; and preſently her Nymphs, dreſs'd in white, with their Hair tied up, brought in a plain, but exquiſite Repaſt, conſiſting of Birds that they had taken with Nets, and of Veniſon that they had kill'd with their Bows. The Wine was ſweeter than Nectar, and flow'd from Jarrs of Silver into Golden Bowls, that were crown'd with Flowers. All ſorts of Fruit that the Spring promiſes, and Autumn ripens in profuſion, were brought in Baſkets, and four young Nymphs began to ſing. Firſt, they ſung the War of the Gods againſt the Giants, then the

Loves

Loves of *Jupiter* and *Semele*; the Birth of *Bacchus*, and his Education under the care of old *Silenus*; the Race of *Atalanta* and *Hypomenes*, who was overcome by means of the Golden Apples that came from the Garden of the *Heſperides*. Laſt of all they ſung the War of *Troy*, and exalted the Valour and Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes* to the Heavens. The chief of the Nymphs, whoſe Name was *Leucothoe*, accompanied their ſweet Voices with her Lute. When *Telemachus* heard the Name of his Father, the Tears that flow'd down his Cheeks, gave a new luſtre to his Beauty. But *Calypſo* perceiving that he could not eat, and that he was ſeiz'd with Grief, made a ſign to the Nymphs; and preſently they began to ſing the Fight between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapithæ*, and the deſcent of *Orpheus* into Hell, to recover his dear *Eurydice*.

When they had eaten, the Goddeſs took *Telemachus* aſide, and ſaid to him; You ſee, O Son of the Great *Ulyſſes*, with what favour I receive you into my Habitation. Yet know, that I am Immortal, and that no Mortal can enter into

into this Iſland without being puniſhed for his raſh attempt; nay even your Shipwreck ſhould not ſecure you from the effects of my Indignation, if I did not love you. Your Father had the ſame Happineſs you now enjoy; but, alaſs! he knew not how to uſe it. I detain'd him a long time in this Iſland, and, had he been contented, he might have liv'd with me in an immortal Condition: But a fond Paſſion to return to his wretched Country, made him reject all theſe Advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for the ſake of the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which he ſhall never ſee again. He reſolv'd to leave me; he went away, and I was reveng'd by a Storm. After his Veſſel had ſerv'd for Sport to the Winds, it was buried under the Waves. Make a right uſe of ſo ſad an Example; for after his Shipwreck, you can neither hope to ſee him again, nor ever to reign in the Iſland of *Ithaca*. Forget this Loſs, and remember you have found a Goddeſs, that offers to make you happy, and to preſent you with a Kingdom. To theſe Words *Calypſo* added many more, to ſhew him, how happy *Ulyſ-*

ſes

ſes had been with her. She related his Adventures in the Cave of the *Cyclops*, *Polyphemus*, and the Diſaſter that befel him in the Country of *Antiphates* King of the *Leſtrigons*; not forgetting what happened to him in the Iſland of *Circe*, Daughter to the Sun; or the Dangers he paſs'd between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. She repreſented the laſt Storm that *Neptune* had rais'd againſt him when he left her, and deſir'd to perſwade him, that he had periſhed in that Shipwreck; but ſuppreſs'd his arrival in the Iſland of the *Pheacians*.

Telemachus, who at firſt had too eaſily abandon'd himſelf to Joy when he found he was ſo well received by *Calypſo*, now began to perceive her Artifices, and the Wiſdom of thoſe Counſels that *Mentor* had given him. He anſwer'd in few Words, O Goddeſs, pardon my Grief, which at preſent I cannot overcome; it may be, hereafter I may have more force to reliſh the Fortune you offer me: Give me leave at this time to weep for my Father; for you know better than I, how much he deſerves to be regretted.

Calypſo

Calypso not daring to preſs him any farther on that Subject, feigned to ſympathize with him in his Affliction, and to ſhew her ſelf paſſionately concerned for the loſs of *Ulyſſes*; but that ſhe might the better find the way to his Heart, ſhe asked him in what manner he had ſuffer'd Shipwreck, and by what Adventures he was brought to her Iſland. The Relation of my Misfortunes, ſaid he, would be too long. No, no, replied ſhe, I am in pain to know them, and therefore give me that Satisfaction. After much ſolicitation ſhe prevailed with him, and he began thus.

I parted from *Ithaca* with intention to inquire of thoſe Kings that were return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, what they knew concerning my Father. The Lovers of my Mother *Penelope* were ſurpris'd at my departure, which I had taken care to conceal from them, becauſe I was well acquainted with their Perfidiouſneſs. But neither *Menelaus*, who received me with Affection at *Lacedemon*, nor *Neſtor*, whom I ſaw at *Pilos*, could inform me whether my Father were ſtill alive. Weary with living

living always in ſuſpence and uncertainty, I reſolv'd to paſs into *Sicily*, where I had heard my Father had been driven by the Winds. But the Sage *Mentor* who is here preſent, oppoſed this raſh Deſign, repreſenting to me on the one hand the *Cyclops*, who are monſtrous Giants that devour Men; on the other, the Fleet of *Æneas* and the *Trojans*, who were upon that Coaſt. The *Trojans* ſaid he, are highly incenſed againſt all the *Greeks*; but they would take a ſingular Pleaſure to ſhed the Blood of the Son of *Ulyſſes*: Return therefore to *Ithaca*, it may be your Father, who is a Favourite of Heaven, may arrive there as ſoon as you: But if the Gods have reſolv'd his Deſtruction, and he is never more to ſee his Country, at leaſt it becomes you to revenge him againſt his Rivals, to deliver your Mother, and to give ſuch proof of your Wiſdom to all the People of *Greece*, that they may know you are as worthy to reign, as ever *Ulyſſes* was. This Counſel was uſeful and honourable, but I had not Prudence enough to follow it, and heark'ned only to my own Paſſion; yet

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the wiſe *Mentor* lov'd me to ſuch a degree, that he condeſcended to accompany me in that Voyage, which I raſhly undertook againſt his Advice.

Whilſt he ſpoke, *Calypſo* look'd earneſtly, and not without Aſtoniſhment upon *Mentor*. She thought ſhe perceived ſomething Divine in him, but could not diſintangle the confuſion of her Thoughts; which cauſed her to continue apprehenſive and diffident in the preſence of this unknown Perſon. But fearing above all Things to diſcover the diſorder of her Mind, ſhe deſired *Telemachus* to proceed, which he did in this manner.

We had the Wind favourable for ſome time after our departure for *Sicily*; but then, a violent Storm ariſing, depriv'd us of the view of Heaven, and involv'd us in the obſcurity of Night: Yet by ſome flaſhes of Lightning, we perceived other Ships expoſed to the ſame Danger, which when we underſtood to be the Fleet of *Æneas*, we thought them no leſs formidable to us than the Rocks themſelves. In that Mo-

Moment I comprehended, tho' too late, what the Heat of imprudent Youth had hindred me from conſidering before. *Mentor*, in the midſt of this Danger, appear'd not only Reſolute and Intrepid, but more cheerful than he uſed to be. 'Twas he that inſpir'd me with Reſolution; and I felt the extraordinary force of his Encouragements. He gave out all neceſſary Orders, when the Pilot knew not what to do. I ſaid to him, my dear *Mentor*, why did I refuſe to follow your Counſels? Am I not unhappy, to act by my own Advice, at ſuch an Age, as has no foreſight of Futurity, no experience of things paſt nor moderation to govern the preſent? O! If ever we eſcape this Storm, I reſolve to diſtruſt my ſelf, as I would my moſt dangerous Enemy, and to believe you alone for ever. To this *Mentor* anſwer'd ſmiling, I ſhall not blame you for the Fault you have committed: 'Tis enough that you are ſenſible of it, and make it ſerve you hereafter to moderate your Deſires. But perhaps when the Danger is paſt, Preſumption will return. We may now be apprehenſive,

and

and endeavour to prevent the worſt; but if all we can do, prove ineffectual, we have nothing left but a generous Contempt. Shew your ſelf worthy of ſuch a Father, and let your Courage be greater than the Dangers that threaten. I was charm'd with the ſweetneſs and magnanimity of the wiſe *Mentor*, but I was much more ſurpris'd, when I ſaw with what dexterity he brought about our Deliverance.

The *Trojans* were ſo near, that they could not fail to diſcover who we were, as ſoon as the Light ſhould appear; which *Mentor* knowing, and in that Inſtant perceiving one of their Ships which was ſeparated from the reſt of the Fleet, to be ſomething like ours, except certain Garlands of Flowers that ſhe carried at her Stern, he hung up the ſame ſorts of Flowers on the ſame part of our Ship, and faſten'd them himſelf with Ribbons of the ſame Colour with thoſe of the *Trojans*. He order'd the Rowers to bow themſelves as low as the Oar would permit, that they might not be diſcover'd by the Enemy. In this manner we paſs'd through the midſt

midſt of their Fleet, whilſt they ſhouted for Joy to ſee us, ſuppoſing we were their Companions, which they thought to be loſt. We were forced along with them by the violence of the Weather for a conſiderable time; but at laſt we found means to keep a little behind, and whilſt they were driven by the Winds towards the Shoar of *Africa*, we exerted our utmoſt Efforts to make the neareſt Coaſt of *Sicily*.

We arrived, as we deſign'd; but that which we ſought, proved almoſt as fatal to us, as the Fleet we avoided; we found more *Trojans*, and conſequently Enemies to all *Greeks*; for old *Aceſtes* reigned in theſe Parts. As ſoon as we got a-ſhoar, the Inhabitants, thinking us to be either ſome other People of the Iſland come to ſurprize them, or elſe Strangers that deſign'd to ſeize their Country, burnt our Ship, kill'd our Companions, and reſerv'd only *Mentor* and me to be preſented to *Aceſtes*, that we might inform him of our Deſigns, and whence we came. We were brought into the Town with our Hands tied behind our Backs, and our Death was de-

deferr'd, only to make us a Spectacle to a cruel People, as ſoon as they ſhould know we were *Greeks*.

We were without delay preſented to *Aceſtes*, who ſat with a golden Scepter in his Hand, diſtributing Juſtice, and preparing himſelf for a great Sacrifice. He ask'd us with a ſevere Voice, of what Country we were, and the occaſion of our Voyage. *Mentor* anſwer'd, We come from the Coaſts of great *Heſperia*, and our Country is not far from thence: By this means he avoided to ſay, that we were *Greeks*. But *Aceſtes* would hear no more, and taking us for Perſons that conceal'd ſome bad Deſign, he commanded us to be ſent into a Neighbouring Foreſt, there to ſerve as Slaves to thoſe who look'd after the Cattle. This Condition ſeem'd more terrible to me than Death. I cried out, O King, order us rather to ſuffer Death, than to be treated ſo unworthily: Know, that I am *Telemachus* the Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, King of the *Ithacians*. I ſeek my Father in all parts of the World; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my Country, nor avoid Servitude, take that

that Life from me, which I cannot bear. Scarce had I pronounced theſe Words, when all the People in a Rage cried out, That the Son of the cruel *Ulyſſes muſt die, whoſe Artifices had deſtroy'd the City of* Troy.

O Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Aceſtes*, I cannot refuſe your Blood to the Ghoſts of ſo many *Trojans*, that your Father precipitated into the Waters of the black *Cocytus*. You and your Conductor ſhall die. At the ſame time an Old Man of the Company propoſed to the King, that we ſhould be Sacrific'd upon the Tomb of *Anchiſes*. Their Blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the Soul of that Hero. *Æneas* himſelf, when he hears of this Sacrifice, will be overjoy'd to ſee how much you love what was dearer to him than all other Things in the World. Every one applauded this Propoſition, and nothing remain'd but to put it in Execution. We were led to the Tomb of *Anchiſes*, where two Altars were erected, and the Sacred Fire kindled. The Knife was brought, we were Crown'd with Garlands, and no Compoſition would be accepted to ſave our Lives. Our Fate

was determined, when *Mentor* calmly desir'd to speak to the King; and having receiv'd Permission, said, O *Aceſtes*, if the Misfortunes of Young *Telemachus*, who never carried Arms against the *Trojans*, may not plead for him, at least let your own Interest move you. The Knowledge I have acquir'd to predict the Will of the Gods, informs me, That before the end of three Days, you shall be attack'd by a barbarous People, who will come down like a Torrent from the Mountains, to destroy your City, and ravage your whole Country. Hasten to prevent them, Arm your People, and from this moment begin to secure within these Walls all the Riches you have in the Fields. If my Prediction be false, you may Sacrifice us when the three Days are expir'd; but if on the contrary it prove true, remember, That no One ought to take away the Lives of those, by whom his own was preserv'd. *Aceſtes* was astonish'd at these Words, which *Mentor* spoke with more assurance than he had ever found in any Man. I see, said he, O Stranger, That the Gods who have granted you so small

ſhare in the Favours of Fortune, have n Recompence given you ſuch Wiſ- lom as is more valuable than the igheſt Proſperity. At the ſame time e put off the Sacrifice, and iſſued ut all neceſſary Orders with the utmoſt Diligence, to prevent the Attack that *Mentor* had foretold. On all ſides were o be ſeen Old Men and Women tremb- ing for fear, and accompanied with reat numbers of Young Children, bath'd n Tears, and retiring into the City. The lowing Oxen and bleating Sheep, eft the rich Paſtures, and came along in onfuſion; but their number was too reat, to find places to contain them all. The Noiſe and Tumult of People preſ- ing to get in, was ſuch, that no One ould underſtand another. In this Diſ- rder, ſome took an unknown Perſon or their Friend, and others ran, tho' ney knew not whither. But the Prin- pal Men of the City, thinking them- lves wiſer than the reſt, ſuſpected *Men- r* to be an Impoſtor, who had pre- icted a Falſhood to ſave his Life. Yet efore the third Day was expir'd, whilſt ney were full of theſe Imaginations, a

Cloud of Duſt was ſeen riſing upon th
deſcent of the Neighbouring Hills; a
innumerable Multitude of *Barbarian*
appear'd in Arms, and all thoſe wh
had deſpis'd the wiſe Prediction of *Men*
tor, loſt all their Slaves and their Ca
tle. Upon this, the King ſaid t
Mentor; I forget that you are *Greeks*
our Enemies are become our faithfu
Friends; the Gods have ſent you to ſav
us; I expect no leſs from your Valou
than from the Wiſdom of your Words
Haſten therefore to aſſiſt us.

Mentor ſhew'd in his Eyes a boldnes
that was ſufficient to aſtoniſh the fie
ceſt Warrior. He takes up a Shield,
Helmet, a Sword and a Lance: H
draws up the Souldiers of *Aceſtes*, pu
himſelf at their Head, and advances
good Order towards the Enemy. *Ac*
ſtes, tho' full of Courage, could n
follow him, but at a diſtance, by re
ſon of his Age. I follow'd him mo
cloſe. But nothing can equal his V
lour. In the Fight, his Helmet reſemb
led the immortal one of *Minerv*
Death flew from Rank to Rank, whe
ever his Blows fell: As a Lyon of *N*
midi

nidia, provok'd by cruel Hunger, fal-ing upon a Flock of unreſiſting Sheep, kills, tears, and ſwims in Blood: Whilſt he Shepherds far from aſſiſting their Flock, fly trembling away from his Fury.

Theſe *Barbarians*, who hoped to ſur-prize the City, were themſelves ſur-pris'd and defeated. The Subjects of *Aceſtes* were animated by the Example nd Words of *Mentor*; and felt a Vi-gour which they thought not to be in hem. With my Lance I kill'd the Son of the *Barbarian* King. He was of my Age, but much higher than I am; for his People is deſcendeded from Giants. nd of the ſame Race with the *Cyclops*, He deſpis'd ſo weak an Enemy; but I, not at all daunted with his prodigious Strength, or his fierce and ſavage Looks, puſh'd my Lance againſt his Breaſt, and made his Soul guſh out at the Wound n a Torrent of black and reeking Blood. As he fell he was like to cruſh me in pie-ces by his Fall. The ſound of his Arms eccho'd in the Hills. I took the Spoil, nd return'd to *Aceſtes* with the Arms I had gain'd from this formidable Ene-

my. *Mentor* having intirely broke the *Barbarians*, purſu'd them to th Woods, and cut them in pieces. Thi unexpected Succeſs made *Mentor* to b regarded, as one cheriſh'd and inſpir' by the Gods: And *Aceſtes* from a Sen of Gratitude, ſhew'd his Concernmen for us if the Fleet of *Æneas* ſhould re turn to *Sicily*. He gave us a Ship t carry us to our own Country; made u many and rich Preſents, and preſſed u to haſten our Departure, that we migh prevent any Miſchief. But he woul not give us either a Pilot, or Marine of his own Nation, for fear they migh be expos'd to too much Hazard upo the Coaſt of *Greece*. He committed u to the care of certain *Phenician* Mer chants, who Trading with all the Pe ple of the World, had no occaſion t fear, and order'd them to bring bac the Ship, when they had left us ſafe i *Ithaca*. But the Gods, who ſport wit the Deſigns of Men, had reſerved us fo farther Calamities.

The *Tyrians* by their Inſolence ha highly provok'd the King of *Egyp* whoſe name was *Seſoſtris*, and who ha

con

conquered many Kingdoms. The Riches they had acquir'd by Trade, and the impregnable Strength of *Tyre*, which ſtands ſituated in the Sea, had render'd this People ſo Proud, that they not only refuſed to pay the Tribute which *Seſoſtris* impoſed upon them in his return from the Conqueſts he had made, but aſſiſted his Brother with Forces, who had conſpir'd to murther him on the Feſtival that was appointed to be celebrated on account of his great Victories. For theſe Reaſons *Seſoſtris* reſolv'd to humble them, by ruining their Commerce at Sea, and commanded all his Ships to ſeek out and aſſault the *Phenicians*. One of his Fleets met with us, as ſoon as we loſt ſight of the *Sicilian* Mountains, when the Harbour and Land ſeem'd to fly from behind us, and loſe themſelves in the Clouds. At the ſame time we ſaw the *Egyptian* Ships advancing towards us like a floating City. The *Phenicians* perceived, and endeavour'd to avoid them, but 'twas too late. Their Ships were better Sailors, their Mariners more numerous, the Wind favour'd them, they Boarded us,

Took us, and carried us Priſoners to *Egypt*. I told them, but in vain, that I was no *Phenician*, they hardly vouchſafed to hear me; they look'd upon us as Slaves, in which Merchandiſe they knew the *Phenicians* traded, and thought only of making the beſt of their Prize. We arrived in the Iſland of *Pharos*, and from thence were carried up the *Nile* to *Memphis*. If the Grief we felt by reaſon of our Captivity, had not render'd us inſenſible to all Pleaſure, our Eyes would have been charm'd with the fruitful Country of *Egypt*, like a delicious Garden every where Water'd with the pureſt Streams. We could not turn our Eyes on either ſide of the River, without diſcovering many opulent Iſlands; great numbers of well ſituated Villa's; Lands richly cover'd with a golden Harveſt; Meadows full ſtock'd with Cattle; Husbandmen bowing under the weight of the Fruits they had gather'd, and Shepherds that made the Eccho's on every ſide repeat the ſweet ſound of their Pipes and Flutes.

" Hap-

" Happy, ſaid *Mentor*, is the People,
" who are govern'd by a wiſe King:
" They live in Plenty and Content-
" ment, and love him to whom they
" owe their Felicity. Thus, ſaid he,
" O *Telemachus* you ought to Reign,
" and be the Joy of your People. If
" ever the Gods give you the Poſſeſſion
" of your Father's Kingdom, love your
" People as your Children; feel the
" Pleaſure of being beloved by them,
" and carry your ſelf ſo, that all the
" Tranquillity and Pleaſure they enjoy,
" may lead them to remember,
" that they are the rich Preſents of a
" good King. Kings who make it their
" only buſineſs to render themſelves
" formidable to their own Subjects,
" and to impoveriſh them in order to
" make them more ſubmiſſive, are the
" Plagues of Mankind. They are per-
" haps feared, as they deſire; but they
" are hated, deteſted, and have more
" reaſon to be afraid of their Subjects,
" than their Subjects have to fear them.

I anſwer'd, alas, *Mentor*, 'Tis not now the Queſtion, by what Maxims a King ought to Reign. We ſhall never

ſee *Ithaca* again. We ſhall never ſee our Country, or *Penelope* more; and tho' *Ulyſſes* ſhould return full of Glory to his Kingdom, he would never have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me there; nor I that of obeying him, and learning the Rules of Government from him. No, Let us dye, dear *Mentor*; for we muſt have no other thoughts: Let us dye, ſince the Gods have no Compaſſion for us. As I ſpoke, my Words were interrupted with ſighs. But *Mentor*, tho' he could be apprehenſive of approaching Evils, knew not what it was to fear them when they had happen'd. Unworthy Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, cryed he, Doſt thou ſuffer thy ſelf to be overcome by thy misfortunes? Know that you ſhall one day ſee both *Ithaca* and *Penelope*. You ſhall ſee what your Eyes have never ſeen, The invincible *Ulyſſes* in his former Glory: He, whom Fortune cannot Conquer, and who in greater Misfortune admoniſhes us never to Deſpair. O! if he ſhould hear in the Regions, where he is driven by the Winds and Sea, that his Son knows not how to imitate him, either in Patience or Courage,

rage, ſuch News would overwhelm him with Shame, and prove more heavy than all the Misfortunes he has yet ſuffered.

After this *Mentor* cauſed me to obſerve the Fertility and Happineſs that was ſeen over all the Country of *Egypt*, which contained two and twenty thouſand Cities. He admir'd the regular Government of theſe Places; the diſtribution of Juſtice, which was every where exerciſed with great regard to the Poor; the good Education of Children, who were inur'd early to Obedience, Labour, Sobriety, Arts or Learning; the due obſervation of all the Ceremonies of Religion, a generous and diſintereſted Spirit, a great deſire of Reputation, an univerſal Sincerity in their Dealings with Men, and a juſt Reverence of the Gods; which every Father took care to infuſe into his Children. He thought he could never enough admire this beautiful Order. He would often cry out in a Rapture of Joy, O! how happy is that People, which is thus govern'd by a wiſe King! But yet more happy is that King, who when he has pro-

provided for the Happineſs of ſo great a People, can find himſelf happy in his own Vertue. Such a one is more than fear'd; he is belov'd. Men not only obey him; but they obey him with Pleaſure. He reigns univerſally in their Hearts; and every Man is ſo far from deſiring his Death, that he fears it above all Misfortunes, and would readily ſacrifice his Life for him.

I heark'ned with Attention to what *Mentor* ſaid; and as he ſpoke, I found my Courage to revive in the bottom of my Heart. As ſoon as we were arriv'd at the rich and magnificent City of *Memphis*, the Governor commanded us to be ſent to *Thebes*, in order to be preſented to King *Seſoſtris*, who being highly incens'd againſt the *Tyrians*, had reſolv'd to examine us himſelf. So we proceeded in our Voyage up the River *Nile*, till we came to the famous *Thebes*, which has a Hundred Gates, and ſerves for a Habitation to that great King. This City appear'd to us of a vaſt Extent, and more Populous than the moſt flouriſhing Cities of *Greece*. The Orders are Excellent, in all that regards

gards the neatneſs and conveniency of the Streets; the courſe of the publick Waters; the Baths; the advancement of Arts and Sciences, and the common Safety. The Piazza's are adorn'd with Fountains and Obelisks. The Temples are Marble; of plain, but majeſtick Architecture. The Palace of the Prince is like a great City; 'tis full of Marble Pillars, Pyramids, Obelisks and vaſt Statues, with Moveables of ſolid Gold and Silver. They who took us, inform'd the King, that they found us on board a *Phenician* Ship. For he had certain Hours of every Day, in which he regularly heard all his Subjects, that had any thing to ſay to him, either by way of Complaint or Advice. He neither deſpiſed nor rejected any Man, and knew he was King for no other end, than to do Good to his Subjects, whom he lov'd as his Children. Strangers alſo he receiv'd with Kindneſs, and was always deſirous to ſee them; becauſe he thought it a uſeful and advantageous Thing to be inform'd of the Cuſtoms and Maxims of remote Nations; and this Curioſity of the King was the principal

cipal Cauſe that we were brought before him. When he ſaw me, he was upon a Throne of Ivory, with a golden Scepter in his Hand. He was aged, but comely, full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty. He daily diſtributed Juſtice to the People, with ſuch Patience and Wiſdom, as made him admired without Flattery, after he had ſpent the whole Day in doing Juſtice, and taking care of the publick Affairs, he uſually paſs'd the Evening in hearing the Diſcourſes of learned Men, or converſing with the beſt of his People, whom he knew how to chuſe, and admit into his Familiarity. During his whole Life he could not be blam'd for any thing, except for triumphing with too much Pomp over the Kings he had conquer'd, and truſting a Man whoſe Picture I ſhall draw by and by. He was mov'd with my Youth and my Affliction, and ask'd me my Country and my Name, whilſt we wonder'd at the Wiſdom that ſpoke by his Mouth. I anſwer'd, You have undoubtedly heard, O Great King, of the Siege of *Troy*, which laſted ten Years, and the Deſtruction of that City, which

which coſt ſo much *Grecian* Blood. *Ulyſſes*, my Father was one of the principal Kings who ruin'd that Place. He now wanders through all the Seas, without being able to return to the Iſland of *Ithaca*, which is his Kingdom. I ſeek my Father, and by a Misfortune equal to his own, have been ſurpriſed and taken Priſoner. Reſtore me to my Father and Country, and may the Gods preſerve you to your Children, and make them ſenſible of the Pleaſure of living under ſo good a Father.

Seſoſtris continued to look upon me with an Eye of Compaſſion; but being deſirous to know if what I ſaid was true, he referr'd us to be examin'd by one of his Officers, commanding him to inquire of thoſe that took our Ship, whether we were *Greeks* or *Phenicians*. If they are *Phenicians*, ſaid the King, they muſt be doubly puniſhed, firſt, becauſe they are our Enemies, and then becauſe they have endeavour'd to deceive us by a baſe Falſhood. But if on the contrary they are *Greeks*, I will have them to be treated favourably, and ſent back into their own Country in one of

my

my Ships; for I love the *Greeks*, who have received many Laws from the *Ægyptians*. I am not ignorant of the Vertues of *Hercules*; the Glory of *Achilles* has reach'd our Ears, and I admire what I have heard of the Wiſdom of the unhappy *Ulyſſes*. I have no greater Pleaſure than to aſſiſt unfortunate Vertue.

The Officer to whom the King had referr'd the Examination of our Buſineſs, had a Heart as Corrupted and Malicious, as *Seſoſtris* was Sincere and Generous. The Name of this Man was *Metophis*. He endeavour'd to enſnare us by artificial Queſtions; and when he ſaw that *Mentor* anſwer'd with more Wiſdom than I, he look'd upon him with Averſion and Diffidence; for ill Men are always Enemies to the Good. He cauſed us to be ſeparated, and from that time I knew not what became of *Mentor*. This ſeparation was to me, as if I had been ſtruck with Thunder. *Metophis* was not without hopes, that by a ſeparate Examination, we might be drawn to ſay contrary Things. At leaſt he thought to dazle my Eyes with his flat-

flattering Promiſes, and make me acknowledge what *Mentor* had conceal'd from him. In a Word, he ſought not to find out the Truth; but by any means to get a pretence to tell the King we were *Phenicians*, that he might keep us for his Slaves.

In effect, not withſtanding our Innocence, and all the Wiſdom of the King, he found out a Way to deceive him. "Alas! How are Kings expos'd? The "wiſeſt are often abus'd by Men of "Artifice and Intereſt, that are about "them. Good Men retire from Courts, "becauſe they are neither Preſumptu-"ous nor Flatterers. They wait till "they are ſent for; and Princes ſel-"dom know how to ſend for them. "On the other Hand, ill Men are Bold, "Deceitful, Impudent and Inſinuat-"ing; dextrous at Diſſembling, and "ready to do any thing againſt Honour, "and Conſcience, to gratify the Paſſi-"ons of the Perſon that Reigns. O! "how unhappy is that King, who is "open to the Artifices of bad Men? "He is loſt if he does not ſuppreſs "Flattery, and love thoſe who ſpeak the

"Truth

" Truth with Confidence. Theſe were the Reflections I made in my Misfortunes, when I call'd to mind the things that I heard from *Mentor*.

In the mean time *Metophis* ſent me towards the Mountains of the Deſert with his Slaves, that I might ſerve with them to look after his numerous Flocks. Here *Calypſo* interrupted *Telemachus*, and ſaid, Well! and what did you then? You, that in *Sicily* had preferr'd Death before Servitude. *Telemachus* anſwer'd, My Misfortunes increas'd Daily; I had no longer the wretched Liberty of chuſing between Slavery and Death; I was compell'd to be a Slave, and to exhauſt all the rigours of Fortune. I had loſt all hope, and could not ſay one word in order to my Deliverance. *Mentor* has ſince told me, that he was ſold to certain *Ethiopians*, and that he follow'd them to *Ethiopia*.

As for me, I arriv'd in a horrid Deſert, where nothing but burning Sands were to be ſeen upon the Plains, and Snow that never melted made an eternal Winter on the tops of the Hills. Only ſome ſcatter'd Paſture for the Cattle

tle was here and there found among the Rocks. In the midſt of theſe Precipices, the Vallies are ſo profound, that the Sun can ſcarce let fall a Beam upon them. I found no other Men in theſe Places than Shepherds, as ſavage as the Country itſelf. There I paſſed the Nights in bewailing my Misfortune, and the Days in following my Flock, to avoid the brutal Rage of *Buffas*, who was chief among the Slaves, and who hoping to obtain his Liberty, never ceas'd from Caluminating the reſt, that he might perſwade *Metophis* of his Zeal and Induſtry in his Service. On this occaſion, Impatience was pardonable. In the anguiſh of my Heart I one Day forgot my Flock, and lay down upon the Graſs by a Cave, where I expected Death to relieve me from the Evils I was not able to bear. In that Inſtant I perceived the Mountain to tremble, the Oaks and Pines ſeeming to deſcend from the ſummet of the Hill: The Winds ſuppreſs'd their Breathing, and a hollow Voice iſſuing out of the Cave pronounc'd theſe Words. " O Son of " the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, thou art to be like

" him,

" him great by Patience. Princes who
" have always been happy, are ſeldom
" worthy to be ſo: They are corrupt-
" ed by unmanly Pleaſures, and drunk
" with the Pride of Proſperity. Hap-
" py ſhalt thou be, if thou canſt ſur-
" mount theſe Misfortunes, and al-
" ways remember thy preſent Condi-
" tion: Thou ſhalt certainly ſee *Ithaca*
" again, and thy Glory ſhall aſcend to
" the Heavens: When thou ſhalt com-
" mand Men, remember that thou haſt
" been like them in Poverty, Weak-
" neſs and Calamity. Take a Plea-
" ſure in being good to them; love
" thy People, deteſt Flatterers, and
" know that there is no other way to
" be truly great, than by Moderation
" and Fortitude to overcome thy Paſ-
" ſions.

Theſe divine Words penetrated to the bottom of my Heart; renew'd my Joy, and reviv'd my Courage: I felt none of that horrour which makes Mens Hair ſtand upright, and chills the Blood in their Veins, when the Gods communicate themſelves to Mortals. I roſe from the Ground with Chearfulneſs; I fell upon

on my Knees; and lifting up my Hands to Heaven, I ador'd *Minerva*, who, I doubted not, had ſent me this Oracle. In that Moment, I found my ſelf a new Man; Wiſdom enlighten'd my Mind; I found a gentle Force reſtraining all my Paſſions, and checking the impetuoſity of my Youth. I acquir'd the Love of all the Shepherds in the Deſert. My Patience, Sweetneſs and Diligence mov'd even the cruel *Buffus* to relent, who commanded the reſt of the Slaves, and had made it his Buſineſs at firſt to torment me. I endeavour'd to procure ſome Books to enable me to ſupport the tediouſneſs of my Captivity and Solitude; for I was exceedingly uneaſy for want of ſome Inſtructions to nouriſh and ſuſtain the Faculties of my Soul. "Happy, ſaid I, are they, who "quitting all violent Pleaſures, know "how to content themſelves with an "innocent Life. Happy are they, who "are diverted with what they learn, "and pleaſe themſelves in enriching "their Minds with Knowledge, where-"ſoever they are driven by the unjuſt "Perſecutions of Fortune! They car-

"ry

" ry their own Entertainment with " them; and the uneaſineſs that lies up- " on all other Men, even in the midſt " of the greateſt Pleaſures, is unknown " to thoſe, who know how to employ " themſelves in Reading. Theſe Men are truly happy, whilſt I am depriv'd of this Felicity. Revolving theſe Thoughts in my Mind, I penetrated into the thickeſt of the Foreſts, and on a ſudden perceived an aged Man holding a Book in his Hand. His Forehead was large and high, unfurniſh'd with Hair, and ſomewhat wrinkled: His white Beard deſcended to his Girdle: He was tall, and of a majeſtick Port: His Complection was freſh and well Colour'd. His Eyes lively and piercing. His Voice ſweet, and his Diſcourſe plain, but agreeable. I never ſaw ſo venerable an old Man. His name was *Termoſiris*. He was a Prieſt of *Apollo*, and the Temple where he ſerv'd was of Marble, dedicated to that God, and founded by the Kings of *Egypt* in this Foreſt.

He

He accoſted me in a friendly manner: We talk'd together: He related Things paſt with ſuch clearneſs, that they ſeemed preſent; but his Relations were always attended with brevity, and never tedious. He could predict Things future, by his profound Wiſdom, which gave him a thorough Knowledge of Men, and the Deſigns they are capable of forming. With all this Prudence, he was Chearful and Complaiſant; and the gayeſt Youth does nothing with ſo much Grace as this aged Man. He lov'd thoſe that were Young, if he found them Teachable, and if they had any taſte of Virtue. He ſoon conceiv'd a tender Affection for me, and gave me Books for my Conſolation: He call'd me his Son, and I often ſaid to him, Father, The Gods that took *Mentor* from me, have pitied my Solitude, and ſent me in You another ſupport. This Man, like *Orpheus* or *Linus*, was doubtleſs inſpir'd by the Gods.

He would ſometimes read to me the Verſes he had made, and give me the moſt excellent Compoſitions of thoſe Poets, who had been the principal Favourites of the Muſes. When

When he put on his long Robes of the pureſt White, and took his golden Harp in his Hand, the Tygers, the Bears and the Lions came to lie down by him, and lick'd his Feet. The Satyrs abandon'd the Woods to come and Dance about him. The Trees themſelves ſeem'd to move; and you would have thought that the Rocks had been touch'd with the Charms of his ſweet Accents, and were going to deſcend from the tops of the Mountains. He ſung the Grandeur of the Gods. the Virtue of Hero's, and the Wiſdom of thoſe who prefer Glory before Pleaſure.

He often told me that I ought to take Courage, and that the Gods would not abandon either *Ulyſſes* or his Son. He exhorted me to imitate *Apollo*, and perſwade the Shepherds to apply themſelves to the Muſes. *Apollo*, ſaid he, conſidering with Indignation, that the brighteſt Days were frequently diſturbed by *Jupiter*'s Thunder, reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon the *Cyclops*, who made the Bolts, took up his Bow, and pierc'd them with his Arrows. Upon this,

Mount

Mount *Etna* ceas'd to vomit Cylinders of Fire; and Men no longer heard the terrible Hammers ſtriking upon the Anvil, and ecchoing in Groans from the Abyſſes of Earth and Sea. The Iron and the Braſs abandon'd by the *Cyclops* began to ruſt. *Vulcan* in Fury quits his dreadful Forge, and notwithſtanding his Lameneſs, mounts *Olympus* with Expedition; comes cover'd with black Duſt and Sweat into the Aſſembly of the Gods, and makes a moſt bitter Complaint. *Jupiter*, incens'd againſt *Apollo*, drove him from Heaven, and precipitated him down to the Earth. His empty Chariot perform'd the uſual courſe of it ſelf, and gave Men Night and Day, with a regular change of Seaſons. *Apollo* depriv'd of his glorious Beams, was forced to turn Shepherd, and keep the Sheep of King *Admetus*. He plaid upon the Flute, and all the other Shepherds came down to the ſhady Elms and ſilver Streams to hear his Songs. To that time they had liv'd a ſavage and brutal Life: They knew only how to guide their Flocks, to ſheer them, to draw their Milk, and to make

Cheeſes: The whole Country was one frightful Deſert.

Apollo in a ſhort time made all the Shepherds acquainted with the Pleaſures of a rural Life. He ſung the Flowers that compoſe the Garland of the Spring; the beautiful Greens, and the ſweet Perfumes of that agreeable Seaſon. He ſung the delicious Nights of Summer, when the Zephyrs refreſh Mankind, and the Dews allay the Thirſt of the Earth. He forgot not in his Songs the golden Harveſt and autumnal Fruits, which recompence the Toil of the Huſbandman; nor the Recreations of Winter, when the wanton Youth dance before the glowing Fire. He repreſented the Groves and ſhady Foreſts that cover the Hills; the hollow Vallies, and the Rivers that wind themſelves about the lovely Meadows. He taught the Shepherds what are the Charms of a Country Life, when Men know how to reliſh the Preſents of pure and uncorrupted Nature. The Shepherds with their Flutes ſoon ſaw themſelves more happy than Kings, and their Cottages were filled with variety

of

of innocent Pleaſures, no where to be found in guilded Palaces. Harmleſs Sports, unaffected Graces, and innocent Joys, accompanied the Shepherdeſſes, whereſoever they went.

Every day was a Feſtival: Nothing was heard but the Singing of Birds, or the ſoft whiſpering of the Zephyrs, as they were playing about the Branches of the Trees, or the murmur of Waters falling from the Rocks, or Songs that were inſpir'd by the Muſes, and ſung by the Shepherds that follow'd *Apollo*. This God taught them alſo to be victorious in Races, and to pierce the Hinds and Stags with their Arrows. The Gods themſelves became jealous of the Shepherds. This ſort of Life appear'd to them more raviſhing than all their Glory. They call'd *Apollo* back again to Heaven.

My Son, This Story may ſerve for your Inſtruction, ſince you are in the ſame Condition *Apollo* was. Manure this uncultivated Ground; make a Deſert flouriſh, as he did; like him, teach the Shepherds what are the Charms of Harmony; poliſh the roughneſs of their

Minds; ſhew them the Beauty of Virtue, and make them feel how ſweet it is to enjoy in this Solitude thoſe innocent Pleaſures that nothing can take away from Shepherds. A Time will come, my Son, a Time will come, when the Toils and Cares that encompaſs Kings will make you regret a paſtoral Life.

Termoſiris having ſaid this, preſented me with a Flute, ſo ſweet, that the Echo's of the Hills, which carried the ſound on every ſide, drew all the Neighbouring Shepherds preſently about me. My Voice was divinely harmonious, I felt my ſelf mov'd, as by a ſuperior Power, to ſing the Beauties that Nature has beſtow'd upon the Country. We paſs'd the Days, and part of the Nights in Singing together. All the Shepherds forgot their Cottages and their Flocks, to ſtay with me whilſt I gave them Leſſons. The ſavage Rudeneſs of our Deſerts diſappear'd, all Things ſeem'd to look Gay and Pleaſant, and the politeneſs of the Inhabitants communicated it ſelf to the Country. We frequently met to Sacrifice in the Temple of *Apollo*, where *Termoſiris* officiated

ciated as Prieſt. The Shepherds went thither Crown'd with Lawrel, in Honour of the God. We made a Country Feaſt; and the moſt delicious of our Fare, was the Milk of our Goats and Sheep, with various Fruits, freſh gathered with our own Hands, ſuch as Dates, Figs and Grapes: Our Seats were the green Turf, and our ſpreading Trees afforded us a Shade, more pleaſant than the guilded Roofs in the Palaces of Kings. But that which above all other Things made me famous among our Shepherds, was, That one Day a hungry Lion fell upon my Flock; already he had begun a dreadful Slaughter; I had nothing in my Hand but my Crook, yet I advanc'd boldly. The Lion erects his Mane, gnaſhes his Teeth, unſheaths his dreadful Claws, and opens his parch'd and inflam'd Throat. His Eyes were full of Blood and Fire; and he laſh'd his Flanks with his Tail. I took him by the Throat, and threw him upon the Ground. The little Coat of Mail that I wore, according to the Cuſtom of the *Ægyptian* Shepherds, hinder'd him from tearing my Body. Thrice I

threw him upon his Back, and Thrice he rais'd himſelf again, roaring ſo loud, that he was heard through all the Foreſts. At laſt I threw him to the Ground, and Strangled him with my Hands. The Shepherds who were Witneſſes of my Victory, oblig'd me to wear the Skin of this terrible Animal.

The Fame of this Action, and the wonderful alteration that had hapn'd among our Shepherds, ſpread through *Ægypt*, and came to the Ear of *Seſoſtris*. He was inform'd that one of the two Captives, who had been taken for *Phenicians*, had reſtor'd the Golden Age to his inhoſpitable Deſerts. He reſolv'd to ſee me, for he lov'd the Muſes; and his great Soul was affected with whatſoever might be uſeful to Mankind. He ſaw me; he heard me with Pleaſure, and diſcover'd that *Metophis* had deceiv'd him through Covetouſneſs. He condemn'd him to a perpetual Priſon, and ſeiz'd his Riches, which he unjuſtly poſſeſs'd. "O! ſaid he, how unhappy "is the Man, who is placed above "the reſt of Men! He can ſeldom ſee "the Truth with his own Eyes: He

is

" is ſurrounded by thoſe who keep the
" Truth from approaching him: Their
" Intereſt leads them to deceive him.
" Every one conceals his Ambition un-
" der the appearance of Zeal. They
" pretend to love the King; but indeed
" love only the Riches he can give.
" Nay, they love him ſo little, that to
" obtain his Favours, they flatter and
" betray him.

From this time *Seſoſtris* treated me with a tender Friendſhip; and reſolv'd to ſend me back to *Ithaca*, with a powerful aſſiſtance of Ships and Troops, to deliver *Penelope* from the Perſecutions of her Lovers. The Fleet was ready, and we thought of nothing but Embarking. I admir'd the ſtrange Conduct of Fortune, to exalt thoſe on a ſudden that ſhe hath moſt depreſs'd. This Experience made me hope that *Ulyſſes* might return at laſt to his Kingdom after all his Sufferings; and I thought it not impoſſible to ſee *Mentor* again, tho' he had been carried into the fartheſt parts of *Ethiopia*. Whilſt I delay'd my departure to inquire after him, *Seſoſtris*, who was very Aged, died ſuddenly,

and his Death brought all my Misfortunes back upon me. All *Ægypt* became ſenſible of this irreparable Loſs. Every Family knew they had loſt their beſt Friend, their Protector, their Father. The old Men lifting their Hands to Heaven, cryed out with a lamentable Voice, *Egypt* never had ſo good a King, and never will have one like him. O ye Gods, you ſhould never have ſhewn him to Men, or never have taken him away: Why do we ſurvive the Great *Seſoſtris*? The young Men ſaid, The hopes of *Egypt* are vaniſhed. Our Fathers were happy to live under ſo good a King.

Multitudes of People from the remoteſt Parts, came running to *Thebes* during forty Days. Every one was deſirous to preſerve the Idea of him, and many to be buried with him. But their Grief was yet farther aggravated: For they knew that his Son *Boccoris* had neither Humanity for Strangers, nor Affection for Knowledge, nor Eſteem for virtuous Men, nor Deſire of Glory. The greatneſs of his Father had contributed to make him unworthy to

Reign

Reign. He had been Educated in an effeminate Softneſs, and brutal Pride. He accounted Men as nothing, believing them made only to be his Slaves, and himſelf to be of a Nature different from them. He thought of nothing but how he might gratify his Paſſions; diſſipate the vaſt Treaſures his Father had husbanded with ſo much Care; oppreſs the People; ſatiate himſelf with the Blood of the Unfortunate, and follow the flattering Counſels of young Fools, that he kept about him, whilſt he treated with the utmoſt Contempt all the ancient Sages, who had been entruſted by his Father. In a Word, he was a Monſter, and not a King. All *Egypt* groan'd under him; and tho' the name of *Seſoſtris*, which was ſo dear to the *Egyptians*, made them ſupport the baſe and cruel Conduct of his Son: Yet he made haſt to Ruin; for 'twas impoſſible that a Prince ſo unworthy of the Throne ſhould Reign long.

As for me, I thought no more of returning to *Ithaca*: I was confin'd to a Tower that ſtands by the Sea near *Peluſium*, where I ſhould have imbark'd,

if *Sſeoſtris* had not died. *Metophis* had been freed from his Impriſoment, and received into Favour by the new King. 'Twas he that cauſed my Confinement, to revenge the Diſgrace I had brought upon him. I paſs'd the Days and Nights in the profoundeſt Melancholy. All the Things which *Termoſiris* had foretold, and thoſe that I had heard from the Cave, appear'd to me to be but Dreams. I was ready to ſink under the weight of my Grief. I ſaw the Waves beating at the foot of the Tower where I was Priſoner. I often employ'd my time, in obſerving the Ships that were overtaken by Storms, and in danger to be ſplit againſt the Rocks, upon which the Tower was built. Far from pitying theſe Men, who were threatned with Shipwreck, I envied their Condition. In a ſhort time, ſaid I to my ſelf, they will ſee an end of all their Misfortunes, or arrive in their own Country. But, Alas! I can hope for neither. Whilſt thus I conſum'd away in uſeleſs Regrets, I perceiv'd as it were a Foreſt of Maſts; the Sea was cover'd with Ships, and the Winds fill'd their Sails. the

Waters

Waters turn'd into a Foam under the Stroaks of innumerable Oars. I heard a confus'd Noiſe on every ſide. I ſaw one part of the *Egyptians* upon the Shore, terrified, and running to their Arms, whilſt others ſeem'd going to receive the Fleet, which they ſaw arriving. I ſoon perceiv'd that part of theſe Ships were of *Phenicia*, and the reſt of the Iſland of *Cyprus*: For my Misfortunes began to render me experienc'd in every thing that relates to Navigation. The *Egyptians* were divided among themſelves. And I doubted not that the fooliſh King, had by his Violences cauſed his Subjects to Revolt: and raiſed a Civil War. I was Spectator of a Bloody Battle from the top of my Tower.

That part of the *Egyptians* who had invited theſe Foreigners to their Aſſiſtance, having favour'd their Deſcent, fell upon the other *Egyptians*, who had the King at their Head. I ſaw the King encouraging his Men by his own Example. He appear'd like the God of Battle. Streams of Blood ran down by his ſide. The Wheels of his Chariot were died with black, thick and foaming

ing Gore, and could hardly move, for the numbers of dead Men that lay in the way. This young King, vigorous of Body, fierce and haughty in his Looks, had Rage and Deſpair painted on his Face. He was like a beautiful Horſe that has no Mouth. His Courage puſh' d him on to Danger; but he had no Prudence to moderate his Valour. He knew neither how to repair a Fault, nor to give the neceſſary Orders, nor to foreſee the Dangers that threatned, nor to manage his Men to the beſt Advantage. 'Twas not that he wanted Underſtanding; his Quickneſs was as great as his Courage; but he had never been inſtructed by Adverſity. His Maſters had poiſon'd his good Nature with their Flattery: He was drunk with his own Power and Felicity: He thought every thing muſt yield to his impetuous Deſires. The leaſt Reſiſtance put him into a Rage: He conſulted his Reaſon no longer; his Pride transform'd him into a Savage Beaſt; his natural Goodneſs forſook him in an inſtant; the moſt faithful of his Servants were forc'd to fly from him, and he conſider'd none but

but thoſe who flatter'd his Paſſions. By this means he always fell into Extremities, againſt his true Intereſt, and made all honeſt Men deteſt his fooliſh Conduct. His Valour ſuſtained him for a long time againſt the multitude of his Enemies; but at laſt he was born down with Numbers. I ſaw him periſh; the Arrow of a *Phenician* pierc'd his Breaſt: He ſunk down in his Chariot, and not being able to hold the Reins any longer, he was overthrown and trampled under Foot by the Horſes. A Soldier of *Cyprus* cut off his Head, and holding it up by the Hair, ſhew'd it in Triumph to the victorious Army. I ſhall ever remember, that I ſaw the Head ſmear'd with Blood; the Eyes ſhut and extinguiſh'd; the Face pale and disfigur'd; the Mouth half open, and attempting to finiſh ſome Words it had begun; a fierce and menacing Air, which Death it ſelf could not efface. This ſight will be always before my Eyes to the laſt day of my Life. And if ever the Gods permit me to Reign, I ſhall never forget, after this fatal Example, " That no King is worthy to

Command

" Command, or can be happy in the " Poſſeſſion of his Power, unleſs he " himſelf be govern'd by Reaſon; and " that 'tis the utmoſt of all Misfortunes " for a Man, who is created for the " Publick Good, to govern vaſt Num- " bers of Men, only to render himſelf " miſerable.

Calypſo heard with Aſtoniſhment theſe wiſe Reflections: And that which charm'd her the moſt, was, to ſee how the young *Telemachus* ingeniouſly related the Faults he had committed, either through precipitation, or want of docility for the ſage *Mentor*. She was ſurpris'd with the greatneſs and generoſity of his Mind; who accuſed himſelf, and made ſo good uſe of his own Imprudences, to become Wiſe, Sagacious and Moderate. Continue, ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*; I long to know how you left *Egypt*, and where you found the wiſe *Mentor*, whoſe Loſs was ſo ſenſible to you.

Telemachus reſuming his Diſcourſe, ſaid; The beſt of the *Egyptians*, who were moſt faithful to the King, finding themſelves overpower'd, and the King dead,

dead, were compell'd to ſubmit to the reſt; and another King called *** was eſtabliſh'd. The *Phenicians* and the Troops of *Cyprus* departed from *Egypt*, after they had made an Alliance with the new King. All the *Phenicians* that were Priſoners, were ſet at Liberty, and I was accounted one of them. I departed from the Court; I imbark'd with the reſt, and my Hopes began to revive in the bottom of my Heart. Already a favourable Wind fill'd our Sails; our Oars cut the foaming Waves; the vaſt Sea was cover'd with our Ships; the Mariners ſhouted for Joy; the Shoars of *Egypt* fled from us; the Hills and Mountains diminiſhed; we began to ſee nothing but the Heavens and the Waters, whilſt the Sun ſurrounded with ſparkling Flames, ſeem'd to riſe from the boſom of the Sea; his Rays guilded the tops of the Mountains. which we could ſtill diſcover upon the Horizon, and the whole Face of Heaven painted with a ſable Azur, gave us Hopes of a happy Navigation.

Tho' I had been ſet at Liberty, as one of the *Phenicians*; yet none of them knew

knew who I was. *Narbal*, who commanded the Ship that carried me, ask'd my Name and my Country. Of what City, ſaid he, in *Phenicia* are you? I am not a *Phenician* ſaid I; but the *Egyptians* took me at Sea in a *Phenician* Ship. I have been a long time Priſoner in *Egypt* as a *Phenician*; under that Name I have ſuffer'd, and under that Name I am deliver'd. Of what Country art thou then, ſaid *Narbal*? I am, ſaid I, *Telemachus*, Son to *Ulyſſes* King of *Ithaca* in *Greece*. My Father made himſelf famous among the Kings, who beſiēg'd the City of *Troy*; but the Gods have not permitted him to return to his Country. I have ſought him in many Climates, and Fortune perſecutes me alſo. You ſee an unfortunate Perſon, who deſires no other Happineſs than to return to his Country, and to find his Father. *Narbal* look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment, and thought he ſaw in my Face ſome Marks of Happineſs, that proceed from the favour of Heaven, and are not in the reſt of Men. He was by Nature ſincere and generous. He was mov'd with my Misfortunes; and

put

put a confidence in me, that the Gods inſpir'd him with, for my Preſervation.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I doubt not the Truth of what you ſay, neither can I doubt: The lively Images of Grief and Virtue drawn upon your Face, will not give me leave to diſtruſt you. I perceive that the Gods which I have always ſerv'd, love you, and will have me to love you, as if you were my Son. I will give you ſafe and uſeful Advice, and for my Recompence deſire nothing of you but Silence. Fear not, ſaid I, for I can without difficulty keep any thing ſecret that you ſhall truſt to my Diſcretion. Tho' I am young; yet I have grown up in the Habit of not diſcovering my own Secret, and much more of not betraying under any pretext the Secret of another. How have you been able, ſaid he, to accuſtom your ſelf to keep Secrets in ſuch tender years? I ſhall be glad to know, by what means you have acquir'd this admirable Quality, which is the Foundation of the wiſeſt Conduct, and without which all other Talents are Uſeleſs.

When *Ulyſſes*, ſaid I, departed to aſſiſt

assist in the Siege of *Troy*, he took me upon his Knees and embrac'd me (for thus I have been told the Story) and after he had kiss'd me in the tendereſt manner, he ſaid theſe Words to me tho' I could not then underſtand them.

" O my Son! may the Gods prevent
" me from ever ſeeing thee again; let
" rather the fatal Sciſſars cut the Thread
" of thy early Days, as the Reaper cuts
" down with his Sicle the tender Flow-
" er that begins to blow; let my Ene-
" mies daſh thee in pieces before the
" Eyes of thy Mother and Me, if ever
" thou art to be Corrupted, and to re-
" linquiſh the Ways of Virtue, O!
" my Friends, continued he, I leave
" my dear Son with you; take care of
" his tender years; if you love me, ba-
" niſh all Pernicious Flattery from a-
" bout him; inſtruct him how to over-
" come his Paſſions, and let him be
" like a tender Plant, that Men often
" bend in order to make it grow up-
" right. Above all, forget not to ren-
" der him Juſt, Beneficent, Sincere,
" and faithful in keeping a Secret.
" Whoever is guilty of a Lye, is un-

worthy

" worthy to be counted a Man; and " whoever knows not how to be Si-" lent is unworthy to govern.

I am exact in the Repetition of these Words; because care was taken to inculcate them often into me. My Father's Friends made it their Business to exercise me early in keeping Secrets. I was yet in my Infancy, when they trusted me with all the Troubles they sustained, to see my Mother expos'd to the Persecutions of so many that pretended to marry her. Already they treated me as a Man of Reason and Fidelity. They entertain'd me privately of the most important Affairs, and acquainted me with all the measures they took to expell the Pretenders.

I was over-joy'd to be trusted in this manner; I never abus'd the confidence repos'd in me; I never let fall one single Word, that might discover the least Secret. The Pretenders often endeavour'd to make me talk, expecting that a Child, who had seen or heard any thing of Importance, would not have been able to conceal it. But I knew how to answer them without lying,

and

and without informing them of any thing that I ought not to diſcover.

Upon this, *Narbal* ſaid to me; You ſee, *Telemachus*, the Power of the *Phenicians*. They are formidable to all their Neighbours by their numerous Fleets. The Trade they drive as far as the Columus of *Hercules*, furniſhes them with Riches ſurpaſſing all thoſe of the moſt flouriſhing Nations. The great *Seſoſtris*, who could never have ſubdued them by Sea, did with great difficulty defeat them by Land with thoſe Armies that had conquer'd all the Eaſt, and impos'd a Tribute upon us, which has not continued long.

The *Phenicians* found themſelves too Rich and too Potent, to wear the Yoak of Servitude with Patience. *Seſoſtris* was prevented by Death from finiſhing the War againſt us. 'Tis true, we had reaſon to fear the Event, and that much more on account of his Wiſdom than his Power. But as ſoon as his Power, without his Wiſdom, had paſs'd into the Hands of his Son, we concluded we had no more to fear.

In effect, the *Egyptians* have been ſo far

far from returning in Arms to make an intire Conqueſt of our Country, that they have been conſtrain'd to call us to their Aſſiſtance to deliver them from the Fury of an impious and outragious King. We have been their Deliverers, and have added the glory of this Action to the Liberty and Riches of our Country. But whilſt we deliver others, we our ſelves are Slaves. O *Telemachus*, beware of falling into the cruel Hands of *Pygmalion* our King. He has already died them in the Blood of *Sicheus*, his Siſter *Dido*'s Husband. *Dido*, full of Horror and Revenge, is fled from *Tyre* with many Ships. Moſt of thoſe who are beſt affected to Liberty and Virtue have attended her. She has founded a Magnificent City upon the Coaſt of *Africk*, and called it *Carthage*. *Pygmalion*, tormented with an inſatiable Thirſt of Wealth, renders himſelf every Day more wretched, and odious to all his Subjects, 'Tis a Crime at *Tyre* to be Rich. His Avarice fills him with Suſpicion, Diſtruſt and Cruelty. He perſecutes the Wealthy, and fears the Poor. Every thing diſturbs him, affrights him,

him, preys upon him. He trembles at his own Shadow; he ſleeps neither by Night nor by Day. The Gods, to confound him, load him with Treaſures which he dares not enjoy. The Things he covets to make him happy, are preciſely thoſe that make him miſerable. He regrets whatever he gives; dreads to loſe, and torments himſelf with Hopes of Gain. He is ſeldom ſeen. He ſhuts himſelf up in the remoteſt parts of his Palace, ſad, alone, diſconſolate. His Friends dare not approach him, for fear of being ſuſpected. A Guard, terrible to ſee, ſtands round his Houſe, with Swords drawn, and erected Pikes. Thirty Chambers on a Floar, with Doors of Iron, and ſix maſſy Bolts upon each, make up the dreadful Apartment, where he hides himſelf. No one ever knows in which of theſe Chambers he lies. 'Tis ſaid, he never lies in any of them two Nights together, for fear his Throat ſhould be cut.

He

He knows no ſweet Enjoyments, nor the ſweeter Effects of Friendſhip. If any one ſpeak to him of Joy, he finds it will not come near him, and refuſes to enter into his Heart. His hollow Eyes are full of a fierce and ſavage Fire, inceſſantly rowling on every ſide. He is mov'd at the leaſt Noiſe; he hearkens attentively; becomes pale and dejected; and anxious Care ſits pictur'd upon his wrinkled Face. He ſighs; is ſilent, and groans from the bottom of his Heart. He is unable to conceal the Remorſe that rends his Soul. He reliſhes not the moſt delicious Food. His Children inſtead of being the Hopes of his Age, are the Subjects of his Fear. He looks upon them as his moſt dangerous Enemies. He never thought himſelf ſecure one Moment of his Life. He preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the Blood of every one he fears.

Fooliſh Man! who ſees not, that his Cruelty which he ſo much relies upon, will be his Deſtruction. Some Domeſtick Servant, as ſuſpicious as he, will ſoon deliver the World from this Monſter.

As

As for me, I fear the Gods, and will be faithful to the King they have given me, whatever it coſt. I had rather die, than take away his Life, or fail to defend him. For your part, O *Telemachus*, acquaint him not that you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*; for he would make you a Priſoner, in expectation of a great Ranſom, when *Ulyſſes* returns to *Ithaca*.

When we arriv'd at *Tyre*, I follow'd his Counſel, and found every thing he had ſaid to be true. I could not comprehend how a Man could make himſelf ſo miſerable as *Pygmalion* appear'd to be. Surpriz'd with a thing ſo aſtoniſhing, and ſo new to me, I ſaid thus to my ſelf. This Man deſign'd to be happy, and perſuaded himſelf, that Riches and Arbitrary Power would make him ſo. He do's what he will, and yet is made miſerable even by that Power and thoſe Riches. If he were a Shepherd as I lately was, he would be as happy as I have been: He would enjoy the innocent Pleaſures of the Country, and would enjoy them without Remorſe. He would not fear either Dagger or Poi-

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ſon. He would love Men, and be belov'd by them. He would not indeed be Poſſeſſor of thoſe vaſt Treaſures, which are as uſeleſs to him as Sand, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would really enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, and ſuffer no manner of want.

This Man ſeems to do whatever pleaſes him; but the Caſe is far otherwiſe, for he does all that his Paſſions command. He is compelled to follow, whereſoever his Covetouſneſs and Suſpicions lead. He ſeems to be Maſter of all other Men; but he is not Maſter of himſelf, and has as many Maſters and Tormenters as he has violent Deſires.

Thus I reaſon'd concerning *Pygmalion* without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen. Men only ſee thoſe lofty Towers, that are ſurrounded Night and Day, with dreadful Guards, where he ſhuts himſelf up as it were in Priſon with his beloved Treaſures. I compared this inviſible King with *Seſoſtris*, who was ſo good, ſo eaſie of Acceſs, ſo Affable, ſo ready to hear any Stranger, ſo attentive in giving Audience to all Men, and to find out the Truth

which is always conceal'd from Kings. The good *Seſoſtris*, ſaid I, fear'd nothing, and had nothing to fear. He ſhew'd himſelf to all his Subjects as to his own Children. This Man fears all, and has all to fear. This wicked King is always expos'd to the Danger of a violent Death, even within his inacceſſible Palace, and in the midſt of his Guards. On the contrary, the good King *Seſoſtris* was always ſafe in the midſt of the greateſt Numbers of his People, as a gentle Father in his own Houſe with all his Family about him.

Pygmalion gave orders to ſend home the Forces of *Cyprus*, who came to his Aſſiſtance by virtue of an Alliance that was between the two Nations. *Narbal* took this Occaſion to ſet me at Liberty. He caus'd me to be muſter'd among the *Cyprian* Soldiers; for the King was jealous to the laſt degree. The uſual defect of eaſie and thoughtleſs Princes is, to deliver themſelves up to the Conduct of crafty and corrupt Miniſters. On the other ſide, the defect of this Man was to diſtruſt the moſt Virtuous. He knew not how to diſtinguiſh Men of

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Probity and Uprightneſs, who always act without Diſguiſe. He had never ſeen an honeſt Man; for ſuch will never flatter a corrupted King.

Beſides, he had found in all thoſe who had ſerv'd him ſince his Acceſſion to the Crown, ſo much Diſſimulation and Perfidiouſneſs, with ſo many horrid Vices diſguis'd, and only the bare Appearances of Virtue, that he look'd upon all Men without Exception, as living under a Mask, and concluded there was no real Virtue in the World.

But to return to my ſelf: I paſs'd in the Muſter for a *Cyprian*, and eſcap'd the watchful Jealouſie of the King. *Narbal* trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd, which would have coſt his Life and mine alſo. He was under great impatience to ſee us imbark'd; but contrary Winds detained us at *Tyre*.

I made uſe of this time to inform my ſelf of the Manners of the *Phenicians*, ſo famous in all parts of the known World. I admir'd the happy Situation of their City, which is built upon an Iſland of the Sea. The Neighbouring Coaſt is delicious and fruitful, abounding in ex-

quiſite Fruits, and ſo cover'd with Towns and Villages, that they ſeem to touch one another. The Air is ſweet and temperate; for the Mountains ſhelter that Coaſt from the ſcorching Winds which come from the South. The Country is every where refreſh'd by the North Wind that blows from the Sea. It lies at the foot of Mount *Libanus*, which pierces through the Clouds, and advances to meet the Stars. His Forehead is cover'd with an eternal Ice; and Rivers mingled with Snow, fall down like Torrents from the Rocks that ſurround his Head.

A vaſt Foreſt of ancient Cedars ſtands near the top, which appear as old as the Earth on which they grow and ſhoot their ſpreading Branches to the Clouds. Under this Foreſt are rich Paſtures, leaning on the deſcent of the Mountain. Here one may ſee the bellowing Bulls wandering up and down, and the bleating Yews with their tender Lambs bounding upon the Graſs. A thouſand Streams of the cleareſt Water run down theſe charming Fields.

Below these Pastures is the Foot of the Mountain, which appears like a Garden on every side. Here Spring and Autumn reign together, and join the Fruits of the one to the Flowers of the other. Neither the infected Breath of the South Wind, that parches and burns up all, or the cruel Blasts of the North East, have ever dared to deface the lively Colours that adorn this Garden. Hard by this beautiful Coast, an Island rises in the Sea, where the City of *Tyre* is built. This great City seems to float upon the Waters, and to be Queen of all the Sea. The Merchants arrive from all parts of the World; and its own Inhabitants are the most famous Merchants of the Universe.

When Men enter into this City, they cannot think it to be a Place belonging to a particular People, but rather to be a City common to all Nations, and the Center of all Trade. Two great Moles advancing their Arms into the Sea, embrace a vast Port where the Winds cannot enter. In this Harbour one may see, as it were a Forest of Masts; and the Ships are so numerous

that the Sea which carries them can hardly be diſcover'd.

All the Citizens apply themſelves to Commerce, and their vaſt Riches never divert them from that Labour which is neceſſary to encreaſe their Treaſure. In every part of the City one may ſee the fine Linnen of *Egypt*, and *Tyrian* Purple, twice died, and of a noble Luſtre. This double Tincture is ſo lively, as not to be defaced by Time. 'Tis uſed upon the fineſt Cloth, which is to be garniſhed with Gold and Silver. The *Phenicians* maintain a Trade with all People as far as the Straits of *Gades*. Nay, they have penetrated into the vaſt Ocean that encompaſſes the Earth. They have made long Voyages upon the Red Sea, and viſited unknown Iſlands, from whence they bring Gold, and all ſorts of Perfumes, with various Animals no where elſe to be ſeen.

I could not ſatiate my Eyes with the ſight of this great City, where every thing was in Motion. I did not ſee, as in the Iſlands of *Greece*, idle and inquiſitive Perſons, going about to hear News in the publick Places, and to gaze upon

Strangers

Strangers as they arrive in the Ports. The Men are employ'd in unloading their Ships; ſending home their Goods; putting their Magazines in order; ſelling their Merchandiſe, and keeping an exact Account of what is due to them from Foreigners. The Women are always buſie in ſpinning of Wooll, in folding up the Richeſt Stuffs, and in various Works of Embroidery.

Whence comes it, ſaid I to *Narbal*, that the *Phenicians* are Maſters of the Trade in all parts of the World, and enrich themſelves at the expenſe of all other Nations? You ſee, ſaid he, the Situation of *Tyre*, how conveniently it lies for Navigation. The *Tyrians* were the firſt (if we may believe what is told us concerning obſcure Antiquity) who in a feeble Ship durſt commit themſelves to the Mercy of the Waves; who ſubdued the Pride of the Sea; who obſerv'd the Stars, that are ſo far from the Earth, according to the Knowledge they had learnt from the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*, and who by theſe means reunited ſo many People, that the Sea ſeem'd to have ſeparated for ever. The

Tyrians are Induſtrious, Patient, Laborious, Sober and Frugal; exact in their Civil Government, and united among themſelves. No Nation has ever been more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more honeſt, and more kind to Strangers. Theſe, theſe are the Things that have given them the Empire of the Sea, and all the Advantages of Trade. If they ſhould fall into Diviſions and Jealouſies; if they ſhould emaſculate themſelves with Pleaſures and Idleneſs; if the principal Citizens ſhould come to deſpiſe Labour and Frugality; if Arts ſhould ceaſe to be accounted Honourable; if they ſhould violate their Faith with Strangers, and tranſgreſs, tho' but a little, the Rules of free Trade, you would ſoon ſee the Ruin of that Power you admire.

But pray ſaid I, inſtruct me how I may hereafter eſtabliſh the like Commerce in *Ithaca*. Do, ſaid he, as you ſee done here: Receive all Strangers kindly; let them find ſafety in your Ports, with Conveniency and intire Liberty. Suffer not your ſelf to be poſſeſs'd with Covetouſneſs or Pride. The

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true way to gain much, is never to desire to gain too much, and to know how and when to lose: Acquire the Love of all Strangers, and suffer small Wrongs from them. Beware of exciting their Suspicions by insolent Behaviour. Be constant to the Rules of Trade: Let them be plain and easie: Accustom your self to observe them inviolably: Punish Fraud with Severity: Correct the Negligence and Pride of Merchants, who ruin Trade by ruining themselves, that carry it on: Above all, never go about to restrain Trade, or govern it by your own Fancy. The Prince must not intermeddle with it, for fear of discouraging his People, who as they have the Pains, ought to have the Profit. He will find sufficient Advantages by the vast Riches that will be brought into his Kingdom. Commerce is like certain Springs: if you force them to alter their Course, you dry them up.

'Tis only Profit and Conveniency that invites Strangers. If you render their Trade uneasie and of little Benefit, they insensibly withdraw themselves and return no more; because other Na-

tions taking advantage of your Imprudence, invite 'em thither, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt own that for ſome time paſt the Glory of *Tyre* has been ſadly diminiſh'd. O! if you had ſeen it, my dear *Telemachus*, before the Reign of *Pygmalion*, you would have been much more ſurpris'd. You find only the diſmal Remains of a Grandeur that threatens Ruin.

O unhappy *Tyre*! Into what hands art thou fallen? The Sea formerly brought thee the Tribute of all the Nations in the World. *Pygmalion* is afraid of all, both Strangers and Subjects. Inſtead of opening his Ports with an intire Liberty to all People however remote, he requires conſtantly to be inform'd, what number of Ships arrive, and from what Country; the Names of the Men on Board, the Trade they drive, the Nature and Price of their Merchandiſe. and the Time they deſign to ſtay. He do's yet worſe; for he uſes all manner of Artifices to ſurprize the Merchants, and to confiſcate their Goods: He contrives to enſnare the moſt wealthy under various Pretences.

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He burdens Trade with innumerable Impoſts: He will be a Merchant himſelf, and all Men are afraid to deal with him.

Thus our Commerce languiſhes: Foreigners by degrees forget the way to *Tyre*, which was once ſo agreeable to them; and if *Pygmalion* will not alter his Conduct, our Glory and our Power muſt in a ſhort time be tranſported to ſome other People, who are better governed, than we are.

I then demanded of *Narbal*, by what means the *Tyrians* had rendr'd themſelves ſo powerful at Sea: For I was not willing to be ignorant of any thing that might contribute to the good Government of a Kingdom. We have, ſaid he, the Foreſts of *Libanus*, which furniſh us with Timber for the buildingof Ships,and we preſerve them with Care for that uſe. They are never cut but for the publick Service. We have numbers of skilful Workmen, who perfectly underſtand the Architecture of a Ship. How came you, ſaid I, to find thoſe excellent Artiſts? "They grew "up, ſaid he, by degrees in the Country.

" try. When thoſe who excel in Arts " are liberally rewarded, Men will " quickly be found, who ſhall carry " them to the utmoſt Perfection. For " Men of the beſt Talents and Under- " ſtanding, never fail to apply them- " ſelves to thoſe Arts that are attended " with the greateſt Recompences.

In this City we honour all ſuch Perſons as ſucceed in any of thoſe Arts and Sciences which are uſeful to Navigation. We reſpect a Man that underſtands Geometry; we eſteem an able Aſtronomer, and bountifully reward a Pilot who ſurpaſſes the reſt of his Profeſſion. We deſpiſe not a good Carpenter: On the contrary, he is well paid, and well uſed. Men dexterous at the Oar, are ſure of a Reward proportion'd to their Service. They are fed with wholſome Proviſions; they are carefully attended when they are Sick; care is taken of their Wives and Children in their abſence; if they periſh by Shipwrack, their Family is indemnified; every Man is ſent home to his Habitation after he has ſerv'd a certain Time.

By theſe means the *Tyrians* have as many

many Seamen as they will. Fathers are glad, to bring up their Children in ſo good an Employment, and haſten to teach them in their tender Years to handle an Oar, manage the Tackle, and ſcorn a Storm.

Theſe Rewards and this good Order, leads men to be uſeful to the Publick without compulſion: " Authority ne-
" ver do's well alone; the Submiſſion
" of Inferiors is not enough; their
" Hearts muſt be won, and they ought
" to find their own Account in ſerving
" the State.

After this Diſcourſe, *Narbal* conducted me to ſee all the Magazines; the Arſenal, and the ſeveral Trades that ſerve for the building and equipping of Ships. I inquir'd into all particulars, even to the minuteſt Things, and wrote down all that I had learnt, for fear of forgetting any uſeful Circumſtance.

In the mean time *Narbal*, who knew *Pygmalion* as well as he lov'd me, was impatient for my departure, fearing I might be diſcover'd by the King's Spies, who were about the Town day and night; but the Winds would not yet permit

permit us to imbark. One day as we ſtood viewing the Port, an Officer of *Pygmalion* came up to us, and ſaid to *Narbal*, The King is juſt now inform'd by a Captain of one of thoſe Ships which return'd with you from *Egypt*, that you have brought a certain Stranger who paſſes for a *Cyprian*. 'Tis the King's Pleaſure to have him ſeiz'd and examin'd, that he may know who he is. And for this You are to anſwer with your Head.

In that Moment I was at ſome diſtance from *Narbal*, in order to take a nearer view of the Proportions which the *Tyrians* had obſerv'd in building a Ship, that was then almoſt new, and accounted by reaſon of this exact Proportion of all its Parts, the beſt Sailor that had ever been ſeen in the Harbour. I ask'd the Builder, who he was that had form'd the deſign of that Ship?

Narbal ſurpris'd and terrified with this Meſſage, anſwer'd; I my ſelf am now looking for this Stranger, who is of *Cyprus*. As ſoon as the Officer was gone out of his ſight, he run to me, and inform'd me of the Danger I was in.

in. I too well foreſaw, ſaid he, what would happen; my dear *Telemachus*, we are loſt; the King tormented night and day with his Fears, ſuſpects you not to be a *Cyprian*. He will have you ſeiz'd, and will take away my Life, if I do not put you into his Hands: What ſhall we do? O God! Give us Wiſdom, to deliver our ſelves from this Danger. I'll bring you to the King's Palace, where you ſhall affirm that you are a *Cyprian* of the City of *Amathus*, and Son to a Statuary of *Venus*. I will declare that I formerly knew your Father; and perhaps the King may let you depart without farther Examination. I ſee no other way to ſave your Life and mine. I anſwer'd, O *Narbal*, ſuffer me to periſh ſince Fate has decreed my Deſtruction. I know how to die, and am too much indebted to you, to draw you into my Misfortune. I cannot perſwade my ſelf to ſpeak a Lie; I am not a *Cyprian*; I cannot ſay that I am. The Gods ſee my Sincerity; It belongs to them to preſerve my Life by their Power. But I will not ſave it by a Falſhood.

Narbal

Narbal anſwer'd me, This Falſhood, O *Telemachus*, is in all reſpects Innocent. It cannot be diſapprov'd by the Gods; it do's no injury to any one; it ſaves the Lives of two innocent Perſons, and deceives the King, only to prevent him from committing a great Crime. You carry the love of Virtue too far, and are too nice an obſerver of Truth.

But, ſaid I, Falſhood is Falſhood ſtill; and on that account unworthy of a Man, who ſpeaks in the Preſence of the Gods, and owes the higheſt reverence to Truth. He that offends the Truth, offends the Gods, and injures himſelf, becauſe he ſpeaks againſt his Conſcience. Propoſe no more, O *Narbal*, that which is unworthy of us both. If the Gods have any pity for us, they know how to deliver us. But if they ſuffer us to periſh, we ſhall fall the Victims of Truth, and leave an Example to inſtruct Men to prefer unblemiſh'd Virtue before long Life. My own is already too long, and too unhappy. 'Tis you alone, my dear *Narbal*, that grieve my Heart: Was it neceſſary that your

your Kindneſs to an unfortunate Stranger ſhould prove ſo fatal to you?

We continued long in this kind of Diſpute; till at laſt we ſaw a Man quite out of Breath running towards us. He was one of the King's Officers, and ſent to *Narbal* by *Aſtarbe*. This Woman was beautiful as a Goddeſs: The Charms of her Face were attended by the fineſt Wit. She was Gay, Inſinuating, Flattering; and under the appearance of Gentleneſs, ſhe cover'd a Heart fill'd with Malice and Cruelty. Yet ſhe knew how to conceal her Deſigns with the profoundeſt Art. She had conquer'd the Heart of *Pygmalion* by her Wit and Beauty, and by the Charms of her Voice and Lute: And *Pygmalion* blind with Love, had abandon'd *Tapha*, his legitimate Wife.

He thought of nothing ſo much, as how to content the Paſſions of the ambitious *Aſtarbe*. The love of this Woman was little leſs pernicious to him than his infamous Covetouſneſs. But tho' he had ſo great a Paſſion for her, he deſpis'd and loath'd him in her Heart; yet underſtood ſo well how to

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cover her private Sentiments, that ſhe ſeemed to live only for him.

At the ſame time that ſhe had theſe Thoughts of *Pygmalion*, there was in *Tyre* a young *Lydian*, called *Malachon*, of admirable Beauty, but Voluptuous, Effeminate and drown'd in Pleaſures. His chief Buſineſs was to preſerve the delicacy of his Complexion; to comb his Hair that fell down in Curls upon his Shoulders; to Perfume; to Dreſs nicely; to ſing amorous Songs, and play upon the Lute. She lov'd him, and became furiouſly tranſported with her Paſſion. He deſpis'd her, becauſe he was in Love with another Woman: And beſides, he dreaded to expoſe himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the King. *Aſtarbe* finding ſhe was ſcorn'd, abandon'd her ſelf to Reſentment. In her Deſpair ſhe imagined it poſſible to make *Malachon* paſs for the Stranger that the King had demanded of *Narbal*. In effect ſhe ſoon perſwaded *Pygmalion* as ſhe deſired, and corrupted all thoſe who were able to undeceive him. For having no Affection for virtuous Men, whom he neither knew nor valued, he was al-

ways

ways ſurrounded by ſuch only as were full of Artifice, addicted to their Intereſt, and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody Orders. Theſe Men feared the Authority of *Aſtarbe*, and help'd her to deceive the King, that they might not offend this haughty Woman, who entirely poſſeſs'd his Confidence.

Thus the young *Matachon*, tho' known by all the City to be of *Crete*, paſſed for the young Stranger that *Narbal* had brought from *Egypt*. He was ſeiz'd, and ſent away to Priſon. *Aſtarbe*, who feared *Narbal* might go to the King, and diſcover her Impoſture, had diſpatch'd this Officer in haſt, and commanded him to ſay theſe Words: *Aſtarbe* forbids you to diſcover your Stranger to the King; ſhe requires nothing of you but Silence, and promiſes to ſatisfy him concerning you. In the mean time take care that the young Stranger, who came with you from *Egypt*, may embark among the *Cyprians* with all expedition, and be no longer ſeen in the City. *Narbal* overjoy'd to ſave his own Life and mine, promiſed to be ſilent; and the Officer pleas'd that he had obtained

tain'd what he demanded, immediately return'd to *Aſtarbe* with an account of his Commiſſion.

Narbal and I admir'd the goodneſs of the Gods, who had rewarded our Sincerity, and taken ſuch care of thoſe who had hazarded all for the ſake of Virtue. We reflected with Horrour upon a King given up to Voluptuouſneſs and Avarice. He deſerves to be deceiv'd, ſaid we, who dreads it ſo exceſſively: And he is ſo moſt frequently and groſly; for he truſts not Men of Honeſty, but abandons himſelf to Villains. He is the only Perſon who knows nothing of what is doing.

See how *Pygmalion* is made the ſcorn of an immodeſt Woman; whilſt the Gods make uſe of wicked Men to ſave the Good, who chuſe to part with Life rather than deceive. As we were making theſe Reflections, we perceived the Wind to turn, and become favourable to the *Cyprian* Fleet.

TheGods declare themſelves, ſaid *Narbal*; they reſolve to take care of yourſafety, my dear *Telemachus*. Fly from this unfortunate, accurſed Land. Happy he, that

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could follow you to the remoteſt parts of the Earth! Happy, who might live and dye with you! But my cruel Fate ties me to my unhappy Country. I muſt ſuffer with her, and perhaps be buryed in her Ruins. No matter, provided I may always ſpeak the Truth, and my Heart love nothing but Juſtice. As for you, O my dear *Telemachus*, I pray the Gods who lead you as it were by the Hand, to grant you the moſt precious of all their Gifts, a pure and unblemiſh'd Virtue to the laſt Moment of your Life. Live; return to *Ithaca*; comfort *Penelope*; deliver her from the Perſecutions of her Lovers. May your Eyes ſee, and your Arms embrace the wiſe *Ulyſſes*; and may he find in you a Son equal to him in Wiſdom. But in the midſt of your Felicity remember the unhappy *Narbal*, and continue always to love me.

When he finiſh'd theſe Words, my Tears run down ſo faſt, that I was not able to anſwer him: My Sighs, which I drew from the bottom of my Heart, would not ſuffer me to ſpeak: We embrac'd in Silence: He brought me to the Ship. He ſtaid upon the Shoar;

and

and when the Veſſel put off, we conti-nued to look upon each other as long as we could.

Calypſo, who all this while had hearkn'd with the utmoſt Attention and Pleaſure to the Adventures of *Tele-machus*, interrupted the purſuit of his Narration, that ſhe might perſwade him to take ſome Reſt. 'Tis time, ſaid ſhe, after ſo many Toils to taſte the ſweetneſs of Sleep: In this place you have nothing to fear: All that's here is favourable to you: Abandon your Heart to Joy and Tranquility, and re-ceive the Favours of the Gods. To Morrow, when *Aurora* has open'd the golden Gates of the Eaſt with her roſy Fingers, and the Horſes of the Sun ſpring-ing from the briny Main, ſpread the Flames of Light, and drive away the Stars before 'em, we will reſume the Hiſtory of your Misfortunes, my dear *Telemachus*. No, your Father never equal'd you in Wiſdom and Courage. *Achilles*, who conquer'd *Hector*; *The-ſeus*, who return,d from Hell; the great *Alcides* himſelf, who deliver'd the World from Monſters, never ſhew'd

ſo

ſo much Conſtancy and Virtue. May the ſofteſt and profoundeſt Sleep make the Night ſeem ſhort to you. But alaſs! how tedious will it be to me? How I ſhall long to ſee you again? To hear your Voice; to make you to repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not? Go, my dear *Telemachus*, with the wiſe *Mentor*, whom the Favour of the Gods has reſtor'd to you; go into the Grotto, where every thing is prepar'd for your Repoſe: May *Morpheus* ſhed the ſweeteſt of his Charms upon your falling Eyelids; May he infuſe a divine Vapour through all your wearied Limbs, and ſend you eaſy Dreams, which hovering about you may flatter your Senſes with the moſt delightful Images, and chaſe away whatever might diſturb your Reſt, or awaken you too ſoon.

The Goddeſs brought *Telemachus* to the Grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but not leſs agreeable, nor leſs ruſtick. A Fountain of liquid Cryſtal ran down in one corner, and ſweetly murmuring ſeem'd contriv'd to invite Sleep. The Nymphs had prepa-

red

red two Beds compos'd of the ſofteſt Greens, and had cover'd them with two large Skins, the one of a Lyon for *Telemachus*, the other of a Bear for *Mentor*.

Before Slumber had clos'd their Eyes, *Mentor* ſpoke thus to *Telemachus*. The pleaſure of relating your Adventures has carried you too far; you have charm'd the Goddeſs with the Hiſtory of thoſe Dangers, from which your Courage and Induſtry have deliver'd you. By this means you have added to the Flames of her Heart, and are preparing for your ſelf a moſt dangerous Captivity. How can you hope ſhe ſhould ſuffer you to depart from her Iſland; you, who have charm'd her with the relation of your Story? Affectation of vain Glory has induc'd you to talk without Prudence. When will you be wiſe enough, O *Telemachus*, never to ſpeak with Vanity? and when will you know how to conceal what may commend you, if it be not fit to be ſaid? Others admire your Wiſdom at ſuch Years as may want it without blame. But for me, I can forgive you nothing

nothing; I alone know, and love you enough to tell you of all your Faults. How far do you yet come ſhort of your Father's Wiſdom? But, ſaid *Telemachus*, could I refuſe to relate my Misfortunes to *Calypſo*? No, replied *Mentor*, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary: But you ought ſo to have related them, as might only excite her Compaſſion. You ſhould have told her that you had been ſometimes wandring in Deſerts, then a Priſoner in *Sicily*, and afterwards in *Egypt*. This had been enough; and all the reſt has only ſerv'd to augment the Poiſon, that has already ſeiz'd her Heart. May the Gods grant, that yours may be untouched. But what ſhall I now do, ſaid *Telemachus*, in a modeſt and teachable accent? 'Tis now in vain, replied *Mentor*, to conceal the reſt of your Adventures; ſhe knows enough to ſecure her from being deceiv'd in that which is to come; any reſerve on your part would only ſerve to provoke her. Finiſh therefore your Relation to Morrow; tell her all that the Gods have done for you; and learn for the future to ſpeak with Moderation of all Things that may tend to

your own Praiſe. *Telemachus* kindly received this good Advice, and both lay down to Sleep.

As ſoon as *Phœbus* had ſhed the firſt Rays of his Glory upon the Earth, *Mentor* hearing the Voice of the Goddeſs who called to her Nymphs in the Wood, awaken'd *Telemachus*. 'Tis time, ſaid he, to ſhake off Sleep. Come, let us return to *Calypſo*; but beware of the Charms of her Tongue: Never open your Heart to her; dread the inſinuating Poiſon of her Praiſes. Yeſterday ſhe exalted you above your wiſe Father, above the invincible *Achilles*, or the renowned *Theſeus*, or *Hercules* himſelf, who has obtain'd Immortality by his glorious Actions. Could you not perceive the Exceſs of this Commendation? Or did you not obſerve what ſhe ſaid? Know, that ſhe believes it not her ſelf. She only commends you, becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be deceiv'd with Praiſes far exceeding your Actions.

After this Diſcourſe, they went to the place where the Goddeſs expected them. She ſmil'd when ſhe ſaw them approach

approaching, and under an appearance of Joy, conceal'd the Fears and Suſpicions that diſturb'd her Heart. For ſhe foreſaw that *Telemachus*, under the Conduct of *Mentor*, would eſcape her Hands, as *Ulyſſes* had done. Go on' ſaid ſhe, my dear *Telemachus*, and ſatisfie my Curioſity. I thought all the Night, I ſaw you departing from *Phenicia*, and going to ſeek a new Deſtiny in the Iſland of *Cyprus*. Tell me then the ſucceſs of this Voyage, and let us not loſe one moment. They ſat down in a ſhady Grove, upon the green Turf intermix'd with Violets. *Calypſo* could not refrain from looking upon *Telemachus* with Tenderneſs and Paſſion; nor ſee without Indignation, that *Mentor* obſerv'd her, even to the leaſt motion of her Eyes.

In the mean time the Nymphs ſtood ſilent, forming a half-circle, and leaning ſomewhat forward, that they might both hear and ſee with more advantage. The Eyes of all the Aſſembly were unmoveably fix'd upon the young Man. *Telemachus* looking down,

and gracefully bluſhing, thus reſum'd the Thread of his Diſcourſe.

Scarce had the Breath of a favourable Wind fill'd our Sails, when the Coaſt of *Phenicia* intirely diſappear'd from us. And becauſe I was with the *Cyprians*, whoſe Manners I knew not, I reſolv'd to be ſilent, and to obſerve all, keeping my ſelf within the ſtricteſt Rules of Diſcretion, that I might acquire their Eſteem.

During my ſilence, a ſoft and powerful ſlumber ſeiz'd upon me; my Senſes were ravi'ſhd and ſuſpended; my Heart was quiet and full of joy. On a ſudden I thought I ſaw *Venus* launching down from the Clouds in a Chariot, guided by a pair of Doves. She had the ſame ſhining Beauty, the ſame lively Youth, and thoſe blooming Graces that appear'd in her, when ſhe aroſe from the foam of the Ocean, and dazled the Eyes of *Jupiter* himſelf. She deſcended with extreme Rapidity, plac'd her ſelf by me, laid her Hand upon my Shoulder, call'd me by my Name, and ſmiling prounouc'd theſe Words.

Young *Greek*, thou art going into my peculiar Empire, thou ſhalt ſoon arrive in that fortunate Iſland, where Pleaſures, Sports and wanton Joys abound. There thou ſhalt burn Perfumes upon my Altar. There I will plunge thee into a River of Delights: Open thy Heart to the moſt charming Hopes, and beware of reſiſting the moſt powerful of all the Goddeſſes, who reſolves to make thee happy.

At the ſame time I ſaw *Cupid* as a Child, gently moving his little Wings, and hovering about his Mother. He had the tendereſt Graces in his Face, and the Smiles of an Infant; yet there was ſomething ſo fierce in his Eyes, as to make me afraid. He ſmil'd when he look'd upon me; but his Smiles were malicious, ſcornful and cruel. He took the ſharpeſt of his Arrows from his golden Quiver; he drew his Bow, and was going to pierce my Heart, when *Minerva* appear'd, and cover'd me with her immortal Shield.

The Face of this Goddeſs had not the ſame effeminate Beauty, nor that paſſionate Languiſhing, which I had

obſerv'd in the Face and Poſture of *Venus*. On the contrary, her Beauty was natural, unaffected, modeſt; all was grave, vigorous, noble, full of Power and Majeſty. The Arrow too weak to pierce the Shield fell down upon the Ground; *Cupid*, in a rage, ſigh'd bitterly, and was aſham'd to ſee himſelf overcome. Be gone, cried *Minerva*, raſh Boy, be gone; Thou can'ſt Conquer none but the Baſe, who prefer diſhonourable Pleaſures before Wiſdom, Virtue and Glory.

At theſe Words, *Cupid*, fir'd with Indignation, flew away; and as *Venus* re aſcended towards *Olympus*, I ſaw her Chariot and Doves, rowling in a Cloud of Gold and Azure a long time before ſhe diſappear'd. When I turned my Eyes towards the Earth, I could no where ſee *Minerva*. Methought I was tranſported into a delicious Garden, as Men paint the *Elyſian* Fields. There I found *Mentor*, who ſaid to me; Fly from this cruel Country, this pernicious Iſland, where the Inhabitants breath nothing but Pleaſure. The boldeſt Virtue ought to tremble, and cannot be

ſafe

ſafe but by Flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I endeavour'd to throw my Arms about his Neck and to embrace him; but I found my Feet unable to move; my Knees ſunk under me, and my Hands attempting to lay hold upon *Mentor*, follow'd an empty Phantom that would not be touch'd.

As I was making this Effort I waked, and perceiv'd that this Myſterious Dream was no leſs than a Divine Admonition. I found in my ſelf a firm Reſolution againſt the Allurements of Pleaſure; a watchful Jealouſie of my own Conduct, and a juſt Abhorrence of the diſſolute Manners that reigned in *Cyprus*. But that which wounded me to the Heart, was, that I thought *Mentor* dead; that he had paſs'd the *Stygian* Lake, and was become an Inhabitant of thoſe fortunate Fields, where the Souls of the Juſt reſide. This Thought made me ſhed a Torrent of Tears. The *Cyprians* ask'd me why I wept? Theſe Tears, ſaid I, are but too ſuitable to the Condition of an unhappy Stranger, who has loſt all Hopes of ever ſeeing his Country more.

In the mean time all the *Cyprians* that were in the Ship abandon'd themſelves to the moſt extravagant Follies; the Rowers who hated to take Pains, fell aſleep upon their Oars. The Pilot put a Garland of Flowers on his Head; left the Rudder, and held a vaſt Flaggon of Wine in his Hands, which he had almoſt emptied. He, and all the reſt of the Crew, inflam'd with the Furies of *Bacchus*, ſung ſuch Verſes in the honour of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as ought to be abhor'd by all thoſe who love Virtue,

Whilſt they thus forgot the Dangers of the Sea, a ſudden Tempeſt aroſe: The Elements ſeem'd to mix: The Winds were let looſe, and roar'd in every Sail: The Waves beat furiouſly upon the Flanks of the Ship, which groaned under the Weight of their Strokes. One while we mounted upon the Back of the ſwelling Waters; another while the Sea ſeem'd to ſteal from under the Veſſel, and to precipitate us into the dark Abyſs. We ſaw the Rocks cloſe by our ſide, and the angry Waves breaking upon them with a dread-

dreadful Noiſe. Then I found by experience the Truth of what I had heard from *Mentor*, That Men of diſſolute Lives, and abandon'd to Pleaſure, always want Courage in time of Danger. All our *Cyprians* ſunk into deſpair, and wept like Women. I heard nothing but lamentable Exclamations; bitter Regrets upon the Pleaſures of Life; vain and inſignificant Promiſes of Sacrificing abundantly to the Gods, if they ſhould arrive ſafe in the Harbour. No one had ſufficient preſence of Mind, either to give neceſſary Orders, or to work the Ship. In this Condition, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to ſave my own Life, and the Lives of thoſe that were with me. I took the Rudder into my Hand, becauſe the raving Pilot was utterly uncapable of knowing the Danger we were in. I encourag'd the aſtoniſh'd Mariners; I made them take down the Sails; we ſheer'd by the Rocks and Quick-ſands, and ſaw all the Horrors of Death ſtaring us in the Face. At laſt we arriv'd in the Iſland of *Cyprus*.

This Adventure ſeem'd like a Dream to all thoſe, who ow'd the Preſervation of their Lives to my care. They look'd upon me with Aſtoniſhment. We landed at *Cyprus* in the Month of *April*, which is conſecrated to *Venus*. This Seaſon, ſay the *Cyprians*, is moſt ſuitable to this Goddeſs, becauſe ſhe ſeems to revive the whole Syſtem of Nature, and to give Birth to Pleaſures and Flowers at the ſame time.

As ſoon as I arriv'd in the Iſland, I perceiv'd an unuſual Sweetneſs in the Air, rendring the Body ſlothful and unactive, but infuſing a jovial and wanton Humour. I obſerv'd the Country, tho' naturally fruitful and delicious, to be almoſt every where uncultivated, thro' the Idleneſs and Negligence of the Inhabitants. I ſaw great numbers of Maids and Women vainly and fantaſtically dreſs'd, ſinging the Praiſes of *Venus*, and going to devote themſelves to the Service of her Temple. Beauty, Graces, Joy and Pleaſure, were equally apparent in their Faces and Geſture. But their Graces were too much affected: There was not that noble Simplicity,

nor

nor that lovely Modeſty, which makes the greateſt Charm of Beauty. A certain Air of Diſſolution; an artful way of adjuſting the Face; their vain Dreſs and languiſhing Geſtures; their Eyes that ſeem'd in pain to find out the Eyes of Men; their mutual Jealouſie, who ſhould raiſe the greateſt Paſſions: In a word, all that I ſaw in theſe Women appear'd vile and contemptible to me. By endeavouring to pleaſe me immoderately, they excited my Averſion.

I was conducted to a Temple of the Goddeſs. She had divers in this Iſland; for ſhe is particularly ador'd at *Cythera*, *Idalia* and *Paphos*; 'twas to that of *Cythera*, I was brought. The Temple is built with Marble; tis a perfect Periſtylium; the Pillars are lofty, and ſo well proportion'd, that they give a majeſtick Air to the whole Fabrick. At each Face of the Temple ſtands a Portal with a large Front, on which the moſt agreeable Adventures of the Goddeſs are curiouſly repreſented in * raiſed Stonework. Great numbers of People are always at the Gate, attending to make their Offerings. No Vi-

* *Baſſo rilievo.*

Victim ever ſuffers the Knife within the Precinct of the ſacred Ground. The Fat of Bulls and Heifers is not burnt here as in other Places. No Blood is ever ſhed. The Cattle to be offer'd, are only preſented before the Altar; and no Beaſt may be offer'd, unleſs it be Young, White, without defect, and without blemiſh. They are adorn'd with Purple Fillets embroyder'd with Gold; their Horns are garniſh'd with bunches of the moſt fragrant Flowers; and when they have been preſented at the Altar, they are led to a private Place without the Wall, and kill'd for the Table of the Prieſts that belong to the Goddeſs.

Here alſo are offer'd all ſorts of perfum'd Liquors, and Wines more delicious than Nectar. The Prieſts are cloathed in long white Robes, with Girdles of Gold and Fringes of the ſame The moſt exquiſite Perfumes of the Eaſt are burnt Night and Day upon the Altars, and form a curling Cloud as they mount into the Air. The Pillars are adorn'd with Feſtons of wreathed Flowers; all the Veſſels for the Service

of

of the Altar are of fine Gold; a ſacred Wood of Myrtle encompaſſes the Building; none but Boys and Girls of admirable Beauty may preſent the Victims to the Prieſts, or kindle the Fire upon the Altars. But Diſſolution and Impudence diſhonour this Magnificent Temple.

At firſt I deteſted what I ſaw; but it ſoon began to grow familiar to me. I was no longer afraid of Vice; all Companies inſpir'd me with an Inclination to Intemperance. They laught at my Innocence; and my Modeſty ſerv'd for Sport to this diſſolute People.

They forgot nothing that might enſnare me, that might excite my Paſſions, and awaken in me an Appetite to Pleaſure. I found my ſelf loſing Ground every Day. The good Education I had receiv'd, could ſupport me no longer; all my beſt Reſolutions vaniſh'd away; I wanted Strength to reſiſt the Evil that preſſed me on every ſide; I grew even aſham'd of Virtue. I was like a Man ſwimming in a deep and rapid River: At firſt he cuts the Waters and mounts vigorouſly againſt the Stream; but

but if the Banks are high and perpendicular, and he finds no place to reſt on either ſide, he at laſt tires by degrees; his Force abandons him; his exhauſted Limbs grow ſtiff, and the Torrent carries him down. So my Eyes began to grow dim; my Heart fainted; I could not make uſe of my Reaſon, nor call to mind the Misfortunes of my Father. The Dream that ſhew'd me *Mentor* in the *Elyſian* Fields, utterly diſcourag'd me. An eaſie and diſſolute Languiſhing ſeiz'd upon me; I already began to love the flattering Poiſon that crept into my Veins, and penetrated through the Marrow of my Bones.

Yet for all this, ſometimes I would Sigh; I ſhed bitter Tears; I roar'd like a Lyon in Fury. O! unhappy Youth, ſaid I! O Gods! that divert your ſelves ſo cruelly with the Fate of Men! Why do you cauſe them to paſs through that Age, which is a time of Folly, and reſembles a burning Fever? O! why am I not covered with Gray Hairs, bow'd down and ſinking into the Grave, like my Grand-father *Laertes*? Death would be

be more welcome to me, than the ſhameful Weakneſs I now feel.

Scarce had I utter'd theſe Words, when my Grief began to abate, and my Heart drunk with a fooliſh Paſſion, ſhook off almoſt all Shame. After this I found my ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Remorſe. Whilſt I was under theſe Diſorders, I went raving up and down the Sacred Wood, like a Hind that has been wounded by a Hunter; ſhe croſſes vaſt Foreſts to aſſwage her Pain; but the fatal Arrow ſticks faſt in her ſide, and follows her whereſoever ſhe flies. Thus I endeavour'd to run away from my ſelf; but nothing could cure my wounded Heart.

In this Moment, I perceiv'd at ſome diſtance from me, under the moſt ſhady part of the Wood, the Figure of the Wiſe *Mentor*. But his Face was ſo pale, ſo ſad, and ſo ſevere, that I knew not how to rejoyce. Is it you then, O my dear Friend? My laſt, and only hope, is it you? Is it you, your ſelf? Or is a deceitful Image come to abuſe my Eyes? Is it you, O *Mentor?* Or is it your Ghoſt, ſtill ſenſible of my Misfortunes? Are you

you not among the Bleſſed Spirits, that poſſeſs the Rewards of their Virtue, and by the Bounty of the Gods enjoy an Eternal Peace, and uninterrupted Pleaſures in the *Elyſian* Plains? *Mentor*, do you yet live? Am I ſo happy to ſee you? Or is it only the ſhadow of my Friend?

With theſe Words in my Mouth I ran to him ſo Tranſported, that I loſt my Reſpiration. He ſtood ſtill unmov'd, and made not one ſtep towards me. O Gods! you know with what Joy I felt him in my Arms. No, 'tis not an empty Shadow; I hold him faſt; I embrace him; my dear *Mentor*! Thus I cried out; I ſhed a Flood of Tears upon his Face; I hung about his Neck, and was not able to ſpeak.

He look'd ſadly upon me, with Eyes full of tender Compaſſion. At laſt I ſaid, alas! Where have you been? To what Dangers have you abandon'd me by your abſence? And what ſhould I now do without you? But he without anſwering my Queſtions, with a terrible Voice cried out; Fly, fly without delay: This Soyl produces nothing but Poi-

Poiſon: The Air you breath is infected with the Plague: The Men are contagious, and converſe with each other only to ſpread the fatal Venom: Baſe and infamous Pleaſure, the worſt of all thoſe Evils that ſprung from *Pandora*'s Box, diſſolves them in Luxury, and ſuffers no Virtue in this Place. Fly; ſtay not a Moment; look not once behind you, and as you run, ſhake off the remembrance of this Execrable Iſland.

He ſaid, and immediately I felt as it were a thick Cloud diſperſing from about my Eyes, and perceiv'd a more pure and beautiful Light. A ſweet and noble Joy, accompanied with Reſolution and Courage, reviv'd in my Heart. This Joy was very different from that looſe and fooliſh Joy which had Poiſon'd my Senſes. The one is diſorderly and unquiet, interrupted with extravagant Paſſions and cruel Remorſe; the other is a Joy of Reaſon, attended with a Heaven of Happineſs. 'Tis always pure, equal, inexhauſtible. The deeper we drink, the more delicious is the Taſte. It raviſhes the Soul without the leaſt diſorder. I began to

ſhed

ſhed Tears of Joy, and found a ſweetneſs in Weeping. Happy, ſaid I, are thoſe Men who can ſee the beauty of Virtue! Is it poſſible to ſee her without loving her? Is it poſſible to love her without being Happy?

Here *Mentor* interrupted me, and ſaid, I muſt leave you: I muſt depart this Moment; I may not ſtay any longer. Where, ſaid I, are you going? Into what Deſert will I not follow you? Don't think you can leave me; for I will rather Die than not attend you. Whilſt I ſpoke theſe Words, I held him faſt with all my Strength. 'Tis in vain, ſaid he, for you to hope to detain me. The Cruel *Metophis* ſold me to certain *Ethiopians* or *Arabs*. Theſe Men going to *Damaſcus* in *Syria*, on the account of Trade, reſolved to ſell me, ſuppoſing they ſhould get a great ſum of Mony for me of one *Hazael*, who wanted a *Greek* Slave to inform him of the Cuſtoms of *Greece*, and inſtruct him in our Arts and Sciences.

This *Hazael* purchaſed me at a dear Rate. What he has learnt from me concerning our Manners, has given him

a Curioſity to go into the Iſland of *Creet*, to ſtudy the Wiſe Laws of *Minos*. During our Voyage, the Weather has forced us to put in at *Cyprus*, in expectation of a favourable Wind. He is come to make his Offerings in the Temple; ſee there, he is going out; the Winds call; our Sails are aloft; adieu, dear *Telemachus*; a Slave that fears the Gods, ought faithfully to ſerve his Maſter: The Gods do not permit me to diſpoſe of my ſelf: If I might, they know it, I would be only yours: Farewell, remember the Labours of *Ulyſſes*, and the Tears of *Penelope*; remember that the Gods are juſt. O Gods, the Protectors of Innocence! in what a Country am I conſtrain'd to leave *Telemachus*?

No, no, ſaid I, my dear *Mentor*, it ſhall not depend upon you to leave me here; I'le rather Die, than ſee you depart without me. Is this *Syrian* Maſter inexorable? Was his Infancy nouriſh'd by a Tygre? Would he tear you out of my Arms? He muſt either kill me, or ſuffer me to follow you. You exhort me to fly, and will not permit me to fly with you: I'le go to *Hazael*; perhaps

haps he will pity my Youth and my Tears. He loves Wiſdom, becauſe he goes ſo far in ſearch of it; ſuch a one cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible Heart. I will throw my ſelf at his Feet; I will embrace his Knees; I will not let him go, till he has given me leave to follow you. My dear *Mentor*, I can be a Slave with you; I will offer my Service to him; if he refuſes me, 'tis reſolv'd; I will deliver my ſelf from this burden of Life.

In this Moment, *Hazael* call'd *Mentor*. I proſtrated my ſelf before him; he was ſurpriz'd to ſee an unknown Perſon in this Poſture. What is't you deſire, ſaid he? Life, replied I; for I cannot live unleſs you ſuffer me to follow *Mentor*, who belongs to you. I am the Son of the great *Ulyſſes*, the moſt Wiſe of all thoſe *Grecian* Kings that deſtroy'd the great City of *Troy*, which was ſo famons throughout all *Aſia*. I ſpeak not this to boaſt of my Birth, but only to inſpire you with ſome Pity of my Misfortunes. I have ſought my Father in all the Seas, accompanied by this Man, who has been to me another

Father

Father. Fortune, to make me compleatly unhappy, has taken him away from me; ſhe has made him your Slave; let me be ſo too. If it be true, that you are a lover of Juſtice, and that you are going to *Creet* to inſpect the Laws of the good King *Minos*, reject not my Sighs and my Tears. You ſee the Son of a King reduc'd to deſire Servitude as his only Refuge. Formerly I would have choſen Death in *Sicily* to avoid Slavery; but my firſt Misfortunes were only the weak Eſſays of Fortune's Injuſtice: Now I tremble, leſt I ſhould not be receiv'd among Slaves. O Gods! See my Calamity; *O Hazael*, remember *Minos*, whoſe Wiſdom you admire, and who will judge us both in the Kingdom of *Pluto*.

Hazael looking upon me with Kindneſs and Compaſſion, put forth his Hand and rais'd me up. I am not ignorant, ſaid he, of the Wiſdom and Virtue of *Ulyſſes*. *Mentor* has often told me of the Glory he has acquir'd among the *Greeks*; and beſides, Fame has not been wanting to ſpread his Name over all the Nations of the Eaſt.

Follow

Follow me, thou Son of *Ulyſſes*, I will be your Father, till you find him, who gave you Life. But tho' I were not mov'd with the Glory of your Father, his Misfortunes, and your own; yet the Friendſhip I have for *Mentor*, would engage me to take care of you. 'Tis true, I bought him as a Slave, but I keep him as a faithful Friend; the Mony he coſt, has acquir'd me the deareſt and moſt valuable Friend, that I have in the World: In him I have found Wiſdom; I owe all the Love I have for Virtue to his Inſtructions. From this Moment he is free, and you ſhall be ſo too; I ask nothing of either but your Heart.

In an Inſtant, I paſs'd from the bittereſt Grief to the moſt lively Joy that Men can feel. I ſaw my ſelf deliver'd from the worſt of Dangers; I was drawing near to my Country; I had found One to aſſiſt me in my return; I had the Pleaſure of being with a Man, who lov'd me already for the ſake of Virtue; in a Word, I found every thing in finding *Mentor*; and that which endear'd my good Fortune to me,

was,

was, that I feared not to loſe him again.

In the mean time, *Hazael* advanc'd to the Shoar; we followed; we Imbark'd with him; our Oars cut the yielding Waters: the Zephyrs plaid in our Sails; gave Life and eaſie Motion to the Ship; the Iſland of *Cyprus* ſoon diſappear'd. *Hazael*, impatient to know my Sentiments, ask'd me what I thought of the Manners of that Iſland? I told him ingenuouſly to what Dangers my Youth had been expos'd, and the Combat I had ſuffer'd within me.

He was tenderly mov'd with my abhorrence of Vice. and ſaid theſe Words: *O Venus*! I acknowledge your Power, and that of your Son; I have burnt Incenſe upon your Altars: But give me leave to deteſt the infamous diſſolution of the Inhabitants of your Iſland, and the brutal Impudence, with which they celebrate your Feſtivals. After this, he diſcours'd with *Mentor* of that firſt Being which form'd the Heavens and the Earth; of that pure, infinite and unchangeable Light which is communicated to all without any Diminution;

tion; of that ſupreme and univerſal Truth which enlightens the Spiritual World as the Sun enlightens the Corporeal. He who has never ſeen this Light, ſaid he, is as blind as one born without Sight; he paſſes his Life in a diſmal Night, like that of thoſe Regions where the Sun never ſhines for many Months of the Year; he thinks himſelf Wiſe, and is a Fool; he fancies he ſees all, and ſees nothing; he Dies without ſeeing any thing; at moſt he perceives only falſe and obſcure Flaſhes, vain Shadows, Phantoms, that have no real Being.

Of this kind are all thoſe, who are carried away by ſenſual Pleaſures, and the Inchantments of Imagination. There are no true Men upon the Earth but thoſe who conſult, Love and obey this eternal Reaſon. 'Tis ſhe that inſpires us when we think well: 'Tis ſhe that reproves us when we think ill. Our Reaſon as well as our Life is her Gift. She is as a vaſt Ocean of Light; the Reaſon of Men is like little Rivulets emaning from her, which return and loſe themſelves in her again.

Tho'

Tho' I did not yet throughly comprehend the Wiſdom of this Diſcourſe, I taſted nevertheleſs ſomething in it ſo Pure and ſo Sublime, that my Heart grew warm, and Truth ſeem'd to ſhine in all theſe Words. They continued to ſpeak of the Original of the Gods, of the Hero's, of the Poets, of the Golden Age, of the Deluge, of the firſt Hiſtories of the World, of the River of Oblivion, into which the Souls of the Dead are plung'd, of the eternal Puniſhments prepar'd for the Impious in the dark Gulph of *Tartarus*, and of that happy Tranquillity which the Juſt enjoy in the *Elyſian* Fields without any apprehenſions of Change.

During this Converſation, we ſaw great numbers of Dolphins cover'd with Scales, that ſeem'd to be of Gold and Azure. They play'd in the Sea, and laſh'd the Floods into a Foam. After them came the *Tritons*, ſounding their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells: They ſurrounded the Chariot of *Amphitrite*, that was drawn by Sea-Horſes whiter than Snow. They cut the Briny Sea, and left vaſt Furrows behind

them. Their Eyes darted Fire, and Smoak iſſued from their Noſtrils. The Chariot of the Goddeſs was a Shell of a wonderful Figure; 'twas more white than the fineſt Ivory, and the Wheels were all of Gold. This Chariot ſeem'd to fly upon the ſurface of the Waters. A Troop of Nymphs came Swimming behind the Chariot: Their lovely Hair hung looſe upon their Shoulders, floating at the Pleaſure of the Winds. The Goddeſs had in one Hand a golden Scepter, with which ſhe commanded the Waves: With the other ſhe held upon her Knee the little God *Palemon*, her Son, who hung upon her Breaſt. Her Face was ſo bright and ſo majeſtick, that the black Tempeſts and all the ſeditious Winds fled from before her. The Tritons guided the Horſes, and held the golden Reins. A large Sail of the richeſt Purple hung floating in the Air above the Chariot; a Multitude of little Zephyrs hover'd about it, and labour'd to fill it with their Breath. In the midſt of the Air, *Eolus* appear'd, diligent, reſtleſs and vehement; his ſtern and wrinkled Face; his menacing

cing Voice, his Eye-brows hanging down to his Beard; his Eyes full of a dim and auſtere Fire, diſpers'd the Clouds, and kept the fierce Aquilons ſilent. The vaſt Whales, and all the Monſters of the Sea came out of their profound Grotto's to gaze upon the Goddeſs, and with their Noſtrils made the briny Waters ebb and flow.

After we had admir'd this wonderful Sight, we began to diſcover the Mountains of *Creet*, tho, yet we could hardly diſtinguiſh them from the Clouds of Heaven, and flowings of the Sea. Then we ſaw the ſummet of Mount *Ida*, which riſes above all other Mountains of the Iſland, as an antient Stag carries his branching Head above the young Fawns that follow him in the Foreſt. By degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the Coaſt of the Iſland, repreſenting the form of an Amphitheater; as we found the Lands in *Cyprus* neglected and uncultivated, ſo thoſe of *Creet* appear'd plentifully cover'd with all manner of Fruits by the Induſtry of the Inhabitants,

On all ſides we perceiv'd Towns e-

qualling Cities; well built Villages, and magnificent Cities: We ſaw neither Hill nor Vale where the Hand of the diligent Husbandman was not ſtampt; the Plow had left deep Furrows in every part; Thorns, Bryars, and ſuch Plants as are a uſeleſs Burden to the Earth, are utterly unknown in this Country. We contemplated with Pleaſure the fruitful Vallies, where Troops of Oxen go lowing in the ſweet Paſtures, that abound with Springs of running Water; the Sheep every where Feeding upon the deſcent of the Hills; the champain Ground cover'd with Corn, preſented with a liberal Hand by the bountiful *Ceres*; in a Word, the Mountains adorn'd with Vines, and Grapes of a rich purple Colour, promiſing a plentiful Vintage of the delicious Preſents of *Bacchus*, which charm the Cares of Men.

Mentor told us he had been formerly in *Creet*, and inform'd us of what he knew. " This Iſland, ſaid he, juſtly " admir'd by all Strangers, and famous " for its hundred Cities, is more than " ſufficient to nouriſh all the Inhabi-

tants

" tants, tho' they are innumerable;
" for the Earth never ceaſes to produce
" her Fruits if Induſtry be not want-
" ing; her fertil Boſom can never be
" exhauſted. The more numerous
" Men are in a Country, provided they
" be Laborious, the greater abundance
" they enjoy. They need not be jeal-
" ous of one another, for this tender
" Mother multiplies her Gifts accord-
" ing to the number of her Children,
" if they deſerve her Favours by their
" Labour. The Ambition and Cove-
" touſneſs of Men, are the only Springs
" of their Unhappineſs. They covet
" all, and make themſelves miſerable
" by deſiring what is ſuperfluous. If
" they would be moderate, and con-
" tented with what is neceſſary, we
" ſhould ſee Plenty, Peace, Union and
" Happineſs reſtor'd to the World.
Minos, the wiſeſt and beſt of Kings, un-
derſtood this well. All the admirable
Things you ſhall ſee in this Iſland are
owing to the excellency of his Laws.

The Education he appointed for Chil-
dren, renders their Bodies ſtrong and
healthful. They are accuſtomed from

their Infancy to a plain, frugal, Laborious Life, becauſe Pleaſure enervates both the Body and the Mind. No other Pleaſure is ever propos'd to them but the acquiſition of an invincible Virtue, and ſolid Glory. This People do not meaſure Mens Courage only by deſpiſing Death in the Hazards of War; but by the contempt of great Riches, and, ignominious Pleaſures. Three Vices are puniſh'd here, which remain unpuniſh'd in all other Nations, Ingratitude, Diſſimulation, Covetouſneſs.

They have no need of Laws to ſuppreſs Luxury and diſſolution of Manners; for ſuch Things are unknown in *Creet*. Every Man Works; yet no Man deſires to be rich. They think all their Labour ſufficiently recompenced with an eaſie and regular Life, in which they enjoy plentifully and quietly all that is truly neceſſary to Men. Coſtly Furniture, rich Apparel, delicious Feaſts and guilded Palaces, are not permitted in this Country. Their Cloths are of fine Wool, wrought with Art, and beautiful in Colour, but without Embroidery or any other Ornament. Their Tables

bles are ſober; They drink little Wine; good Bread, with excellent Fruits, and the Milk of the Cattle, make the principal part of their Meals.

At the moſt, their Meat is plain dreſs'd, without Sauce or Ragou; and they always take care to reſerve the beſt and ſtrongeſt of the Cattle to be employ'd in Husbandry. Their Houſes are neat, commodious, pleaſant; but without Ornaments. They are not ignorant of the moſt magnificent Architecture; but that's reſerv'd for the Temples of the Gods: They dare not live in Houſes like thoſe of the immortal Beings.

The great Riches of this People are Health, Strength, Courage; Peace and Union in Families; the liberty of all the Citizens; plenty of things neceſſary and a contempt of thoſe that are ſuperfluous; a habit of Labour, and an abhorrence of Sloth; a mutual emulation of virtuous Actions; ſubmiſſion to the Laws, and a reverence of the juſt Gods,

I ask'd him in what the Authority of the King conſiſted? And he anſwer'd thus. "The King is above all the People;

" but the Laws are above the King.
" He has an abſolute Power to do Good;
" but his Hands are tied, ſo ſoon as he
" attempts to do Ill. The Laws en-
" truſt him with the care of the Peo-
" ple, as the moſt valuable of all Truſts,
" on condition to be the Father of his
" Subjects. They intend, that one
" Man ſhall ſerve by his Wiſdom and
" Moderation to make whole Nations
" happy; and not that ſo many Men
" ſhall by their Miſery and abject Sla-
" very, ſerve to flatter the Pride and
" Luxury of one Man. The King
" ought to have nothing more than o-
" ther Men, except ſuch aſſiſtance as is
" neceſſary either to the diſcharge of
" his painful Functions, or to imprint
" on the Minds of the People that Re-
" ſpect which is due to the Perſon who
" is to maintain the vigour of the
" Laws.

" On the other Hand, the King
" ought to be more ſober, more averſe
" to Luxury, more free from Vanity
" Haughtineſs and Oſtentation, than
" any other Man. He is not to have
" more Riches and Pleaſures, but more

" Wiſ-

" Wiſdom, Virtue and Glory than the
" reſt of Men. Abroad, he is to be
" the Defender of his Country, at the
" Head of their Armies; at Home he
" is to diſtribute Juſtice to the People;
" to make them good, wiſe and happy!
" 'Tis not for his own ſake that the
" Gods have made him King, but on-
" ly that he may be the Man of his
" People. He owes all his Time to
" the People, all his Care, all his Af-
" fection; and he is no otherwiſe wor-
" thy of the Crown, than as he for-
" gets his own Intereſts, to ſacrifice him-
" ſelf to the Publick Good. *Minos* ap-
" pointed that his Children ſhould not
" Reign after him, unleſs they would
" Reign by theſe Rules; for he lov'd
" his People more than his Family.
" By this Wiſdom he render'd *Creet*
" ſo powerful and ſo happy. By this
" Moderation he has effac'd the Glory
" of all Conquerors, who make their
" People ſubſervient to their Greatneſs,
" that is, to their Vanity. In a Word,
" by his Juſtice he deſerv'd to be the
" ſupreme Judg of the Dead in the Re-
" gions below.

Whilſt *Mentor* was ſpeaking we arriv'd in the Iſland; we ſaw the famous Labyrinth, built by the Hands of the ingenious *Dedalus*, in imitation of the great Labyrinth which we had ſeen in *Egypt*. As we were conſidering this curious Fabrick, we beheld the Shoar cover'd with People, and Multitudes preſſing towards that Place that was near the Sea. We ask'd the reaſon of their haſt, and receiv'd this Account from one *Nauſicrates*, a Native of *Creet*.

Idomeneus, the Son of *Deucalion*, and Grand-ſon to *Minos*, went with the reſt of the *Grecian* Kings to the Siege of *Troy*. After the Deſtruction of that City, he ſet Sail, in order to return to *Creet*; but was ſurpriz'd by ſo violent a Storm, that the Pilot and the moſt experienc'd Mariners in the Ship, gave themſelves for loſt. Every one had Death before his Eyes; every one ſaw the Abyſs open to ſwallow him up; every one deplor'd his Misfortune, and had not ſo much as the wretched Hopes of that imperfect Reſt, which the Souls enjoy, that have croſs'd the River *Styx*, after

their

their Bodies have receiv'd Burial. *Idomeneus*, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, invok'd *Neptune* in theſe Words. O powerful God! who commandeſt the Empire of the Sea, vouchſafe to hear the Prayer of the Diſtreſſed; if thou delivereſt me from the fury of the Winds, and bringeſt me ſafe to *Creet*, the firſt Head I ſee, ſhall fall by my own Hands a Sacrifice to thy Deity.

In the mean time his Son impatient to ſee his Father, made haſt to meet and embrace him at his Landing. Unhappy Youth! who knew not that he was running to his own Deſtruction. The Father eſcap'd the Storm, and landed in the Port of *Syria*. He gave Thanks to *Neptune* for hearing his Prayers, but ſoon found how fatal they had been to him. A black Preſage of his Misfortune made him bitterly repent his raſh Vow. He dreaded his own Arrival; he fix't his Eyes upon the Ground: He fear'd to ſee whatever was dear to him in the World. But the inexorable Goddeſs *Nemeſis*, who never

never fails to puniſh Men, and eſpecially haughty Kings, puſh'd him on with a fatal and inviſible Hand. *Idomeneus* arrives, hardly daring to lift up his Eyes: He ſees his Son: He ſtarts back with Horrour; his Eyes in vain look about for ſome other Head to ſerve for his vow'd Sacrifice.

His Son approach'd, and threw his Arms about his Neck, ſurpris'd to ſee his Father diſſolving in Tears, and making no return to his Tenderneſs. O my Father, ſaid he! Whence comes this Sadneſs, after ſo long abſence? are you diſpleas'd to ſee your Kingdom, and to be the Joy of your Son? What have I done? You turn your Eyes away for fear of ſeeing me.

The Father overwhelm'd with Grief, made no anſwer. At laſt, after many bitter Sighs, he ſaid, Ah! *Neptune* what have I proms'd? Reſtore me to the Winds, and to the Rocks, which ought to have daſh'd me in pieces, and finiſh'd my wretched Life. Let my Son live! O thou cruel God, here, take my Blood and ſpare his.

As

As he ſpoke, he drew his Sword to pierce his own Heart; but thoſe that were about him ſtaid his Hand. The aged *Sophronymus*, by whom the Will of the Gods is convey'd to Men, aſſur'd him that he might ſatisfie *Neptune* without the Death of his Son. Your Promiſe, ſaid he, was imprudent; the Gods will not be Honour'd by Cruelty: Beware of adding to the Error of your Promiſe, the Crime of accompliſhing it againſt the Laws of Nature: Offer a hundred Bulls, white as Snow to *Neptune*; let their Blood ſtream about his Altar crown'd with Flowers; let the ſweeteſt Incenſe ſmoak in Honour of the God.

Idomeneus heard this Diſcourſe, inclining his Head towards the Earth, and anſwer'd not one Word: Fury ſat glaring in his Eyes; his pale and disfigur'd Face chang'd Colour every Moment, and all his Limbs ſhook with horrour. In the mean time his Son ſaid to him: My Father, here I am; your Son is ready to die, to appeaſe the God: I die contented, ſince my Death

Death will have prevented yours. Strike, O my Father, and ſuſpect not to find in me the leaſt fear of Death, or any thing unbecoming your Son.

In that Moment *Idomeneus* tranſported with Diſtraction, and poſſeſs'd by infernal Furies, ſurpriz'd all that ſtood about him with Aſtoniſhment. He thruſt his Sword into the Heart of this Youth, and drew it out again reeking and full of Blood, to plunge it into his own Bowels. But he was once more prevented by thoſe that were preſent. The Youth fell down into his own Blood; the ſhades of Death hung upon his Eyes; he open'd them a little to the Light, but could not ſupport its Brightneſs. As a beautiful Lilly in the midſt of the Field, cut up from the Root by the Plowſhare, lies down and languiſhes on the Ground. It receives no more Nouriſhment from the Earth, and the Springs of Life are intercepted; yet the ſnowy White and noble Luſtre in part remains. So the Son of *Idomeneus*, like a young and tender Flower,

er, is cut down in the bloom of his Age. The Father through excefs of Grief is become inſenſible, he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he reels towards the City and demands his Son.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES

PART II.

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THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

PART. II.

IN the mean time the People being touch'd with Pity for the Son, and full of Horror at the barbarous Action of the Father, cry out, That the Juſt Gods have abandon'd him to the Furies; Their Rage furniſhes 'em with Arms; They lay hold of what Wea-

Weapons come next to hand; Diſcord breaths a ſecret Venom into their Breaſts;

The *Cretans*, the wiſe *Cretans* forget their belov'd Wiſdom; They will no longer acknowledge the Son of ſage *Minos*; *Idomeneus*'s Friends know not how to conſult his Safety but by conducting him back to his Ship; They embark with him, and commit their Flight to the Waves. *Idomeneus* being come to himſelf, returns them Thanks for carryinghim away from a Land he had beſprinkled with his Son's Blood, and which he could no longer inhabit; the Winds waft 'em over to *Heſperia*, where they lay the Foundation of a new Kingdom in the Country of the *Salentines*.

But now the *Cretans* being deſtitute of a King to govern 'em, they reſolve to chuſe ſuch an one as will keep up the Purity of the eſtabliſh'd Laws. And theſe are the Meaſures they take for that purpoſe. All the chief Men of a hundred Cities are now to meet at one Place; they begin with offering Sacrifices; they aſſemble all the moſt renown'd Sages of the neighbouring Countries

tries to examine the Wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall be thought worthy of Command; they order publick Games, whereall the Competitors are to fight; for the Crown is the Prize which they propoſe to him who ſhall excel, both as to ſtrength of Body and endowment of Mind. They will have a King whoſe Body muſt be ſtrong and active, and his Soul adorn'd with Wiſdom and Virtue: They invite all Strangers to this grand Aſſembly. *Nauſicrates* having recounted to us this wonderous Story, cries out, Haſte therefore, you Strangers, to our Aſſembly; you ſhall contend with the Reſt, and if the Gods decree the Victory for either of you, he ſhall Reign in this Country. We followed him, not out of any deſire of being victorious, but only out of a Curioſity to ſee an Election ſo extraordinary.

We arrived at a Place reſembling a very large *Circus*, ſurrounded with a thick Wood. The middle of this Circus was an *Arena* (or Pit) prepar'd for the Combatants; it was ſurrounded by a large Amphitheater of green Turf, where-

whereon ſat in order an innumerable multitude of Spectators. As ſoon as we came there, we were honourably receiv'd; for the *Cretans*, of all Nations in the World, are the moſt noble and religious Obſervers of Hoſpitality; they deſired us to take our Places, and invited us to enter the Liſts. *Mentor* excus'd himſelf, upon account of his Age, and *Haſael* on the ſcore of his Health. My Youth and Vigour left me without Excuſe; however, I caſt a look upon *Mentor* to diſcover his Mind, and I perceiv'd he deſir'd that I ſhould engage: I therefore accepted their Propoſal, and ſtrip'd my ſelf of all my Cloaths; they poured Streams of ſweet and ſhining Oyl on all my Limbs; and being covered with Duſt, I put in for one among the Combatants. 'Twas ſaid on every Side, that the Son of *Ulyſſes* was come to diſpute the Prize, and ſeveral *Cretans*, who had been at *Ithaca* during my Infancy, knew me again. The firſt Exerciſe was Wreſtling. A *Rhodian*, about Five and Thirty Years of Age, ſurmounted all thoſe who dared to encounter him. He had ſtill all the Vigour

gour of Youth; his Arms were nervous and brawny ; at the leaſt of his Motions you might diſcover all his Muſcles, and he was no leſs nimble than ſtrong. He did not think it worth his while to overcome me, and looking with Pity upon my tender Age, he was about to retire, when I offer'd to contend with him. Thereupon we laid hold of one another ; ſqueez'd each other till we were almoſt out of Breath ; clapt our Shoulders and Feet one againſt another ; diſtended all our Nerves, and twined our Arms about like Snakes, either of us ſtriving to lift his Antagoniſt from the Ground. Sometimes he endeavour'd to trip me over by puſhing me on the right ſide, ſometimes he endeavoured to bend me on the left: But when he had thus ſpent himſelf in vain, I gave him ſuch a violent Puſh as made his Back bend, and ſo he tumbled down on the Stage ; I fell upon him, and tho' he us'd all his Strength to get uppermoſt, yet I kept him under me without much difficulty : All the People cry'd, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and ſo I help'd the diſmay'd *Rhodian* to

get

get up. The Combate with the *Ceſtus* was more difficult: The Son of a rich Citizen of *Samos* having acquir'd a great Renown in this Exerciſe, all the reſt yielded to him, and I alone offer'd to diſpute the Victory with him. At firſt he treated me with ſuch fierce Blows on my Head and Breaſt as made me ſpit Blood, and ſpread a thick Cloud over my Eyes; I ſtagger'd, he preſs'd me; I was almoſt out of Breath, but I was animated by *Mentor*'s Voice, who cry'd to me, You Son of *Ulyſſes*, will you ſuffer your ſelf to be vanquiſh'd? Anger ſupply'd me with freſh Strength, and I avoided ſeveral Blows which would have cruſh'd me down. As ſoon as the *Samian* had made a falſe Blow at me, and that his Arm was ſtretch'd out in vain, I ſurpriz'd him in that ſtooping Poſture, and as he began to ſtep back, I lifted up my *Ceſtus* that I might fall upon him with greater force; he endeavoured to recover, but whileſt he was in this diſadvantagious Poſture, he gave me an opportunity to throw him down. He had ſcarce touched the Ground, when I reach'd him my hand to raiſe him; but he

he got up by himſelf, cover'd with Duſt and Blood, full of confuſion and diſorder, not daring to renew the Fight.

Immediately after began the Chariot-Races: The Chariots were diſtributed by Lot; mine happen'd to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the Wheels, and the mettle of the Horſes: We ſtarted; a Cloud of Duſt flew about us that darkned the very Sky; at firſt I let all my Competitors go before me; a young *Lacedemonian*, nam'd *Creantor*, caſt off all the reſt behind him; a *Cretan*, *Policlete* by name, follow'd him cloſe: *Hippomachus*, a Relation of *Idomeneus*, who aſpir'd to o'retake him, giving the Reins to his Horſes, who were reeking with ſweat, leaned on their looſe Mane, and his Chariot-Wheels turn'd ſo very ſwift, that they ſeem'd to be without Motion, like the Wings of an Eagle that cuts the Air. My Horſes being animated, and having gather'd Breath by degrees, I outſtrip'd moſt of thoſe who ſtarted with ſo much Fury. *Hippomachus*, driving his Horſes too faſt, the moſt meettleſome of 'em fell down, and by his fall depriv'd his Maſter of the Hopes of the Crown.

Policletes leaning too much upon his Horſes, and having no firm ſitting, tumbled down at a Shock, loſt his Reins, and 'twas great luck that he eſcap'd Death. *Piſiſtrates*, ſeeing with Eyes full of Indignation, that I was got up cloſe to him, redoubled his Eagerneſs: Now he invoked the Gods, promiſing 'em rich Offerings; then he cheer'd up his Horſes with his Voice: He was afraid leſt I ſhould paſs between him and the * Mark; for my Horſes which I ſpared at firſt, were now able to beat his; ſo that he had no other Hopes left him, than to ſtop up my Paſſage: In order to it, he ventur'd to break his Wheel againſt the Mark, and broke it accordingly. I turn'd about preſently to avoid his broken Chariot, and a moment after he ſaw me at the Goal. The People ſhouted a ſecond time, and cry'd out, Victory to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, 'tis He the Gods have deſign'd to Reign over us. In the mean time the moſt illuſtrious, and the wiſeſt among the *Cretans*, conducted us into an old conſecrated Wood, remote from the ſight of profane

* *Meta.*

phane Men, where the old Men whom *Minos* had eſtabliſh'd to be the Judges of the People, and Guardians of the Laws, aſſembled us. We were the ſame who had contended at the Exerciſes, no other being admitted. The Sages opened the Books wherein all the Laws of *Minos* are collected. As I drew near thoſe old Men, whom Age rendred Venerable, without impairing the Vigour of their Mind, I felt my ſelf ſeized with an awful Reſpect and Confuſion. They ſat in order, and motionleſs in their Places, their Hair was hoary; ſome of them had none at all; a calm and ſerene Wiſdom ſhin'd in their grave Countenances; they ſpoke with Deliberation, and ſaid nothing beſide the purpoſe; when they happen'd to differ in Opinion, they were ſo moderate in maintaining their Sentiments, that one would be apt to think that they were all of one Mind. This long Experience of paſt Tranſactions, and their conſtant Application and Study, gave them a clear diſtinct Idea of every Thing: But what moſt conduc'd to perfect their Reaſon, was the Tran-

quility of their Minds, freed from the fond Paſſions and wild Caprices of Youth; they were acted by Wiſdom alone, and the Advantage they reap'd from their accompliſh'd Virtue, was, that they had a ſuch perfect Maſtery over their Paſſions, that they enjoy'd without trouble the pleaſant and noble Delight of being govern'd by Reaſon. As I was admiring them, I wiſh'd my Life were contracted, that I might arrive on the ſudden to ſo valuable an old Age; I accounted Youth unhappy, for being ſo remote from that calm and clear-ſighted Virtue. The Chief among thoſe old Men, opened the Volume of *Minos*'s Laws, which was a great Book uſually kept among Perfumes in a golden Box. All thoſe old Men kiſs'd it with great Reſpect, for they ſaid, That next the Gods, from whom good Laws are derived, nothing ought to be more ſacred among Men, than even thoſe Laws themſelves which tend to make them Good, Wiſe, and Happy. Thoſe who have in their Hands the Adminiſtration of the Laws for the Government of the People, ought themſelves

to be govern'd by thoſe very Laws upon all Occaſions: 'Tis the Law, and not the Man that ought to Reign. Such was the Diſcourſe of the Sages. Afterwards he who preſided at the Aſſembly, propounded three Queſtions which were to be decided by the Maxims of *Minos*. The firſt Queſtion was, *Which of all Men was moſt free?* Some anſwer'd, That 'twas a King who had an abſolute Power over his People, and had conquer'd all his Enemies. Others maintain'd, That 'twas a Man who being never married, travell'd all his Lifetime thro' divers Countries, without being ever ſubject to the Laws of any Nation. Others fancied, That it was a *Barbarian*, who living upon Hunting in the midſt of Woods, was independent upon any Government, and liable to no manner of want. Others thought it was a Man newly made Free, who coming out of a rigorous Servitude, enjoy'd more than any other, the ſweets of Liberty. Others at laſt ventur'd to ſay, That it was a dying Man, becauſe Death freed him from all Troubles; and that all Men had no more Power

over him. When it came to my turn, I was not puzzled how to anſwer, becauſe I ſtill remembr'd what *Mentor* had often told me: The moſt free of all Men, anſwer'd I, is he who can be free, even in ſlavery it ſelf, and in what Condition or Country ſoever he be; a Man is moſt free, when he fears the Gods, and none but them: In ſhort, that Man is truly free who diſingag'd from all manner of Fear, or anxious Deſire, is ſubject to the Gods and his Reaſon only. The old Men look'd upon one another ſmiling, and wondr'd to find that my Anſwer was exactly the ſame with that of *Minos*.

Afterwards, they propos'd the ſecond Queſtion in theſe Words; *Which is the moſt unhappy of all Men?* Every one anſwer'd as he thought. One ſaid, 'Tis a Man who has neither Eſtate, Health, nor Honour. Another ſaid, 'Tis a Man who is Friendleſs. Others, maintain'd, That 'tis a Man who has diſobedient, ungrateful, and unworthy Children. There came a Sage of the Iſle of *Lesbos*, who ſaid, That the moſt unhappy of all Men, is he who thinks himſelf

himſelf ſo; for Unhappineſs doth not depend ſo much upon the Things we ſuffer, as upon our own impatience and uneaſineſs which aggravates our Misfortunes. This Speech was highly commended and applauded by the whole Aſſembly, and every one thought that this *Lesbian* would carry the Prize in thus ſolving this Queſtion; but being ask'd my Opinion, I anſwer'd according to *Mentor*'s Maxims: The moſt unhappy of all Men, is a King, who thinks himſelf happy, when he makes all the reſt of Mankind miſerable; His blindneſs makes him doubly unhappy; for not knowing his Miſery, he cannot apply Remedies to it; nay, he fears to be acquainted with it; Truth cannot pierce through the Crowd of his Flatterers, and reach his View; his Paſſions tyrannize over him; he is a ſtranger to his Duty, he never taſted the Pleaſure of doing good, nor felt the Charms of true Virtue; he is unhappy, and deſerves to be ſo; his Unhappineſs encreaſes daily; he runs to his own Ruin, and the Gods prepare an eternal Puniſhment to confound him. All the Aſſem-

bly confeſt I had overcome the wiſe *Lesbian*, and the old Men declar'd I had hit upon the true ſenſe of *Minos*.

The third Queſtion they ask'd, was, *Which of the two is to be preferr'd, either a King victorious and invincible in War; or a King leſs experienc'd in War, but able to Rule his People wiſely in Peace?* The Majority anſwer'd, That the King invincible in War was to be preferr'd; What are we the better, ſaid they, for having a King who knows how to govern well in Peace, if he knows not how to defend his Kingdom when a War comes? For then his Enemies will overcome him, and make his People Slaves. Others on the contrary maintain'd, That the peaceful King was much better, becauſe he would be afraid of War, and conſequently take care to avoid it. Others ſaid, That a conquering King would conſult and advance as well the Honour of his People as his own, and make his Subjects Maſters of other Nations; whereas a peaceful King would ſink their Courage into a ſhameful Effiminacy. They deſir'd to know my Opinion, and I anſwer'd thus; A King who

who knows not how to govern, but either in Peace or in War, and is incapable to rule his People in both, is but a Demi-King; but if you compare a King, who is only skill'd in War, to a wise King, who, without being acquainted with War, is able to maintain it upon occasion, by his Generals, I think he is to be preferr'd to the other: A King whose Mind is entirely bent upon War, would always be for making War; and in order to extend his Dominion, and advance his Glory, not care if all his People were ruin'd. What are a People the better for the Conquest their King makes over other Nations, if they are miserable under his Reign? Moreover, long Wars are still attended with great Disorders; the Conquerors themselves grow loose and disorderly in those Times of Confusion. See at what a dear Rate *Greece* has triumph'd over *Troy*; she was depriv'd of her Kings for above ten Years; whilst all is ruin'd by War, the Laws grow faint, Agriculture is neglected, all Arts languish and decay; even the best Princes, when they have a War to carry on, are oblig'd to commit the greatest of Ills; which

is, to tolerate Licentiouſneſs, and make uſe of wicked Men. How many profligate Villains would be puniſh'd during the Peace, whoſe Audaciouſneſs muſt needs be rewarded during the Diſorders of War? Never had any Nation a conquering Sovereign, but they muſt ſuffer much upon account of his Ambition. A Conquerer intoxicated with his Glory, ruins as much his victorious People, as the Nations he has vanquiſh'd. A Prince, who wants the neceſſary Qualifications for Peace, cannot make his Subjects reliſh the Fruits of a War happily ended; he is like a Man who could defend his own Field againſt his Neighbour, and uſurp even that of his Neighbour himſelf, but could neither Plow nor Sow his Grounds, and ſo Reap no Harveſt. Such a Man ſeems to be born to deſtroy, lay waſt, and turn the World topſy-turvy, and not to make the People happy by his wiſe Government. Now let's conſider a peaceful King: 'Tis true, he is not fit for great Conqueſts; that is to ſay, he is not born to diſturb the Tranquility of his own People, by endeavouring to

ſubdue

ſubdue thoſe other Nations who are not his lawful Subjects; but he is truly fit to govern in Peace, and is Maſter of all the Qualifications neceſſary to ſecure and protect his People againſt their Enemies. For he never attempts to do any thing that may diſturb the publick Peace; he is religiouſly Faithful in all his Alliancies; his Allies love him, they are not in fear of him, but rather repoſe an intire Confidence in him. If he happens to have ſome ſtirring, haughty, ambitious and troubleſome Neighbour, all the other Kings who fear that ſtirring Neigbour, and in no manner diſtruſt the peaceful King, joyn themſelves in Confederacy with that good King, and keep him from being oppreſt. His Integrity, Honeſty, and Moderation make him the Arbiter of all the States that ſurround his; whilſt the ambitious King, is odious to all the reſt, and ever expos'd to their Leagues. This peaceful Prince has the Honour of being, as it were, the Father and Guardian of all the other Kings. Theſe are the Advantages he has abroad; thoſe he enjoys at home are ſtill more wonderful:

Since

Since he is fit to govern in Peace, ,tis certain he governs according to the wiſeſt Laws; he diſcountenances Pomp, Luxury, and all thoſe Arts that ſerve only to cheriſh and foment Vice; he promotes and encourages thoſe that are uſeful, and can ſupply Mankind with the real Wants of Life; more particularly, he cauſes his Subjects to apply themſelves to Agriculture, and by that means, he procures them Plenty of all Neceſſaries. This laborious People, plain in their Manners, and thrifty in their way of living, get an eaſie livelihood by Tilling of their Lands, and multiply every day. This Kingdom contains a numberleſs Multitude of People, but a People ſound in Body, vigorous and ſtrong; not ſoftned by Pleaſures, exercis'd and inur'd in Virtue; not addicted to the Enjoyments of an effeminate Inxurious Life; a People that know how to deſpiſe Death, and had rather part with their Lives, than with the Liberty they enjoy under a wiſe King, who Reigns only by the Dictates of Reaſon and Juſtice. Let now a Neighbouring Conqueror attack this People,

perhaps

perhaps he may find them not ſo well us'd to a Camp, ranking themſelves in order of Battle, or the beſieging of a Town; but he will find them invincible by their Numbers, their Courage, their Patience upon hard Duty, their Familiarity with Want and Poverty, their Reſolution and Obſtinacy in Fights, and their conſtant Virtue not to be ſhaken even by ill Succeſs and Diſaſters. Moreover, if the King have not Experience enough to Command his Armies in Perſon, he will eaſily find thoſe who ſhall be able to Command them, and will make uſe of them without loſing his Authority. In the mean time his Allies will furniſh him with Supplies; his Subjects will rather die than undergo the Yoke of another unjuſt and tyrannical King, nay, the Gods themſelves will fight for him. See how many Helps and Advantages he will find amidſt his greateſt Dangers: I therefore conclude, That a peaceful King who is unskil'd in War, is a very imperfect King, ſince he cannot diſcharge one of his moſt important Functions, which is to overcome his Enemies; but

at the ſame time, he is infinitely ſuperiour to a conquering King, who wants the neceſſary Qualifications to govern in Peace, and is only fit for War. I perceiv'd a great many in the Aſſembly who ſeem'd to diſlike my Opinion; but however, the old Men declar'd I had ſpoken the Sentiments of *Minos*. The firſt of thoſe old Men cry'd out, I ſee the fulfilling of one of *Apollo*'s Oracles, which is known through all our Iſland: *Minos* having conſulted the God to know how long his Progeny would Reign, according to the Laws he had eſtabliſh'd; *Apollo* anſwer'd him, Thy Offſpring will ceaſe to Rule when a Stranger coming into thy Iſland, ſhall cauſe thy Laws to Reign. We fear'd leſt ſome Stranger ſhould come and Conquer the Iſle of *Crete*, but *Idomeneus*'s Misfortune, and the Wisdom of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who beſt of any Mortal underſtands the Laws of *Minos*, do plainly diſcover to us the meaning of the Oracle; Why do we any longer defer Crowning of him, whom Deſtiny appoints to be our King? Thereupon the old Men went out of the ſacred Wood, and the firſt of them

them taking him by the hand, declar'd to the People, who were impatient to know the Deciſion, That I had carried the Prize. His words were ſcarce out of his Mouth, when there was heard a confus'd Noiſe of all the Aſſembly, every one giving a ſhout for Joy; the Shore and all the Neighbouring Hills eccho'd with this general Acclamation, Let the Son of *Ulyſſes*, who is as wiſe as *Minos*, Reign over the *Cretans*.

I paus'd a while, and then making Signs with my Hand, I demanded Silence. In the mean time *Mentor* whiſper'd me in the Ear: What! will you renounce your own Country? Will your ambitious Deſire of a Crown make you forget *Penelope*, who now expects you as her only Hopes, and the great *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods reſolv'd to reſtore to his Family? Theſe words went to my Heart, and check'd my Ambition of being a King. But now the profound Silence of this tumultuous Aſſembly gave me occaſion thus to proceed; Illuſtrious *Cretans*, I am not worthy to Command over you. The Oracle you mention'd, ſhews in-

deed

deed that the Off-ſpring of *Minos* ſhall ceaſe to Rule when a Stranger comes into this Iſland, and cauſes the Laws of that wiſe King to flouriſh; but it is not ſaid that that Stranger ſhall Rule. I will ſuppoſe I am that Stranger mark'd out by the Oracle: I have made his Prediction good, I am come into this Iſland, I have diſcover'd the true Senſe of the Laws, and I wiſh my Explanation may contribute to make them Reign with the Man whom you ſhall chuſe: For my own part, I prefer my Country, the little Iſland of *Ithaca*, before the hundred Cities of *Crete*, and the Glory and Wealth of this fine Kingdom. Suffer me to purſue what Fate hath deſtin'd; if I entred your Liſts here 'twas not with Hopes to Rule here, but only to merit your Eſteem and your Pity, and that I might be furniſhed by you with Neceſſaries for my ſpeedy Return into my Native Country; I would rather chuſe to obey my Father *Ulyſſes*, and comfort my Mother *Penelope*, than Reign over all the Nations of the Univerſe: Oh! *Cretans*, you ſee the bottom of my Heart: I muſt leave you,

but

but Death alone ſhall put a Period to my continued Gratitude; yes, *Telemachus* will love the *Cretans*, and be as much concern'd for their Honour, as if 'twere his own, as long as he has Breath. I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when there aroſe through the whole Aſſembly a hollow Noiſe, like that of the Sea-Waves which daſh one againſt another in a Storm. Some ſaid, Is this a God in an human Shape? Others maintain'd, They had ſeen me in other Countries, and that they knew me again. Others cry'd, we muſt force him to Reign here. At laſt I reſum'd my Diſcourſe, and every one was ſilent in a moment, not knowing whether or no I was going to accept what I had at firſt rejected; in theſe words therefore I addreſs'd my ſelf to 'em.

Suffer me, Oh! *Cretans*, to tell you my Thoughts; You are the wiſeſt of all Nations, but methinks Wiſdom requires a Precaution which you ſeem to have forgot; you ought to fix your Election, not on that Man who beſt Diſcourſes about the Laws, but on him who with a moſt ſteddy and conſtant Vir-

Virtue, puts them in Practice. For my part, I am young, and conſequently without Experience, expos'd to the Violence of Paſſions, and more fit to be inſtructed by Obeying, in order to Command hereafter, than to Command at preſent: Therefore ſeek not a Man that has overcome others in thoſe Tryals of Wit and Strength, but one that has overcome himſelf; look for a Man that has your Laws deeply engraven in his Heart, and whoſe Life is a continu'd Practice of thoſe Laws; let his Actions rather than his Words, beſpeak your Choice.

All the old Men charm'd with this Diſcourſe, and ſeeing the Applauſes of the whole Aſſembly ſtill encreaſing, told me, Since the Gods will not ſuffer us to hope to ſee you Reign among us, at leaſt do us the favour to aſſiſt us in the finding out a King that will govern according to our Laws: Do you know any Body that can Command with that Moderation you ſpeak of? I know a Man, anſwer'd I, to whom I am beholden for all you have admir'd in me; 'tis his Wiſdom and not mine that ſpoke to you;

you; 'tis he who ſuggeſted me to all thoſe Anſwers you heard juſt now.

Thereupon all the Aſſembly caſt their Eyes upon *Mentor*, whom I ſhew'd to them, holding him by the hand; moreover I told them what care he had taken of me from my Infancy; what Dangers he had reſcued me from; what Misfortunes had befallen me as ſoon as I began to neglect his Counſels. At firſt they took no notice of him becauſe of his plain negligent Dreſs; his modeſt Countenance, his being ſilent almoſt all the while, and his reſerv'd Looks: But when they view'd him more attentively, they diſcover'd in his Countenance ſomething that beſpoke a firm, noble and elevated Soul; they took notice of the livelineſs of his Eyes, and how active he was in all his Actions; they ask'd him ſeveral Queſtions, which he anſwer'd to the Admiration of all: They reſolv'd to make him their King, but he excuſed himſelf without any concern: He told them he preferr'd the Sweets of a private Life, before the grand Pomp of a Crown; that even the beſt Kings were unhappy in that they

they ſcarce ever did that Good they had a mind to do; and that through Surprize, and the Inſinuations of Flatterers, they often did that Miſchief they never intended. He added, that if Slaves be miſerable, the Condition of a King is no leſs wretched, ſince 'tis but ſervitude in a diſguiſe. When a Man, ſaid he, is King, he is ſtill dependant upon all thoſe whom he has occaſion for to ſupport his Authority, and make others obey: Haypy is he who is not oblig'd to Command! 'Tis only to ones own Country, when ſhe inveſts a Man with Power, that he ought to offer the dear Sacrifice of his Liberty, in order to conſult and promote the publick Good.

At theſe words the *Cretans*, ſtill full of wonder and admiration, ask'd him, What Man they ought to chuſe? A Man, reply'd he, that's well known to you all, ſince you muſt be govern'd by him, and ſuch a one as is afraid to govern you. Whoever deſires Sovereignty, is not acquainted with it; and how then will he perform the Duties incumbent upon his Dignity, if he be a ſtranger

ger to them? He courts a Crown for himſelf, but you ought to endeavour after one who accepts it only for your advantage.

All the *Cretans*, being very much ſurpriz'd to ſee theſe two Strangers refuſe a Crown, which a great many others ſeek after with eager Ambition, they enquir'd who came along with them. *Nauſicrates*, who had conducted them from the Port to the Circus, where the Games were celebrated, ſhew'd them *Haſael*, who was come with *Mentor* and my ſelf from the Iſle of *Cyprus*; but their wonder ſtill encreaſed, when they heard that *Mentor* had been *Haſael*'s Slave: That *Haſael* deeply affected with the Wiſdom and Virtue of his Slave, had made him his Counſellor and intimate Friend. That, that Slave made free, was the ſame who juſt now refuſed to be King; and that *Haſael* was come from *Damaſcus* in *Syria* to make himſelf acquainted with the Laws of *Minos*, ſo much was his Heart poſſeſt with the love of Wiſdom. The old Men ſaid to *Haſael*, We dare not to deſire you to Rule over us, for we ſuppoſe

poſe your Thoughts are the ſame with thoſe of *Mentor*; you deſpiſe Men too much to be willing to take upon you the Conduct of them. Beſides, you have ſo far renounc'd Riches, and the vain Pomp of a Crown, that you would not purchaſe them at the expence of your Liberty, and with the Fatigue and anxious Cares which are inſeparably attending upon Rule and Government. *Haſael* anſwer'd, Do not underſtand me, Oh! *Cretans*, as if I deſpis'd Men. No: I know too well what great and noble Employment it is to make them good and happy; but that Employment is full of Trouble and Dangers; the Pomp that attends it has but a falſe Brightneſs, which can only dazzle the Eyes of Vain-glorious Men. Life is ſhort; Greatneſs and Elevation do more provoke the Paſſions, than they can ſatisfie them: My deſign in coming ſo far was not to purchaſe thoſe falſe Goods, but only to learn to be eaſie without them. I muſt bid you farewell; I have no other Thoughts than to return to a peaceful and retir'd Life, where Wiſdom ſhall fill my Heart,

and

and nouriſh my Soul; and where the hopes that reſult from Virtue towards a better Life, ſhall comfort me under the Miſeries of old Age; if I wiſh for any thing, 'tis not to be a King, but rather never to be parted from thoſe two Men you ſee here before you.

At laſt the *Cretans* (addreſſing themſelves to *Mentor*) cry'd out, You, the wiſeſt and greateſt of all Mortals, tell us then who it is we muſt chuſe to be our King, for we will not let you go till you have determin'd our Choice. To which he anſwer'd, Whilſt I was among the Crowd of the Spectators, I took notice of a vigorous old Man who ſhew'd no manner of eagerneſs or concern; I ask'd who he was, and anſwer was made, he was call'd *Ariſtomedes*: Afterwards I heard ſome Body telling him that his two Sons were amongſt the Combatants, at which he expreſt no manner of Joy; he ſaid, That as for the one, he did not wiſh him the Dangers which attend a Crown; and as for the other, he lov'd his Country too well, ever to conſent that he ſhould be a King. By that I underſtood that this

this Father had a Reaſonable Love for one of his Sons, who is good and Virtuous, and that he did not countenance the other in his vicious Exceſſes. My Curioſity ſtill encreaſing, I enquired into the Life and Converſation of this old Man; One of your Citizens anſwer'd me, He bore Arms a long time; his Body is cover'd with Wounds and Scars, but his plain and ſincere Virtue, entirely averſe to Flattery, rendr'd him troubleſome to *Idomeneus*, which is the Reaſon that King did not employ him in the *Trojan* War. He fear'd a Man who would give thoſe wiſe Counſels, which he was not inclin'd to follow; he was even jealous of the Honour and Reputation which he would infallibly have acquir'd in a little time; he forgot all his paſt Services, and left him here Poor, and expos'd to the Contempt of thoſe baſe Men, who value nothing but Riches; but contented in his Poverty, he lives a pleaſant Life in a remote Place of this Iſland, where he Tills and Manures his Grounds with his own Hands. One of his Sons helps him in his Work, and they are both happy

happy in their mutual Love. By their Frugality and Labour they have ſufficient of all Neceſſaries for a plain way of Living. That wiſe old Man diſtributes to the Sick and Poor of his Neighbourhood, all that he can ſpare from his own Wants, and his Son's. He ſets all young People to work, and incourages, admoniſhes, and inſtructs them; he decides all Controverſies amongſt his Neighbours, and is, as it were, the Father of all Families. His own Misfortune is, that he has a ſecond Son, who would never follow his Advice in any Thing: The Father having born with him a long time, with hopes to reclaim him from his Vices, has at laſt turn'd him out of his Houſe, ſince which he has abandon'd himſelf to fond Ambition, and all extravagant Pleaſures. This, Oh! *Cretans*, is what I have been inform'd; you can tell whether that Relation be true; But if that Man be ſuch as he is deſcrib'd to be, what need you celebrate any Games? Why do you aſſemble ſo many unknown Perſons? You have amongſt you a Man who knows

you, and whom you know; one who underſtands the War; who has ſhewn his Courage not only againſt Darts and Arrows, but againſt dreadful Poverty, and has deſpis'd Riches acquir'd by Flattery; one who loves Work; who knows how uſeful Agriculture is to a Nation; who abhors Pomp and Luxury; who ſuffers not himſelf to be unmann'd by a blind Fondneſs for his Children, and loves the Virtue of the one, and condemns the Vices of the other; in a word, a Man who is already the Father of the People: This muſt be your King, if ſo be you deſire to ſee the Laws of wiſe *Minos* flouriſh amongſt you.

All the People cry'd out, 'Tis true, *Ariſtomedes* is ſuch as you deſcribe him; 'tis he that deſerves the Crown. The old Men order'd he ſhould be called; he was found amongſt the Crowd, undiſtinguiſh'd from the meaner Sort; and having appear'd before 'em, calm and unconcern'd, they declar'd to him that they made him King. He anſwer'd, I cannot conſent to it but upon theſe three Conditions: Firſt, That I

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ſhall lay down my Dignity in two Years time, in caſe I cannot make you better than you are at preſent, and that you remain refractory to the Laws. Secondly, That I ſhall be free to continue my plain and frugal way of Living. And Thirdly, That my Children ſhall have no Promotions; and that after my death, they ſhall be treated without any other diſtinction than according to their Merit, like the reſt of the Citizens. At theſe words the Air was fill'd with joyful Acclamations; the Chief of thoſe old Men who were the Guardians of the Laws, put the Crown on *Ariſtomedes*'s Head; and afterwards they offer'd Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the other great Gods. *Ariſtomedes* gave us Preſents, not with that Magnificence which is uſual to Kings, but with a noble Simplicity: He gave to *Haſael* the Laws of *Minos*, written with *Minos*'s own Hand; he likewiſe gave him a Collection of all the Hiſtory of the Iſle of *Crete*, from *Saturn* and the Golden Age, down to that Time: He ſent Aboard his Ship all kinds of the choiceſt Fruits that grow in *Crete*, but are un-

known in *Syria*, and offer'd him all the Aſſiſtance he had occaſion for. Now becauſe we preſs'd our Departure, he order'd a Ship to be fitted up, and mann'd with a great number of ſtrong Rowers, and arm'd Men; he gave us withall, changes of Clothes, and all manner of Proviſions. At that very inſtant there aroſe a fair Wind for *Ithaca*; this Wind being contrary to *Haſael*, oblig'd him to ſtay behind; he ſaw us go away, and embrac'd us as dear Friends, whom he fear'd he ſhould ſee no more: However, ſaid he, the Gods are juſt; they ſee a Friendſhip founded on Virtue alone; they will one day bring us together again; and thoſe happy *Elyſian* Fields, where the Good and Juſt are ſaid to enjoy an eternal Peace after death, ſhall ſee our Souls meet, never to be parted any more. Oh! that my Aſhes might be gather'd into the ſame Urn with yours! As he ſpoke theſe laſt Words, he ſhed a Flood of Tears, and his Voice was check'd by his deep Sighs: We wept no leſs than he, and in this ſolemn Woe he conducted us to our Ship. As for *Ariſtomedes*,

he told us, 'Tis you made me King; remember what Dangers you have expos'd me to, and therefore require the Gods that they would inſpire me with true Wiſdom, and make me as much ſuperior to other Men in Moderation, as I am above them in Authority. For my part I beſeech them to conduct you ſafe into your Country, to confound the Inſolence of your Foes, and bleſs you with the ſight of *Ulyſſes*, reigning in Peace with his dear *Penelope*. *Telemachus*, I give you a good Ship full of able Mariners and Soldiers, who may ſerve you againſt thoſe unjuſt Men that perſecute your Mother. Oh! *Mentor*, whoſe boundleſs Wiſdom leaves me no room, even to wiſh you an addition of any Thing: Go both in Peace, and make each other happy; remember *Ariſtomedes*, and if ever the *Ithacians* have occaſion for the *Cretans*, depend upon me as long as I have Breath. He embrac'd us, and we could not forbear mingling our Tears with our Thanks.

In the mean time the Wind which fill'd our ſpreading Sails, ſeem'd to promiſe a ſafe Voyage. And now Mount

Ida began to decreaſe in our ſight, and look'd like a little Hill; the *Cretan* Shore diſappear'd, and the Coaſt of *Peloponeſus* ſeem'd to advance into the Sea to meet us half way: But on the ſudden a black Storm over-caſt the Sky, and provok'd the boiſterouſneſs of the Waves; the Day was turn'd into Night, and ghaſtly Death hover'd over us. Oh, *Neptune*, 'tis you, who with your proud Trident, ſtirr'd up the Rage of the watry Deep! *Venus* to be reveng'd upon us, for deſpiſing her, even in her Temple of *Cythera*, went to that God, and ſpoke to him full of Grief, and with Eyes diſſolved in Tears; at leaſt, 'tis what *Mentor*, who is acquainted with Celeſtial Things, has aſſur'd me. Oh! *Neptune*, ſaid ſhe, will you ſuffer thoſe impious Men to defie my Power unpuniſh'd? The Gods themſelves are ſenſible of it, and theſe raſh Mortals have dared to condemn all they have ſeen in my Iſland; they pretend to a Wiſdom which is proof againſt all Paſſions, and look upon Love as a Fit of Madneſs: Have you forgot that I was born in your Dominions? Why do you delay

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any farther to ſwallow up in the deep Abyſs of your Kingdom thoſe two Men whom I abhor? She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when *Neptune* made his boiſterous Waves riſe up to the very Skies, and *Venus* ſmil'd, believing our Wreck inevitable. Our Pilot being now beſide himſelf, cry'd out, That he could no longer oppoſe the violence of the Winds, which fiercely drove us upon ſome Rocks; a Guſt of Wind broke our Main Maſt, and a moment after we heard the bottom of our Ship ſplitting againſt the pointed Rocks. The Water comes in at ſeveral Places; the Ship ſinks; all the Crew of Rowers fill the tempeſtuous Air with lamentable Cries. I embrac'd *Mentor*, and told him, Death is come at laſt, we muſt embrace it with Courage; the Gods have deliver'd us from ſo many Dangers only to deſtroy us this day: Let's die, Oh! *Mentor*, let's die; 'tis a comfort to me that I die with you; 'twere in vain to contend for our Lives againſt the Storm. To this *Mentor* anſwer'd, True Courage finds always ſome Remedy or other; it is not enough to expect Death

calmly and unconcern'd, unleſs, without being affraid of it, we uſe all our Endeavours to avoid it. Let You and I take one of the Rower'e Seats, whilſt that Multitude of fearful and troubled Men regret the loſs of their Lives, without uſing Means to prevent it; let's not loſe one moment to ſave our ſelves. Thereupon he took a Hatchet, and cut off the broken Maſt, which, leaning into the Sea, made the Ship heel a-port: The Maſt being thus ſever'd from its Stump, he ſhov'd it out of the Ship, and leap'd upon it amidſt the furious Waves. Then he call'd me by my Name, and encourag'd me to follow him. And now, as a great Tree, which all the confederate Winds attack in vain, and which remains unmov'd, and fix'd to its deep Roots; ſo *Mentor*, not only reſolute and couragious, but alſo calm and undiſturb'd, ſeem'd to command the Winds and the Sea. I follow'd him: For who would not have follow'd, being encourag'd by *Mentor*? And now we are a-drift upon the Maſt, which we ſteer ſometimes one way, ſometimes another: This Maſt prov'd a great

a great help to us, for we ſate a-ſtride upon it; whereas had we been forc'd to ſwim all the while, our ſtrength had ſoon fail'd us. But the Storm did often over-ſet that great Tree; ſo that being ſunk into the Sea, we ſwallow'd great Draughts of the briny Flood, which run afterwards out of our Mouths, Ears, and Noſes; and we were fain to contend with the Waves to get uppermoſt again. Sometimes alſo we were overwhelm'd by a Billow as big as a Mountain, and then we kept faſt to the Maſt, for fear that violent Puſh ſhould make us loſe our Hold of that, which was all our Hopes. Whilſt we were in that dreadful Condition, *Mentor*, as calm and unconcern'd as he is now upon this green Turf, told me; Do you think, Oh! *Telemachus*, that your Life is abandon'd to the Winds and the Waves? Do you believe they can deſtroy you unleſs the Gods have order'd it? No, no, the Gods over-rule and decree all Things, and therefore 'tis the Gods and not the Sea you ought to fear; were you in the deep bottom of the Sea, great *Jove*'s Hand were able to deliver

you out of it; and were you on the Top of *Olympus*, having the Stars under your Feet, he might ſink you to the deep Abyſs, or caſt you down into the Flames of black *Tartarus*. I liſtened to, and admir'd his wiſe Speech, which gave me a little comfort, but my Mind was not calm enough to anſwer him. We paſt a whole Night without ſeeing one another, trembling and half dead with Cold, not knowing whither the Storm would drive us. At length the Winds began to be pacified, and the roaring Sea was like one who having been a long time in a great Paſſion, has almoſt ſpent his Spirits, and feels only a ruffling Motion which draws toward a Calm; thus the Sea grown weary, as it were, of its own Fury, made but a hollow rumbling Noiſe, and its Waves were little higher than the Ridges of Land betwixt two Furrows in a plough'd Field. In the mean time bright *Aurora* with her dewy Wings came to open the Gates of the Sky to introduce the radiant Sun, and ſeem'd to promiſe a fair Day. All the Eaſt was ſtreak'd with fiery Beams; and the Stars which had

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ſo long been hid begun to twinkle again, but withdrew as ſoon as *Phœbus* appear'd on the lighten'd Horizon. We deſcry'd Land afar off, and the Wind help'd us on towards it. I felt Hopes reviving in my Heart; but we ſaw none of our Companions. 'Tis probable their Courage fail'd them, and that they ſunk with the Ship. Being come pretty near the Shoar, the Sea drove us againſt ſharp pointed Rocks, which were like to have bruis'd us to pieces; but we endeavour'd to oppoſe to them the end of our Maſt, which *Mentor* us'd to as much advantage as a wiſe Steers-man does the beſt Rudder: Thus we eſcap'd thoſe dreadful Rocks, and found at laſt a clear and eaſie Coaſt, where we ſwam without any hindrance, and came at laſt to a ſandy Shoar; there you ſaw us, Oh! great Goddeſs, who Reigneſt in this Iſland; there you vouchſafed to receive and comfort us.

Telemachus having ended his Speech, all thoſe Nymphs, whoſe deep Attention had kept them motionleſs, with Eyes fix'd upon him, began to look upon one another, and enquire among them-

themſelves who thoſe two Men were, of whom the Gods took ſo much care. Who did ever hear, ſaid they, ſuch wonderful Adventures? The Sun of *Ulyſſes* does already ſurpaſs his Father both in Eloquence, Wiſdom and Valour. What a Look! What a Beauty! What Gentleneſs! What Modeſty! But withal, What Nobleneſs and Majeſty! If we did not know him to be the Son of a Mortal, he might eaſily paſs either for *Bacchus*, *Mercury*, or even the great *Apollo*. But who is this *Mentor*, who looks like a plain obſcure Man, of mean Extraction? When one views him cloſely, there appears in him ſomething above a Man.

Calypſo liſtened to the Diſcourſe with a Concern which ſhe could not well conceal; her Eyes ſtill wandered from *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, and from *Telemachus* to *Mentor*. Sometimes ſhe would have *Telemachus* begin again that long Story of his Adventures; then, on the ſudden, ſhe contradicted her ſelf; and, at laſt riſing abruptly from her Seat, ſhe carried *Telemachus* alone into a Wood of Myrtles, where ſhe us'd all her

her Arts to know from him if *Mentor* was a Deity under the Diſguiſe of a Humane Shape. *Telemachus* could not ſatisfie her; for *Minerva*, who accompanied him under the Shape of *Mentor*, had not diſcover'd herſelf to him, becauſe of his youth; ſhe did not yet truſt his Secrecy ſo far as to make him the Confident of her Deſigns. Beſides, ſhe had a mind to try him in the greateſt Dangers; and had he known that *Minerva* was his Companion, ſuch a Support had been able to make him deſpiſe the fierceſt and moſt dreadful Accidents without any concern. Therefore he miſtook all along *Minerva* for *Mentor*; and all the artful Inſinuations of *Calypſo* could not diſcover what ſhe deſir'd to know. In the mean time, all the Nymphs crowding about *Mentor*, took great delight in asking him Queſtions; One of them ask'd him the Particulars of his Travels into *Æthiopia*; another deſir'd to be acquainted with what he had ſeen at *Damaſcus*; and a third ask'd him, whether he had known *Ulyſſes* before the Siege of *Troy*? He anſwer'd every one with gentleneſs and civility;

civility; and tho' his Words were plain, yet they were not without their Graces. 'Twas not long before *Calypso* return'd and interrupted their Converſation; and whilſt her Nymyhs begun to ſing and gather Flowers to amuſe *Telemachus*, ſhe took *Mentor* aſide in order to make him ſpeak and diſcover who he was. As the ſoft Vapours of Sleep do inſenſibly glide into the heavy Eyes, and wearied Limbs of a Man quite ſpent with Fatigue, with the ſame gentleneſs the flattering Words of the Goddeſs inſinuated themſelves in order to bewitch the Heart of *Mentor*; but ſhe always found ſomething which baffled her Charms, and diſappointed her Endeavours. Juſt as a ſteep Rock, which hides its proud Top among the Clouds, and deſpiſes the Rage of the inſulting Winds; thus *Mentor* unmoveable in his wiſe Reſolutions, ſuffer'd himſelf to be attack'd by the inquiſitive *Calypso*; nay, ſometimes he gave her a Glympſe of Hope that ſhe might puzzle him with her Queſtions, and diſcover the Truth through his dubious Anſwers. But when ſhe thought her ſelf moſt

ſure to ſatisfie her Curioſity, her Hopes vaniſh'd away; what ſhe imagin'd to hold faſt, gave her preſently the ſlip, and a ſhort Anſwer from *Mentor* renew'd her Uncertainty. Thus ſhe ſpent whole days; now flattering *Telemachus*, and then endeavouring to take him away from *Mentor*, whom ſhe hop'd no more to ingage ſo far as to make him diſcover who he was; ſhe made uſe of her faireſt Nymph to kindle the Fire of Love in young *Telemachus*'s Heart, and a Deity more powerful than *Calypſo*, came to her Aſſiſtance.

Venus ſtill full of Reſentment for the Contempt which *Mentor* and *Telemachus* expreſt of the Worſhip which was paid her in the Iſland of *Cyprus*, was enrag'd to ſee that theſe two raſh Mortals had eſcap'd the fury of the Winds and Sea in the late Storm; ſhe complain'd bitterly to *Jupiter*; but the Father of the Gods, unwilling to let her know, that *Minerva*, in the ſhape of *Mentor*, had preſerv'd the Son of *Ulyſſes*, told *Venus* with a ſmile, That he gave her leave to revenge her ſelf on thoſe two Men. She therefore leaves the heavenly Manſi-

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ons; neglects the ſweet Perfumes which are burnt on the Altars at *Paphos*, *Cythera* and *Idalia*; flies in her Chariot drawn by Doves; calls her Son *Cupid*, and with a Face full of ſorrow, but adorn'd with new Charms, ſhe thus ſpeaks to him; Doeſt thou not ſee, my Son, thoſe two Men who contemn my Power and thine? Who for the future will worſhip us? Go and pierce with thy ſureſt Arrows their inſenſible Hearts; come down with me into that Iſland, where I ſhall diſcourſe with *Calypſo*. She ſaid; and cutting the yielding Air in a golden Cloud, preſented her ſelf to *Calypſo*, who at that moment ſat penſive and alone on the graſſy Brink of a Fountain, remote from her Grotto.

Unhappy Goddeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, the ungrateful *Ulyſſes* has deſpis'd and abandon'd you; his Son ſtill more cruel than his Father, deſigns to do the ſame: But Love himſelf is come to aid your Revenge; I leave him with you; he may remain among your Nymphs, as heretofore young *Bacchus* was bred among the Nymphs of the Iſle of *Naxos*; *Telemachus* will look upon him as

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an ordinary Child; and not miſtruſting him, will ſoon feel his forcible Influence. She ſaid; and being got up again into that golden Cloud from whence ſhe was deſcended, ſhe left behind her a ſweet ſmell of *Ambroſia*, which perfum'd all the ſacred Thickets around. *Cupid* remain'd in the Arms of *Calypſo*, who, tho' a Goddeſs, began to feel a ſecret Flame glide into her Breaſt. To eaſe her ſelf, ſhe preſently gave him to a Nymph who happen'd to come to her at that inſtant, whoſe Name was *Eucharis*; but, alas! how often did ſhe repent it afterwards? At firſt, nothing appear'd more innocent, more gentle, more lovely, nor more graceful than this Child; by his ſprightly, flattering, and ever-ſmiling Looks, one would have thought he could bring nothing but Delight; but as ſoon as one began to truſt his fond Careſſes, they were found to be full of a dangerous Venom; that malicious, deceitful Boy never flatter'd but with a deſign to betray; and never ſmil'd but when he had done, or was ready to do miſchief. He durſt not come near *Mentor*,

tor, being frighted away by his Severity; beſides, he was ſenſible that that unknown Man was invulnerable, and not to be pierced by his Arrows. As for the Nymphs, they ſoon felt the Flames that were kindled by this treacherous Boy, but they took great care to hide the deep Wounds which feſter'd in their Breaſts. In the mean time *Telemachus*, ſeeing that Boy playing with the Nymphs, he was ſurpriz'd with his Beauty and Gentleneſs; he embraces him; ſometimes he ſets him on his Lap, and ſometimes dandles him in his Arms; he feels within himſelf a ſecret uneaſineſs, whoſe cauſe he cannot diſcover; the more he indulges his innocent Play, the more he is troubled and ſoftned with hidden deſire. Do you ſee thoſe Nymphs, ſaid he to *Mentor*? How different they are from thoſe Women of the Iſle of *Cyprus*, whoſe very Beauty was ſhocking, becauſe accompanied with Immodeſty and Lewdneſs; but theſe immortal Beauties diſplay a charming Modeſty and Innocence. At theſe Words he Bluſht, but could not tell why: He could neither forbear Speaking of them,

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nor go on with his Diſcourſe; his Words were broken, obſcure, incoherent, and ſometimes wild and fooliſh. Whereupon *Mentor* told him: Oh! *Telemachus*, the dangers you eſcap'd in the Iſle of *Cyprus* were nothing if compar'd with thoſe you are now expos'd to, and which you are not at all aware of; bare-face'd Lewdneſs ſtrikes us with Horror, and brutiſh Impudence raiſes our Indignation, but a modeſt Beauty is moſt dangerous and ſurprizing; when we begin to love her, we fancy we are in Love with Virtue, and by inſenſible Degrees we yield to the deceitful Allurements of a Paſſion, which we can ſcarce perceive before it is too fierce to be extinguiſh'd; Fly, my dear *Telemachus*, fly from thoſe Nymphs who are ſo modeſt and diſcreet only to decoy you into their Snares; fly from the Dangers your Youth expoſes you to; but above all, fly from that Boy whom you do not know: He is *Cupid*, whom her Mother *Venus* has brought into this Iſland to revenge your Contempt of thoſe Rites which are perform'd in her Honour in the Iſle of *Cythera*; he has wounded

wounded the Heart of *Calypso*, and made her paſſionately in Love with you; he had fir'd all thoſe Nymphs that are now about him; and even *Telemachus* himſelf: Oh! wretched young Man, you burn without feeling your ſecret Flame. *Telemachus* often interrupted the Diſcourſe of *Mentor*, and told him; but why ſhall we not ſtay in this Iſland? *Ulyſſes* is certainly dead, and has been a long time Buried in the Waves; and *Penelope* ſeeing that neither he nor I return home, will never be able to reſiſt ſo many Lovers; and without doubt her Father *Icarus* has by this time oblig'd her to Marry a new Husband: Shall I return to *Ithaca* to ſee her engaged with another, contrary to the ſolemn Faith ſhe had given to my Father? The *Ithacians* have quite forgot *Ulyſſes*, and we cannot return thither without running upon certain Death, ſince *Penelope*'s Lovers are already poſſeſs'd of all the Avenues to the Port, the better to make our Deſtruction ſure at our return. *Mentor* reply'd: Your Diſcourſe is the reſult of a blind Paſſion, we are wonderfully induſtrious in finding all the Reaſons

Reaſons which ſeem to favour it, and with no leſs care we avoid the ſight of thoſe which condemn it; we employ all our Wit in deceiving our ſelves, and ſtifling thoſe Remorſes which give a check to our Deſires. Have you forgot what the Gods have done for you in order to bring you back into your own Country? Which way did you come out of *Sicily?* Thoſe Misfortunes which befel you in *Egypt*, did they not turn on a ſudden to your Proſperity? what unknown Hand diſpell'd all thoſe impending Dangers which threatned your Head at the City of *Tyre?* After ſo many wonderful Deliverances can you be doubtful of what the Gods have in ſtore for you? But no, you ſuppoſe your ſelf unworthy of their Favours. For my own part I go out of this Iſland: But you, oh degenerate Son of ſo wiſe and noble a Father, you may lead here a ſoft, inglorious Life among Women; and in ſpite of Heaven do what your Father thought unworthy of him. Theſe reflecting Expreſſions touch'd *Telemachus* to the very quick; He felt his Heart relenting at *Mentor*'s Words; His Grief was attended

tended with Shame; He fear'd both the departure and indignation of ſo wiſe a Perſon, as one to whom he was ſo very much oblig'd; but a new-born Paſſion, with which he was but little acquainted, made him quite another Man. What, ſaid he to *Mentor*, with Tears in his Eyes, Do you reckon for nothing that immortal Life which the Goddeſs offers me? No: anſwer'd *Mentor*, I make no account of any thing that is inconſiſtent with Virtue, and againſt the ſupreme Decrees of Heaven; Virtue calls you back into your own Country, that you may ſee and comfort *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*; Virtue bids you not to abandon your ſelf to an extravagant Paſſion: The Gods, who deliver'd you from ſo many Dangers, in order to make your Glory ſhine as bright as your Father's, the Gods, I ſay, command you to quit this Iſland. Love alone, that baſe Tyrant Love, is able to detain you here. Yet, what will you do with an immmortal Life, bereft of Liberty, Virtue and Honour? Your ſort of Life would ſtill be the more wretched, in that it were endleſs. *Telemachus* anſwer'd him only with

with Sighs: Sometimes he wiſh'd that *Mentor* had forc'd him away from *Calypſo*; and ſometimes he wiſh'd that his Departure had rid him of a troubleſome rigid Friend, who ever reproach'd him with his Weakneſs. His Heart was continually in ſuſpence betwixt various Thoughts, juſt as the Sea is toſs'd by contrary Winds, that ſport with its inconſtant Waves. He often lay motionleſs on the Sea-ſhoar; ſometimes in a lonely and gloomy Covert of a Wood he ſhed a Flood of bitter Tears, and cry'd like a roaring Lion. He was grown Lean; his hollow Eyes were full of a devouring Fire; and by his pale downcaſt Looks, and disfigur'd Face, one could never have thought he had been *Telemachus*; his Beauty, his graceful Sprightlineſs, and his noble Aſpect were fled from him; he was like a Flower which blows in the Morning, caſts forth its fragrancy around all the Day, but fades inſenſibly towards Night; its fine Colours decay, its Leaves wither, and its fine Top droops, and bears down the feeble Stalk. Thus

the

the Son of *Ulysses* was brought to a languishing and dying Condition.

Mentor perceiving that *Telemachus* was not able to resist the violence of his Passion, he thought on a Stratagem to deliver him from so great a Danger. He took notice that *Calypso* was desperately in Love with *Telemachus*, and that *Telemachus* was no less taken with the Charms of the young Nymph *Eucharis*; for cruel *Cupid*, the better to torment Mortals, makes them seldom love the Person by whom they are belov'd. Now upon a Day when *Telemachus* was to go out a Hunting with *Eucharis*, *Mentor*, in order to raise *Calypso*'s Jealousy, told her; I find in *Telemachus* an eager Love for Hunting, which I never perceiv'd in him before; this Recreation makes him slight all other Pleasures; he only delights in Forests and wild Mountains: Is it you, Oh great Goddess! who have inspir'd him with this Passion? *Calypso* was touch'd to the quick with these Words, and was not able to contain her Resentments. That *Telemachus*, answer'd she, who despis'd all the Pleasures of the

Isle

Isle of *Cyprus*, cannot resist the faint Charms of one of my Nymphs. How dares one to boast of so many wonderful Actions, whose Heart is so easily soft-n'd by shameful, effeminate Pleasures, and who seems to be Born only to lead an obscure inglorious Life among Women? *Mentor* was not a little pleas'd to find that Jealousy began to work in *Calypso*'s Heart, but said no more at that time for fear she should distrust him; only, he express'd his concern by his sad and downcast Looks. The Goddess complained to him about all she saw, and renew'd her Complaints every Day: This Hunting-match, of which *Mentor* gave her notice, began to raise her Fury; she was told that *Telemachus* had no other Design in his Sports than to withdraw from the other Nymphs, in order to entertain *Eucharis* alone; there was also a Talk of a second Hunting-match, wherein she foresaw he would do, what he had done in the first. But to break *Telemachus*'s Measures, she declar'd that she design'd to make one amongst them; and then on the sudden being no more able to contain her Passion, she spoke to

him in theſe Words: Is it thus, Oh young raſh Mortal! that thou art come into my Iſland to eſcape the juſt Wreck which *Neptune* prepar'd for thee, and the Vengeance of thoſe Gods thou haſt offended? Didſt thou come into this Iſland, which no Mortal ever dares to approach, only to deſpiſe my Power, and the Love I have expreſt for thee? Oh! all ye powerful Deities of Heaven and Hell, hear the Complaints of an unfortunate Goddeſs: Haſt to confound and deſtroy this perfidious, ungrateful and impious Man. Since thou art ſtill more cruel and unjuſt than thy Father, may thy Sufferings be likewiſe more cruel and unpitied than his; mayſt thou never ſee thy Country again, that poor and wretched *Ithaca*, which thou didſt baſely prefer before an immortal Life; or rather mayſt thou be deſtroy'd in ſight of it, in the middle of the Sea: may thy Body become the Sport of the Waves, and be caſt on this Sandy-ſhoar without any hopes of Burial; may my Eyes ſee it devoured by ravenous Vultures; may ſhe whom you Love ſee it alſo; yes, ſhe ſhall ſee it, that Sight will

will break her Heart, and her Deſpair ſhall be my Bliſs and Delight.

Whilſt *Calypſo* was thus ſpeaking her Eyes glow'd and ſparkled with Fire; her wild, diſtracted Looks were ever unſteady; her trembling Cheeks were full of black and blew Spots; her Colour chang'd every moment; her Face was often o'reſpread with a deadly Paleneſs; her Tears did not flow ſo plentifully as before, their Spring being in a great meaſure dry'd up by Rage and Deſpair; her Voice was hoarſe, trembling and broken. *Mentor* obſerved the different Motions of her Paſſion, and ſpoke no more to *Telemachus*; he us'd him as we do a Man deſparate ill, and abandon'd by the Phyſicians, and often look'd upon him with Eyes of Pity. *Telemachus* was ſenſible how guilty he was, and unworthy of *Mentor*'s Friendſhip; he durſt not look up for fear he ſhould meet the Eyes of *Mentor*, whoſe very Silence condemn'd him: Sometimes he had a mind to embrace him, and confeſs to him how deeply he was ſenſible of his Fault, but he was hinder'd as well by a miſtaken ſhame,

as by a fear of doing more than he intended, to avoid a Danger which ſeemed ſo pleaſing to him; for he could not yet be prevail'd upon by Reaſon to conquer his fond and belov'd Paſſion. The Gods and Goddeſſes of bright *Olympus* were now met together, and with profound ſilence kept their Eyes fix'd on the Iſland of *Calypſo*, impatient to know whether *Minerva* or *Cupid* ſhould remain Victorious. The God of Love by his ſporting and playing with the Nymphs had ſet all the Iſland on Fire; and *Minerva*, under the ſhape of *Mentor*, employ'd Jealouſie, the inſeparable Companion of Love, againſt Love himſelf. *Jupiter* was reſolv'd to be only a Spectator of this Conteſt, and to ſtand Neuter betwixt the Combatans. In the mean time *Eucharis*, who was afraid to loſe *Telemachus*, us'd a thouſand Arts to keep him in her Chains: And now ſhe was juſt ready to go out a ſecond time a Hunting with him; her Dreſs was exactly like that of *Diana*; *Venus* and *Cupid* had ſupply'd her with new Charms, inſomuch that her Beauty eclips'd then even that of *Calypſo* her

ſelf. *Calypſo* ſeeing her afar off, view'd her ſelf in one of her Cryſtal Fountains, and being aſham'd of her own Face, ſhe run to hide her ſelf into the remoteſt Part of her Grotto, and ſpoke thus to her ſelf. Then 'tis in vain, I have endeavour'd to diſturb the Joys of theſe two Lovers, by declaring that I deſign'd to be one of the Hunters. Shall I go with them? Shall I be the occaſion of her Thriumph, and ſhall my Beauty ſerve only to heighten hers? Shall *Telemachus* at the ſight of my Charms be ſtill more tranſported with thoſe of *Eucharis?* Oh! wretched me! What have I done? No, I'le not go; Neither ſhall they themſelves go; I know well enough how to prevent them. I'll go to *Mentor*; I'll deſire him to carry away *Telemachus* from this Iſland, and convey him to *Ithaca*: But, What do I ſay? And what muſt become of forelorn me when *Telemachus* is gone? Where am I? Oh! cruel *Venus*, what ſhall I do? Oh! *Venus*, you have deceiv'd me; what a treacherous Preſent you gave me! Pernicious Child! Poiſoning Love! I gave thee free entrance into my Heart, with

Hopes to live happy with *Telemachus*, and thou haſt brought nothing into my Heart but Trouble and Deſpair. My Nymphs have rebell'd againſt me, and my being a Goddeſs ſerves only to make my Miſeries eternal. Oh! that I could deſtroy my ſelf to end my Sorrows! But if I cannot, yet, Oh, *Telemachus*, thou ſhalt die; I'll revenge thy Ingratitude; I will ſtrik thy perfidious Heart, and make thy Nymph the Witneſs of my juſt Reſentment.———But, Whither does my raving Paſſion hurry me! Oh! unfortunate *Calypſo*, why would'ſt thou deſtroy a guiltleſs Youth, whom thou haſt thy ſelf plung'd into an Abyſs of Misfortunes! I my ſelf have convey'd the fatal Brand into the chaſte Boſom of *Telemachus*: How innocent he was before! how Virtuous, how much averſe to ſhamefvl Pleaſures! What made me intoxicate his Heart?——He would have abandon'd me.———Well! ſhall he not either leave me now, or only live to torture me and make my Rival bleſt? No, no: My Puniſhment is juſt. Go, dear *Telemachus*, go, croſs the Seas: Leave *Calypſo*, whoſe Life is a Burden to her,

her, and who cannot meet Death to eaſe her Torments; leave her diſconſolate, cover'd with ſhame and full of deſpair with the proud *Eucharis*.

Thus ſhe ſpoke to her ſelf in her Grotto; but ruſhing out on the ſudden, tranſported with impetuous Fury: Oh! *Mentor*, ſaid ſhe, is it thus you ſupport *Telemachus* againſt the Aſſaults of Vice, to which he is juſt ready to yield? You ſleep whilſt Love is full awake to undo him. I cannot bear any longer with that ſhameful Indifference you ſhew; How can you calmly ſee the Son of *Ulyſſes* diſgrace his Father, and neglect the great Things to which he is deſtin'd? Is it you or me, whom his Parents have entruſted with his Conduct? I endeavour to find Remedies to cure his diſtemper'd Heart, and ſhall you ſtand idle and unconcern'd? There are in the remoteſt Part of this Foreſt tall Poplars, fit for the Building of a Ship; there it is that *Ulyſſes* built his before he left this Iſland: You will find in the ſame Place a deep Cave, wherein are all manner of Inſtruments neceſſary to cut out, and joyn together all the different Parts of a Ship.

She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when ſhe begun to wiſh it were in her power to recall her Words. *Mentor* did not loſe one moment of time; he went down into that Cave, found the Inſtruments, fell'd the Poplars, and in one day equip'd and fitted up a Ship for Sea; for *Minerva*'s Power and Induſtry require but very little time to bring the greateſt Works to Perfection. *Calypſo*, in the mean time was tortur'd by a cruel anxiety of Thoughs; ſhe had a mind to ſee whether *Mentor*'s Work went forward, but could not find in her Heart to leave the Hunting match, where *Eucharis* would have enjoy'd the Company of *Telemachus* in full Liberty. Her Jealouſie never ſuffer'd her to loſe ſight of thoſe two Lovers; but at the ſame time, ſhe endeavour'd to lead the Hunters toward that Place where ſhe knew *Mentor* was Building the Ship; ſhe heard the ſtrokes of the Hatchets, and the Hammers, and every blow ſhe heard, made her quake and tremble; yet at the ſame moment, ſhe fear'd leſt minding *Mentor* ſhould make her loſe the ſight either of a Sign, a Look, or a Wink

from

from *Telemachus* to the young Nymph. In the mean time *Eucharis* ſaid to *Telemachus*, as it were in jeſt; are not you afraid of being reprov'd by *Mentor* for going out a Hunting without him? Oh! how much you are to be pitied for living under ſo rigorous a Maſter, whoſe ſevere Authority nothing can mitigate. He profeſſes himſelf an Enemy to all manner of Pleaſures, and will not ſuffer you to enjoy any; he condemns as a Crime, the moſt innocent Actions; you might indeed have ſuffer'd your ſelf to be govern'd by him, when you was not able to govern your ſelf; but after you have ſhew'd ſo much Wiſdom, why ſhould you be us'd like a Child? Theſe cunning, inſinuating Words went deep into *Telemachus*'s Heart, and fill'd it with ſpite and hatred againſt *Mentor*, whoſe Yoke he was willing to ſhake off; he fear'd to ſee him again, and was ſo perplex'd that he return'd *Eucharis* no Anſwer. Whilſt they were a Hunting, every Body was in a continued hurry; but at laſt, towards the Evening they return'd home thro' that Part of the Foreſt near which *Mentor*

had been working all day. *Calypso* ſaw afar off the Ship ready built, and at that ſight her Eyes were over-ſpread with a thick Cloud, like that of gloomy Death. Her trembling Knees betray'd her ſinking Body; a cold Sweat over-ran all her Limbs; ſhe let her ſelf fall on thoſe Nymphs that ſtood about her, and as *Eucharis* reach'd her Hand to ſupport her, ſhe put it back with a dreadful Frown. *Telemachus*, who ſaw that Ship, but did not ſee *Mentor*, who was already gone home, having juſt finiſh'd his Work, ask'd the Goddeſs whoſe that Ship was, and what ſhe was deſign'd for? She knew not at firſt what anſwer to make him, but a while after ſhe ſaid; I caus'd her to be built to ſend away *Mentor*; you'll not be troubled any longer by that ſevere Friend who thwarts your Happineſs, and would grow jealous of you, if you ſhould become immortal. *Mentor* forſake me! I am undone! cry'd *Telemachus*. Oh! *Eucharis*, if *Mentor* abandons me, I have no Friend left but you. Having let theſe Words fall in the Tranſports of his Paſſion, he ſaw preſently how much his Raſh-

Raſhneſs was to blame, but he was not at Liberty enough to think on their meaning at firſt. All the Company was ſilent and full of ſurprize: *Eucharis* bluſh'd, and caſt her Eyes down; ſhe ſtaid behind the reſt Speechleſs, not daring to ſhew her ſelf: Yet whilſt her Face was full of Trouble and Confuſion, ſhe felt a ſecret Joy in her Heart. As for *Telemachus*, he could not apprehend himſelf, nor think he had ſpoke ſo indiſcreetly; what he had done ſeem'd to him as a Dream, but ſuch a Dream as fill'd him with perplexing and diſquieting Thoughts. *Calypſo*, more fierce and wiid than a Lyoneſs that had her Whelps taken from her, run up and down the Foreſt, without knowing whither ſhe was going. At laſt ſhe found her ſelf at the entrance of her Grotto, where *Mentor* expected her: Go out of my Iſland ſaid ſhe, you Strangers, who came hither to trouble my Repoſe: Away, with that young Fool; as for you, imprudent old Man, you ſhall feel the Power of an enraged Goddeſs, unleſs you carry him away this very moment. I will neither ſee him,

nor ſuffer that any of my Nymphs ſhould ſpeak to him, nor ſo much as look upon him; I ſware by the *Stigian* Lake; an Oath which makes the Gods themſelves tremble: But know, Oh! *Telemachus*, that thy Misfortunes are not at an end: No, ungrateful Wretch, if I turn thee out of my Iſland, 'tis only that thou may'ſt become a Prey to new Diſaſters; then I ſhall be reveng'd; thou ſhalt wiſh again for *Calypſo*, but all in vain; *Neptune*, ſtill angry at thy Father, who offended him at *Sicily*, and ſollicited by *Venus*, whom thou didſt deſpiſe in the Iſle of *Cyprus*, prepares new Storms for thee; thou ſhalt ſee thy Father, who is ſtill alive; but tho' thou ſeeſt him, yet thou ſhalt neither know him, nor be known to him. Thou ſhalt not meet him at *Ithaca*, before thou haſt been the Sport of cruel Fortune; Depart——may all the Celeſtial Powers revenge me; may'ſt thou in the middle of the raging Sea, hang Thunder-ſtruck, on the ſharp Top of a Rock, invoking in vain *Calypſo*, whom thy juſt Puniſhment will fill with Joy.

Having

Having ſpoke theſe Words, her troubled and perplexed Mind was ready to re-call what ſhe had ſaid, and put her upon Reſolutions quite oppoſite to the former; Love reviv'd in her Heart the fond deſire of ſtaying *Telemachus*: Let him live, ſaid ſhe, to her ſelf, let him ſtay here; perhaps, he may at laſt be ſenſible how much I have done for him; *Eucharis* cannot beſtow Immortality upon him, as I can. Oh! too, too raſh *Calypſo*, thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf by thy raſh Oath; thou art now engag'd, and the *Stygian* Waves by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no manner of Hope. Theſe Words were heard by no Body; but one might ſee the Picture of a Fury in her gaſtly Face, and all the peſtilential Venom of black *Cocythus* ſeem'd to reek out of her Heart. *Telemachus* was ſeiz'd with Horror: She perceiv'd it; for what can be hid from a jealous Lover? And the Trouble of *Telemachus* redoubled the Tranſports of the Goddeſs. Like a furious Bacchanal who fils the Air with frightful Roarings, and makes the *Thracian* Mountains reſound with her Shrieks: Thus

Calypſo

Calypso roves about the Woods with a Dart in her Hand, calling all her Nymphs, and threatning to ſtrike any one that ſhall refuſe to follow her; frightned by her Threats, they all crowd after her with ſpeed; even *Eucharis* advances with Tears in her Eyes, keeping her Looks fix'd at a diſtance upon *Telemachus*, but not daring to ſpeak to him any more. The Goddeſs ſhiver'd when ſhe ſaw her, and her Fury redoubled when ſhe perceiv'd that even Grief and Affliction ſerv'd to heighten the Beauty of her Rival.

In the mean time, *Telemachus* being alone with *Mentor*, he graſps his Knees, not daring either to embrace him, or look upon him; he ſheds a Flood of Tears; he is going to ſpeak, but his Speech fails him; he knows not either what he does, what he ought to do, or what he would do. At laſt, he cries out; Oh! my true Father! Oh! *Mentor*, deliver me from my Miſeries! I cannot leave you, neither can I follow you; Oh! rid me of my Troubles, rid me of my ſelf; ſtrike, ſtrike me dead.

Mentor

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to bear with himſelf, without indulging his fond Paſſion, and tells him; Oh! Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, whom the Gods have lov'd ſo much; and whom they love ſtill; 'tis out of that love they have for you, that they expoſe you to thoſe Miſeries which you now undergo; whoever is unacquainted with his own weakneſs, and the violence of his Paſſions, cannot be call'd wiſe; for he is ſtill a Stranger to himſelf, and cannot ſtand upon his Guard againſt himſelf. The Gods have conducted you, as it were by the Hand, to the very brink of a Precipice, to let you ſee the immenſe depth of it, without ſuffering you to fall into it; therefore conceive now what you could never have comprehended unleſs you had experienced it your ſelf. You have been told of the Treacheries of Love, who flatters in order to deſtroy; and who, under an outward ſweetneſs, conceals the moſt cruel and unpleaſant bitterneſs; that charming, pernicious Boy is come hither, attended by charming Smiles, and Graces;

ces; you have ſeen him; he has robb'd you of your Heart, and you your ſelf was pleas'd with his Robbery. You labour'd to find Pretences to conceal to your ſelf the feſtering Wound of your Heart; you endeavour'd to deceive me and your ſelf; you was afraid of nothing; ſee now what your Raſhneſs is come to; you call upon Death as the only Remedy to your Ills; the troubled Goddeſs is like one of the Furies of Hell; *Eucharis* is conſumed by a Fire a thouſand times more cruel than all the racking Pangs of Death; all thoſe jealous Nymphs are ready to tear one another to Pieces; and this is the work that *Cupid* makes, for all he appears ſo gentle and innocent. Summon all your Courage to your Aſſiſtance; conſider how much you are belov'd by the Gods, ſince they furniſh you with ſo fair an opportunity to avoid Love, and to return to your dear native Country; *Calypſo* her ſelf is forc'd to ſend you away; the Ship is ready; why ſhould we ſtay any longer in an Iſland where Virtue cannot be ſafe? As he ſpoke theſe laſt Words, *Mentor* took him by the Hand, and

and pull'd him along toward the Sea-ſhoar. *Telemachus* follow'd him unwillingly, ſtill looking behind him, and keeping his Eyes fix'd upon *Eucharis*, who went away from him; and tho' he could not ſee her Face, yet he view'd with admiration her fine Hair tied behind with a Crimſon Ribband, her looſe Garments playing with the Wind, and her noble, portly Gate; he'd fain have kiſs'd the very Ground on which ſhe went; and even when he began to loſe ſight of her, he ſtill liſtened, thinking that he heard her Voice; altho' abſent, her living Picture was preſent to his Eyes; he fancied he ſpoke to her, and was in ſuch a perplexity and concern, that he did not mind what *Mentor* ſaid to him. At laſt, when he begun to recover, as if wak'd out of a profound Sleep, he ſaid to *Mentor*, I am reſolv'd to follow you, but I have not yet taken my leave of *Eucharis*: I had rather die than thus ungratefully to forſake her; ſtay, I beſeech you, till I have ſeen her once more, and bidden her an eternal Farewel; at leaſt ſuffer me to tell her; Oh! Nymph! the cruel Gods, the

Gods

Gods jealous of my Happineſs, force me away from you; but they may ſooner put a Period to my Life, than ever blot you out of my Memory. Oh! Father! either grant me this laſt and juſt Conſolation, or kill me now with exceſs of Grief. However, think not I will either ſtay in this Iſland, or abandon my ſelf to Love; I have no ſuch Paſſion in my Breaſt; I only feel the Effects of Friendſhip and Gratitude for *Eucharis*; I only deſire to give her Proofs of it once again, and after that I'll follow you without delay.

How much I pity you! anſwer'd *Mentor*; your Paſſion is ſo very fierce and violent, that you are not ſenſible of it; you think you are calm and compos'd, and yet you call upon Death; you boaſt that you are not conquer'd by *Cupid*, when you cannot leave the Nymph you love; you ſee, and hear nothing but her, and are blind and deaf to all the reſt. You are like a Man who being light headed, through a violent Fever, cries he is not ſick: Oh! blind *Telemachus*, you are ready to renounce your Mother *Penelope*, who expects you;

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes whom you ſhall ſee; *Ithaca*, where you ſhall be King; and finally, thoſe great Honours, and that high Fortune, which the Gods have promis'd you by thoſe many Wonders they have done in your Favour; you renounce all thoſe Advantages to lead an inglorious Life with *Eucharis*. Will you ſtill pretend that 'tis not Love that makes you concern'd to leave her? What makes you be willing to die? Why did you ſpeak with ſo much Tranſport before the Goddeſs? I do not charge you with diſhoneſt Love, but I lament your Blindneſs: Fly, Oh! *Telemachus*, fly; for Love is a Foe not to be conquer'd but by Flight; true Courage conſiſts in flying without any deliberation, or ſo much as looking behind one, tho' at the ſame time 'tis with fear and reluctancy that one flies. You have not forgot what care I have taken of you ſince your Infancy, and what Dangers you have eſcap'd by my wiſe Counſels; either be rul'd by me, or ſuffer me to leave you; Oh! if you knew how much I grieve to ſee you run on your own Ruin, and how much I have ſuffer'd during

ring the time. I dare not mention to you, the Pains which your Mother felt when we brought you forth, which are not to be compar'd with mine. I held my Tongue; I fed upon my own Grief, and ſtifled my Sighs only to give you time to come to your ſelf again, and acknowledge your Error. My Son, my dear Son, eaſe my oppreſt Heart; reſtore to me what I hold dearer than my own Life, reſtore to me my loſt *Telemachus*; reſtore your ſelf to your ſelf. If your Wiſdom can ſurmount your Love, I ſhall ſtill live happy; but if Love hurries you away from Wiſdom, *Mentor* can no longer live. Whilſt *Mentor* was thus ſpeaking, they went on their way towards the Sea; and *Telemachus*, who was not yet confirm'd enough in his new Reſolution to follow him of himſelf, was yet willing to ſuffer himſelf to be led away without Reſiſtance. *Minerva*, who kept ſtill the Shape of *Mentor*, covering *Telemachus* with her inviſible Shield, and ſurrounding him with Beams of Divine Light, made him feel a reſolute Courage, of which he had not been ſenſible, ſince his

his being in that Iſland. At lath they arriv'd at a very ſteep Rock, on the Sea-ſhoar, which was continually inſulted by the foaming Tide; they look'd from thence whether the Ship, *Mentor* had built, was ſtill in the ſame Place, but perceiv'd a very ſad Spectacle.

Cupid was nettled to the quick, not only by the unknown old Man's inſenſibility, but alſo by his robbing him of *Telemachus*; his Rage drew Tears from him, and made him run to *Calypſo*, who wandred up and down the ſhady Woods; ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, and felt all her Wounds bleeding afreſh. *Cupid* told her; You are a Goddeſs, and yet you ſuffer your ſelf to be conquer'd by a feeble Mortal, who is a Priſoner in your Iſland! Why do you let him go? Oh! unlucky Boy, anſwer'd ſhe, I will hear no more of thy pernicious Counſels; 'tis thou haſt broke my ſoft and profound Tranquility, and caſt me into an endleſs Abyſs of Miſery: 'Tis now paſt recall; ſince I ſwore by the *Stygian* Flood to let *Telemachus* go. *Jove* himſelf, almighty *Jove*, the Father of the Gods, dares not

to

to break that dreadful Oath: But as *Telemachus* goes out of this Iſland, go thou away too; for thou haſt done me more miſchief than he. *Cupid* having wip'd off his Tears, with a malicious Smile, told her; Truly, this is a mighty Buſineſs to be puzzled at! Leave all to my Management; keep your Oath, and do not oppoſe *Telemachus*'s Departure: Neither your Nymphs nor I have ſworn by the *Stygian* Flood to let him go; I will inſpire them with the Deſign of ſetting that Ship on fire, which *Mentor* has built in ſo much haſt; his Diligence which fill'd us with wonder, will be altogether vain; he ſhall have reaſon to wonder himſelf in his turn, and ſhall have no means left to draw *Telemachus* from you.

This flattering Speech convey'd pleaſing Hopes and Joys into the very bottom of *Calypſo*'s Heart, and allay'd the wild Fury and Deſpair of the Goddeſs, juſt as a cooling Breeze, which blow on the graſſy Margent of a purling Stream, refreſhes a Flock of Sheep, which was ſcorch'd by exceſſive Heat. Her Aſpect became clear and ſerene; the fierceneſs

neſs of hes Eyes was ſoftned; thoſe black Thoughts, and carking Cares, which prey'd upon her Heart, fled from her for a moment; he ſtop'd her wandring Courſe; ſhe ſmil'd; ſhe careſs'd wanton *Cupid*, and by her Fondneſs prepar'd new Torments for her ſelf. *Cupid* highly pleas'd with having perſuaded *Calypſo*, flew inſtantly in order to perſuade the Nymphs who were wandring and diſpers'd up and down the Mountains, like a Flock of Sheep, which the hungry, ravenous Wolves have frighted away from their Shepherd. *Cupid* gathers them together, and tells them; *Telemachus* is ſtill in your Hands; haſte, and let devouring Flames conſume the Ship which the raſh *Mentor* has built to favour his Eſcape. Thereupon they take lighted Torches in their Hands, run to the Sea-ſhoar, fill the Air with dreadful Roarings, and toſs about their diſhevell'd Hair like the furious Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*: And now the greedy Flames devour the Ship, which burns the more fiercely as ſhe is made of dry Wood, daub'd over with Roſin; and a Cloud of Smoak, ſtreak'd with

with Flames, riſes up to the very Skies. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* behold this Conflagration from the Top of the Rock; and as *Telemachus* heard the Shoutings of the Nymphs, he was almoſt tempted to rejoyce at it; for his wounded Heart was not yet well cur'd, and *Mentor* perceiv'd that his Paſſion was like a Fire not quite extinguiſh'd, which now and then breaks through the Aſhes that cover'd it, and caſt forth bright Sparks of Fire. Now, ſaid *Telemachus*, muſt I return to my former Engagements, ſince we have no Hopes left to quit this Iſland. By that, *Mentor* underſtoodt hat *Telemachus* was going to relapſe into his Follies, and that he had not one moment to loſe: He eſpy'd afar off in the main Sea, a Ship that ſtood ſtill, not daring to approach the Shoar, for all Pilots knew that the Iſle of *Calypſo* was inacceſſible to all Mortals. At that very inſtant the wiſe *Mentor* gave a puſh to *Telemachus*, who ſate on the ſharp end of the Rock, caſt him down into the Sea, and threw himſelf down after him. *Telemachus* amaz'd and ſtun'd by his violent Fall, drunk great Draughts of

briny

briny Water, and was for a while toſs'd about by the Waves; but at laſt, coming to himſelf, and ſeeing *Mentor*, who reach'd him his Hand to help him to ſwim, he thought on nothing but flying from the fatal Iſland. The Nymphs who expected to have kept them Priſoners, cry'd and houl'd with great Fury, being enrag'd at the diſappointment. The diſconſolate *Calypſo* return'd into her Grotto, which ſhe fill'd with hideous Roarings. *Cupid*, who ſaw his Triumph turn'd into a ſhameful Defeat ſhook his Wings, and through the yielding Air, flew to the ſacred Grove of *Idalia*, where his cruel Mother expected him. The Son ſtill more cruel than the Mother, comforted himſelf with ſmiling with her at all the Miſchief they had done. As *Telemachus* went farther off from the Iſland, he felt with ſecret Pleaſure both his Courage, and his Love for Virtue, reviving in his Heart. I am ſenſible, cry'd he to *Mentor*, of what you told me, and which I could not believe for want of Experience: There's no other way to conquer Vice, but by flying from it.

Oh! Father! How kind the Gods were to me, when they gave me your Aſſiſtance, though by my Folly I deſerv'd to be depriv'd of it, and be left alone to my ſelf. I fear now, neither the Sea, the Winds, nor the Storm; I only am afraid of my own Paſſions; but of all Paſſions, Love is more dangerous than a thouſand Wrecks.

The Ship that ſtood ſtill, and towards which they ſwam, was a *Phenician* Bottom bound to *Epirus*. Thoſe *Phenicians* who were Aboard her had ſeen *Telemachus* in his Voyage to *Egypt*, but could not know him amidſt the Waves. As ſoon as *Mentor* came within hearing, he lifted up his Head out of the Water, and with a ſtrong Voice cry'd to them; Oh! *Phenicians*! You who at all times are ready to give Aſſiſtance to all other Nations, do not deny your Help to two Men who expect their Safety from your Humanity; if you have any Reſpect for the Gods, receive us into your Ship; we will go along with you where-ever you go: The Commander of the Ship anſwer'd, We will receive you with Joy, for we are not

not ignorant how we ought to relieve Strangers in your unfortunate Condition; and ſo they took them up into their Ship. They were ſcarce got into her, when their Breath was quite ſpent; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled with the fierce Waves. By degrees they recover'd their Spirits; they had other Cloths given them, for theirs were ſoak'd through by the briny Water, which dropt on every ſide. As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, all the *Phenicians* crowded about 'em, deſiring to know their Adventures. Among the reſt, the Commander told 'em; How could you enter the Iſland from which you now came? It is ſaid to be poſſeſs'd by a cruel Goddeſs, who never ſuffers any Mortal to land there; beſides, it is incompaſs'd by huge craggy Rocks, which are continually inſulted by the wanton Waves, and not to be approached without ſplitting againſt them. You ſay true, anſwer'd *Mentor*, for 'twas by a Storm we were caſt upon that Coaſt, and our Wreck gave us Entrance into the Iſland. We are *Grecians*; the Iſle of *Ithaca*, which lies near *Epirus*, (whi-

ther you are bound) is our Country. If you are unwilling to touch at *Ithaca*, which is in your way, we are contented to be carried into *Epirus*, where we have Friends who will take care to furniſh us with all Neceſſaries for our ſhort Paſſage from thence to *Ithaca*; and we will for ever be oblig'd to you for the bliſful Sight of what we hold moſt dear in the World. All this while *Telemachus* was ſilent, and let *Mentor* ſpeak; for thoſe Faults he had committed in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, had made him much wiſer; he diſtruſted his own ſelf; he was ſenſible how much he wanted the prudent Counſels of *Mentor*; and when he could not ſpeak to him to ask his Advice, he conſulted his Eyes, and endeavour'd to gueſs at his Thoughts.

The *Phenician* Maſter of the Ship fixing his Eyes upon *Telemachus*, remembred he had ſeen him ſomewhere; but 'twas a confus'd Remembrance which he knew not how to clear: Give me leave, ſaid he to *Telemachus*, to ask you whether you remember you ſaw me before, for methinks I am no Stranger to your Face, tho' I cannot tell where I have

have ſeen you; perhaps your Memory will help out mine. *Telemachus* anſwered him with joy and ſurprize. When I firſt look'd upon you, I was as much puzzled about your Face, as you are about mine; I'm ſure I have ſeen you: I know you again, but cannot call to mind, whether in *Egppt* or at *Tyre*. Thereupon the *Phenician*, like a Man who wakes in the Morning, and by degrees calls back the Dreams of the Night which begun to fly away, cry'd out on a ſudden; You are *Telemachus*, for whom *Narbal* conceiv'd ſo great a Love, when we return'd from *Egypt*; I am his Brother of whom he has undoubtedly ſpoken to you often, ſince I left you with him, after the Expedition into *Egypt*. My Affairs carried me to the laſt Extremity of the Seas, into the famous *Betica*, near the *Herculean* Pillars; ſo that I did but juſt ſee you, and 'tis no wonder I was ſo puzzled to know you again at firſt ſight.

I perceive, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, that you are *Adoam*: I had but a glimpſe of you, but I know you by the Diſcourſe I had with *Narbal*: Oh! how I am

fill'd with Joy to hear News from a Man who ſhall ever be ſo very dear to me: Is he ſtill in *Tyre?* Is he no more expos'd to the barbarous Treatment of the cruel *Pygmalion? Adoam*, interrupting him, ſaid: Know, Oh! *Telemachus*! that Fortune has entruſted you with one who will take all the Care imaginable of you; I will carry you to *Ithaca*, before I go to *Epirus*, and *Narbal*'s Brother will love you no leſs than *Narbal* himſelf. Having thus ſpoken, he took notice that the Wind, for which he waited, began to blow; whereupon he gave Orders for weighing of the Anchors, and unfurling of the Sails; which done, the Rowers ply'd their Oars amain, and cut the yielding Floods. After that he took *Telemachus* and *Mentor* to entertain them aſide: I am going, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to *Telemachus*, to ſatisfie your Curioſity; *Pygmalion* is no more, the juſt Gods have rid Mankind of him; as he truſted no Man, no Man would truſt him neither: The Good were contented to groan in ſilence, and fly his Cruelties, without endeavouring to do him any Miſchief; the Wicked thought they

they had no other way to ſecure their Lives, than by putting a Period to his; there was not a *Tyrian* but was every Day expos'd to fall a Sacrifice to his Diſtruſt; his very Guards were more expos'd than any Body elſe; for his Life being in their Power, he fear'd them more than all the reſt of Men, and upon the leaſt Suſpicion he Sacrific'd them to his Safety; nevertheleſs he could not find himſelf ſafe any where, ſince thoſe who were the Truſtees of his Life, being in a continual Danger, they could not get out of their uneaſy Condition, but by preventing the Tyrants cruel Suſpicions, and putting him to Death.

The impious *Aſtarbe*, whom you have ſo often heard mention'd, was the firſt who reſolv'd upon the Death of the King; ſhe was paſſionately in Love with a young *Tyrian*, *Joazar* by Name, a Man of great Wealth, whom ſhe hop'd to place on the Throne. The better to ſucceed in her Deſign, ſhe perſuaded the King, that the eldeſt of his two Sons, nam'd *Phadael*, impatient to wear the Crown had conſpir'd againſt his Life; ſhe procur'd falſe Witneſſes to

prove the Conſpiracy, ſo that the unhappy Father put to Death his innocent Son; the Second, nam'd *Baleazar*, was ſent to *Samos*, under pretence of learning the Manners, Cuſtoms and Sciences of *Greece*, but indeed becauſe *Aſtarbe* gave the King to underſtand that his Safety requir'd he ſhould be remov'd from Court, for fear he ſhould enter into Combinations with the Malecontents. As ſoon as he was imbarkt, thoſe who commanded the Ship being corrupted by that cruel Woman, took Meaſures in order to be Ship-wrack'd in the Night, and having caſt the young Prince overboard, they ſav'd their Lives by Swimming to other Barks that waited for them. In the mean time *Pygmalion* was the only Perſon that was unacquainted with *Aſtarbe*'s Amours; he fancied ſhe would never love any Man but him; and that diſtruſtful Prince, was blinded by Love to ſuch a Degree, that he repoſed an entire Confidence in that wicked Woman. Yet at the ſame time his extreme Avarice prompt him to make away with *Joazar* (whom *Aſtarbe* lov'd with ſo much Paſſion) in order to ſeize upon

upon his vaſt Riches. But while *Pygmalion* was tortur'd by Diſtruſt, Love and Avarice, *Aſtarbe* thought it convenient to put him to Death with all ſpeed. She was apprehenſive of his diſcovering her infamous Amours with that young Man; and beſides, ſhe knew the King's covetous Temper was by its ſelf ſufficient to entice him to exerciſe his Cruelty upon *Joazar*; therefore ſhe concluded ſhe had not one Moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the chief Officers of his Houſhold willing to embrue their Hands in that King's Blood; ſhe heard every Day of ſome new Conſpiracy or other, but ſhe was afraid of truſting any Body, leſt ſhe ſhould be betray'd. At laſt, ſhe thought moſt ſafe to poyſon *Pygmalion* her ſelf. He was us'd to Diet by himſelf with her; and dreſs'd all his Victuals with his own Hands, not daring to truſt any Body elſe; he lockt himſelf up in the remoteſt Part of his Palace, the bettēr to conceal his Diſtruſt, and that he might not be obſerv'd whilſt he was Dreſſing his Victuals. He depriv'd himſelf of all Dainties and Delicacies, being afraid to taſte of any thing

that was not of his own Cooking. Thus not only all manner of Meats dreſt by others, but alſo Wine, Bread, Salt, Oyl, Milk, and all other ordinary Aliments were of no uſe to him. He liv'd only upon Fruit which he gather'd with his own Hands in his Garden, or Pulſe and Roots which he had ſav'd. Now his Drink was nothing but Water, which he drew himſelf out of a Fountain, which was inclos'd within his Palace, and of which he always kept the Key. Altho' he ſeem'd to confide very much in *Aſtarbe*, yet he us'd all poſſible Precautions againſt her; he always caus'd her to taſte of every thing that was ſerv'd at his Table, that he might not be poyſon'd without her, and that all Hopes of ſurviving him might be taken away from her. But to baffle his Precaution ſhe took an Antidote, which an old Woman, ſtill more wicked than her ſelf, and the Confident of her Amours, furniſh'd her with: After that ſhe poyſon'd the King with great Aſſurance in this manner. When they were juſt going to ſit down to take their Repaſt, the old Woman, of whom

whom I ſpoke before, came on a ſudden and made a great Noiſe at one of the Doors: The King who was ever in fear of being Aſſaſſinated, was preſently alarm'd and ran to that Door to ſee whether it was faſt enough: The old Woman retir'd, the King remain'd troubled and ſpeechleſs, and not knowing what to think of the Noiſe he had heard, yet he durſt not open the Door to be inform'd. *Aſtarbe* cheer'd him up, and with fond Careſſes perſuaded him to Eat: Now, whilſt the King was gone to the Door, ſhe had Poyſon'd his Golden Cup, and ſo when he bid her Drink Firſt, ſhe obey'd without any Fear, truſting to the Antidote. *Pygmalion* drunk after her, and a little while after fainted away. *Aſtarbe*, who knew his cruel Temper, and that he would kill her upon the leaſt Suſpicion, begins to rend her Clothes, tears off her Hair, and bemoans her ſelf in a moſt hideous manner; ſhe claſp'd and hugg'd the dying King in her Arms, and bathed him with a flood of Tears; for this cunning Woman had always Tears at Command. At laſt, when ſhe perceiv'd that the

King's

King's Strength and Spirits were exhauſted, and that he was ready to give up the Ghoſt, fearing leſt he ſhould recover, and force her to die with him, ſhe gave over her endearing Fondneſs, and the tendereſt Marks of Love, and having put on horrid Cruelty, ruſht upon him with Fury, and ſtifled him. Afterwards ſhe pluck'd the Royal Signet off his Finger, took the Diadem off his Head, and call'd in *Joazar*, to whom ſhe gave them both. She thought all thoſe who before made their Court to her, would certainly favour her Paſſion, and that her Lover would be proclaimed King; but thoſe who had been moſt forward in humouring her, were mean and mercenary Souls, and therefore incapable of a ſincere and conſtant Affection. Beſides, they wanted Courage and Reſolution; they fear'd the Haughtineſs, Diſſimulation and Cruelty of that impious Woman, ſo that all wiſh'd her Death to ſecure their own Lives. In the mean time, a dreadful Tumult fills the whole Palace; The King is Dead, the King is Dead, is the general Cry: Some are frighted; others run to their Arms;

Arms; all ſeem to be in Pain about the Conſequence of it, but tranſported with the News; buſy Fame carries it about upon her Wings, through all the great City of *Tyre*; every Body ſpeaks of the King's being Poyſon'd, but not one is found that is concern'd at it. His Death is at once the Deliverance and the general Comfort of the People. *Narbal* deeply affected with ſo terrible an Accident, deplor'd, like a good Man, the Misfortunes of *Pygmalion*, who had betray'd himſelf by committing his Safety to the impious *Aſtarbe*; and had choſen to be a dreadful and fierce Tyrant, rather than be the Father of his People, which is a Duty incumbent on a King. He therefore conſulted the good of the State, and haſtened to aſſemble all good and publick-ſpirited Men to oppoſe *Aſtarbe*, under whom they were like to ſee a more cruel Government, than that to which ſhe had put a Period.

Baleazar did not Drown when he was caſt into the Sea; and thoſe who aſſur'd *Aſtarbe* that he was Dead, did it only upon a meer Conjecture: But by the Favour of the Night, he ſav'd himſelf

ſelf by Swimming; and ſome *Cretan* Fiſher-men mov'd with Compaſſion receiv'd him into their Bark. He durſt not return into his Father's Kingdom, ſuſpecting, with Reaſon, that his Ship-wrack was contriv'd by his Enemies; and fearing no leſs the cruel Jealouſy of *Pygmalion*, than the Stratagems of *Aſtarbe*, He remain'd a long while wandring and unknown onthe Sea-Coaſt of *Syria*, where the *Cretan* Fiſher-men had left him: And to get a Livelihood he was reduc'd to the Condition of a Shepherd. At laſt he found a way to let *Narbal* know that he was alive, and what Condition he was in, for he could not but think his Secret and his Life ſafe with a Man of his undoubted Virtue and Integrity. *Narbal*, tho' ill us'd by the Father, had nevertheleſs a Love and Reſpect for the Son, whoſe Intereſt he all along conſulted; but he took care of him only to keep him from being wanting in his Duty to his Father, and upon that Score he perſuaded him to bear patiently with his hard Fortune. *Baleazar* had ſent *Narbal* Word, that if he thought it ſafe for him to come to *Tyre*, he

he would ſend him a golden Ring, upon the Receipt of which he would go to meet him. *Narbal* did not judge it convenient to invite *Baleazar* to come whilſt *Pygmalion* was alive, for by that means he would have brought both that Prince's Life, and his own into certain Danger, ſo difficult a thing it was to avoid *Pygmalion*'s Suſpicions and Cruelty; but as ſoon as that wretched Prince had made an end ſuitable to what his Crimes deſerv'd, *Narbal* ſent the golden Ring to *Baleazar* with all ſpeed. Upon the Receipt of it, *Baleazar* came away immediately, and arriv'd before the Gates of *Tyre*, when all the City was in an Uproar about *Pygmalion*'s Succeſſor. *Baleazar* was ſoon acknowledged by the chief Citizens of *Tyre*, and by the whole People. He was belov'd not upon the account of the late King his Father, who had the univerſal Hatred, but becauſe of his Gentleneſs and Moderation. His very Misfortunes ſerv'd, in a great meaſure, to give a heightening Brightneſs to all his good Qualities, and to touch all the *Tyrians* with a deep ſenſe of Compaſſion for his paſt Sufferings. *Narbal* aſſembled

aſſembled the chief Men among the People, the old Men of the City-Council, and the Prieſts of the Goddeſs of *Phenicia*. They ſaluted *Bealeazar* as their King, and caus'd him to be proclaim'd ſuch by their Heralds; the People anſwer'd them with repeated Acclamations, which reach'd the Ears of *Aſtarbe*, even into the remoteſt part of the Palace, where ſhe was lockt in with her baſe and infamous *Joazar*. All the wicked Men whom ſhe had made uſe of during *Pygmalion*'s Life, had already forſaken her; for the Wicked do naturally hate and fear the Wicked, and never wiſh to ſee them in Authority, becauſe they know how much they would abuſe their Power, and how far they would extend their Violence. As for good Men, the Wicked think them better for their Turn, becauſe upon occaſion they hope to find in them Indulgence and Moderation. *Aſtarbe* had no Body left about her but the moſt notorious Accomplices of her enormous Crimes, who were continually in fearful Expectation of their deſerved Puniſhment. The Gates of the Palace being broke open, thoſe profligate Wretches durſt

durſt not make a long Reſiſtance, and only endeavour'd to run away. *Aſtarbe*, with the Habit of a Slave, would have made her Eſcape through the Crowd, but being diſcover'd by a Soldier, ſhe was preſently ſecur'd, and 'twas with much ado that *Narbal* kept her from being torn in pieces by the enrag'd Multitude, who began already to drag her along in the Mire. In this Extremity ſhe deſir'd to ſpeak with *Baleazar*, thinking ſhe might dazzle him by her Charms, and amuſe him with the hopes that ſhe would diſcover ſome important Secret to him. At firſt, beſides her Beauty, ſhe diſplay'd ſuch ſoft and gentle Modeſty as would have melted the fierceſt Anger. She flatter'd *Baleazar* with the niceſt and moſt inſinuating Commendations; ſhe repreſented to him how much *Pygmalion* lov'd her; ſhe conjur'd him by his Father's Aſhes to take Pity on her; ſhe invok'd the Gods, as if ſhe had a ſincere Adoration for them; ſhe ſhed Floods of bitter Tears; ſhe graſp'd the Knees of the new King, and us'd all her Artifice to render his beſt affected Servants both ſuſpected and odious to him.

She

She accus'd *Narbal* of being entred into a Conſpiracy againſt *Pygmalion*, and endeavouring to withdraw the People from their Obedience to *Baleazar*, in order to make himſelf King; ſhe added, that he deſign'd to Poyſon that young Prince; and invented ſuch other Calumnies to aſperſe all the reſt of the *Tyrians*, who were addicted to Virtue. She hoped to have found the Heart of *Baleazar* ſuſceptible of the ſame Diſtruſt and Suſpicions, which ſhe had found in the King his Father. But *Baleazar* not being able to bear any longer with the black Malice of that wicked Woman; he interrupted her, and call'd for a Guard to ſecure her. Being ſent to Priſon, the wiſeſt old Men were appointed to examine all her Actions: They found with Horror that ſhe had poyſon'd and ſtifled *Pygmalion*; and the whole Series of her Life appear'd to be a continual Courſe of monſtrous Villany. They were ready to ſentence her to ſuffer the Puniſhment which is inflicted on great Offenders in *Phenicia*, that is, to be burnt alive by a lingring Fire; but when ſhe ſaw ſhe had no manner of

Hopes

Hopes left, ſhe became fierce and mad like a Fury, and ſwallow'd down a Poiſon which ſhe us'd to carry about her with deſign to make away with her ſelf, in caſe they would put her to lingring Torments. Thoſe who guarded her, took notice that ſhe was in a violent Pain, and offer'd to give her eaſe; but ſhe would never anſwer their Queſtions; only by Signs ſhe let them underſtand that ſhe would receive no Relief. They mention'd to her the juſt and avenging Gods whom ſhe had anger'd; but inſtead of ſhewing any Trouble or Sorrow that might atone for her Crimes, ſhe look'd upon Heaven with Pride and Contempt, as it were to inſult the Almighty Powers. An impious Rage over-ſpread her dying Face; there was not the leaſt remainder of that excellent Beauty which had been the Deſtruction of ſo many Men; all her Graces were wholly defac'd; her faint, hollow Eyes roll'd in their Orbits with wild, ſtaring Looks; a convulſive Motion ſhook her Lips, and kept her Mouth open in a hideous manner; all her Face ſhrivell'd and wrinkled, yielded a ghaſtly proſpect

by

by its continual Distortions; a dead Coldness and Paleness had seiz'd all her Limbs; sometimes she seem'd to gather fresh Spirits, and come to her self again; but 'twas only a faint struggle of Nature, which spent it self into hideous Howlings; at last she expir'd, leaving all the Spectators full of Horror and Fear. Without doubt her impious * *Manes* went down into those Places of Sorrow, where the cruel *Danaids* do eternally draw Water with Vessels full of Holes; where *Ixion* continually turns his Wheel; where *Tantalus* flaming with Thirst, can never catch the wanton Water that flies his eager Lips; where *Sisyphus* vainly rolls up to the Top of a Mountain a Stone which tumbles down again continually; and where *Thitius* will for ever feel a Vultur preying upon his growing Liver. *Baleazar* being deliver'd of thar Monster, return'd the Gods Thanks by innumerable Sacrifices. His Conduct at the beginning of his Reign was quite different from *Pygmalion*'s; he applies himself to the promoting of Trade, which languish'd and decay'd

* *Ghost.*

decay'd more and more every day; he consults with *Narbal* about the most important Affairs, and yet he is not govern'd by him; for he will see every thing with his own Eyes; he hears every Body's Opinion, but reserves the deciding Vote to himself; he is generally belov'd by his People, and being Master of their Hearts he enjoys more Riches than ever his Father heap'd up with his cruel and insatiable Avarice; for there is never a Family but what would part with all they have, if he happen'd to be reduc'd to a pressing Necessity. Thus what he suffers them to enjoy is more at his command, than if he should forcibly take it from them. He needs not use any Precaution, or be solicitous to secure his Life: for he has still the safest Guard about him, which is the Love of all his Subjects; every one of them being afraid to lose him, and therefore willing to hazard his own Life to preserve that of so good a King. He lives happy with his People, and all his People live happy under him. He is ever afraid of burthening his People, whereas they are afraid of giving him too little

little a ſhare in their Eſtates. He lets them live in Plenty, and this Plenty makes them neither refractory nor inſolent; for they are Laborious, addicted to Trade, and ſtedfaſt in the keeping of their ancient Laws pure and intire. *Phenicia* has now recover'd the height of her Greatneſs and Glory, and 'tis to her young King, and to *Narbal*, who governs under him, that ſhe ows all her Proſperities. Oh! *Telemachus*, if he could now ſee and embrace you, with how much Joy would he load you with Preſents! What a Pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back into your own Country! Am I not then very fortunate in doing, what he would have done himſelf, and going to the Iſle of *Ithaca*, and there place on the Throne the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that he may Reign there as wiſely as *Baleazar* Reigns at *Tyre*?

Adoam having thus ſpoken, *Telemachus* highly pleas'd with his Story, and much more with the Marks of Friendſhip he receiv'd from him, embrac'd him with great Tenderneſs and Affection; and their repeated Expreſſions of mutual Kindneſs being over, *Adoam* ask'd him what

what extraordinary Adventure had led him into the Iſland of *Calypſo*? *Telemachus*, in his turn, gave him the Story of his departure from *Tyre*, and his going over to the Iſle of *Cyprus*: He related to him, his meeting again with *Mentor*; their Voyage into *Crete*; The publick Games for the Election of a new King after *Idomeneus*'s Flight; *Venus*'s Anger; Their Ship-wrack; The kind and Joyful Welcome *Calypſo* had made them; The Jealouſie of that Goddeſs againſt one of her Nymphs, and *Mentor*'s throwing his Friend into the Sea as ſoon as he eſpied the *Phenician* Ship.

After they had given each other the reſpective Stories of their Adventures, *Adoam* caus'd a magnificent Entertainment to be ſerv'd up; and the better to expreſs his exceſſive Joy, he procur'd all the Pleaſures that could be had whilſt they were at Table; during which time they were attended by young *Phenician* Boys clad in white; they burnt the moſt exquiſite Frankincence of *Arabia*; all the Rowers Seats were fill'd with Muſitians playing on the Flute. *Architoas* now and then interrupted

terrupted them by the ſweet Harmony of his Voice and his Lyre, fit to entertain the Gods at their Revels, and even to Pleaſe the Ears of *Apollo* himſelf. The *Tritons*, the *Nereids*, all the Deities who obey the Command of *Neptune*, and the the Sea-Monſters themſelves forſook their watry deep Grotto's, and came in Shoals round the Ship, charm'd by this Divine Melody. A Company of young *Phenicians*, of an excellent Beauty, and clad in fine Lawn, as white as the driven Snow, danc'd for a long time ſeveral Dances of their own Country; afterwards they danc'd after the *Egyptian* manner; and, laſt of all, after the *Grecian*. Now and then the loud Trumpets made the Waves reſound with their Clangors as far as the diſtant Shoar. The dead of the ſilent Night, the ſtilneſs of the Sea, the trembling Light of the Moon which play'd on the ſurface of the Water, and the Azure Blew of the Skies, ſtudded with bright twinkling Stars, ſerv'd to heighten the Nobleneſs and Majeſty of the Shew. *Telemachus* being of a quick and ſprightly Temper, eaſily affected with the Impreſſions

preſſions of ſenſual Objects, reliſh'd all thoſe Pleaſures with delight; but he durſt not indulge himſelf too far in the enjoying of them, ſince he had experienc'd to his Grief and Shame in the Iſle of *Calypſo*, how ready Youth is to be inflam'd. He was ſhy and afraid, even of the moſt innocent Pleaſures, and ſuſpected every Thing. He look'd upon *Mentor*, and conſulted both his Face and his Eyes to know what he ought to think of all thoſe Pleaſures. *Mentor* was not a little pleas'd to ſee him in that Perplexity, but made as if he did not take notice of it; at laſt mov'd with *Telemachus*'s Moderation, he told him with a Smile: I perceive what you are afraid of; nay, I applaud your Fear; but however, you muſt have a care not to carry it too far. No Man can ever wiſh more earneſtly than I, that you enjoy thoſe ſoft and moderate Pleaſures that will leave you the uſe of your Reaſon, and can never turn you into a furious Brute; 'tis now convenient you ſhould refreſh your ſelf after all your Troubles and Fatigue; reliſh with a grateful Complaiſance to *Adoam*, all

thoſe Enjoyments he offers you; be merry, *Telemachus*, be merry and rejoyce; Virtue is neither moroſe, auſtere, nor affected: 'Tis ſhe yields true Pleaſures, ſhe alone knows how to ſeaſon and temper them, to make them ſolid and laſting; ſhe knows how to mix Mirth and Sports with the moſt important and ſerious Affairs; ſhe prepares us for Pleaſure by Labour, and refreſhes the Hardſhips of Labour by Pleaſure; Wiſdom it ſelf is not aſham'd to be gay and ſprightly upon occaſion. Having ſpoke theſe words, *Mentor* took up a Harp and touch'd it with ſuch exquiſite Art, that *Architoas* ſtung with Jealouſie, let his drop from his Hands, his Eyes were flaming with ſpite, his troubled Face turn'd pale, then bluſh'd, and then turn'd pale again; and every Body would have taken notice of his Pain and Confuſion, but that at the ſame moment *Mentor*'s Harp had raviſh'd into Extaſie the Soul of all the Aſſiſtants. No Man ſcarce durſt draw Breath for fear of interrupting the profound Silence, and ſo loſing the leaſt Note of the Divine Song; all were ſtill in pain leſt he ſhould

end

end it too ſoon. *Mentor*'s Voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs, but was flexible, mellow, and ſtrong; and he us'd it with ſuch Art, that he humour'd to admiration every thing he Sung. He at firſt rehearſed the Praiſes of mighty *Jove*, the Father and King both of Gods and Men, who with a Nod ſhakes the whole Univerſe: Afterwards he repreſented *Minerva* coming out of his Head, that is, Wiſdom, which that ſupreme God creates within himſelf, and which iſſues from him to inſtruct thoſe Men who are willing to be taught. *Mentor* ſung all thoſe Truths in ſuch divine and lofty Strains, that the whole Aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the very Top of *Olympus*, before the Face of great *Jupiter*, whoſe Looks are as piercing as his Thunder. Next to that, he ſung the Misfortune of young *Narciſſus*, who being fondly ſmittem with his own Beauty, which he was continually viewing in a Fountain, conſumed himſelf with Grief, and was changed into a Flower that bears its Name. Laſtly, he ſung the fatal Death of fair *Adonis*, whom a fierce wild Boar

tore in Pieces, and whom *Venus*, being paſſionately in love with, could never bring to life again, with all the bitter Complaints ſhe put up to Heaven.

None of thoſe who heard him were able to contain their Tears; and every one felt a ſecret Pleaſure in Weeping, when he had done Singing. The *Phenicians* look'd upon one another full of Wonder and Amazement: One ſaid, this is *Orpheus*, for thus with his Harp he us'd to tame fierce Beaſts, and draw after him both Trees and Stones. 'Tis thus he enchanted *Cerberus*; ſuſpended for a while the Torments of *Ixion*, ãnd of the *Danaids*; and mov'd the inexorable *Pluto*, to let the fair *Eurydice* go out of Hell. Another cry'd: No, 'tis *Linus* the Son of *Apollo*; to whom ſome body anſwerred, You are miſtaken: this muſt be *Apollo* himſelf. *Telemachus*'s Surprize was little leſs than that of the reſt, for he never knew before that *Mentor* could play on the Harp with ſo much Maſtery. *Architoas*, who by this time had conceal'd his Jealouſie, began to give *Mentor* thoſe Commendations he deſerv'd; but he could not praiſe him without bluſhing,

bluſhing, neither was he able to make an end of his Diſcourſe. *Mentor*, who ſaw what Trouble he was in, began to interrupt him, and endeavour'd to comfort him by commending his Muſick. However, his Praiſes did not comfort *Architoas*, for he was ſenſible that *Mentor* ſurpaſs'd him yet more by his Modeſty, than by the Charms of his Voice.

In the mean time *Telemachus* ſaid to *Adoam*, I remember you ſpoke to me of a Voyage you made into *Betica*, ſince we came away from *Egypt*; and becauſe *Betica* is a Country of which common Fame relates ſo many incredible Wonders, vouchſafe to tell me what we muſt believe of them. I will be extream glad, reply'd *Adoam*, to give you a Deſcription of that famous Country, which deſerves your Curioſity, and which is much beyond what Fame proclaims about it; whereupon he began thus: ——

The River *Betis* runs through a fruitful Land, and under a temper'd and ever-ſerene Sky: The Country has its Name from the River, which diſcharges its Waters into the great Ocean near the famous Pillars of *Hercules*, and about

that Place where the furious Sea breaking thro' its Banks, divided heretofore the Land of *Tarſis* from *Great Africa*. This Country ſeems to have preſerv'd the Delights of the Golden Age; here Winters are Luke-warm, and the fierce Northern Winds never rage in it; the ſcorching Heat of the Summer is ever allay'd by refreſhing *Zephires*, which fan the ſweltry Air towards Noon; ſo that the whole Year is but a happy Hymen betwixt Spring and Autumn, which ſeem ever to go Hand in Hand. The Land, both in the Vallies and the Plains, yields every Year a double Harveſt; the Hills are over-ſpread with numerous Flocks of Sheep, whoſe fine Wool is a choice Commodity among all Nations of the known World. There are a great many Mines of Gold and Silver in that happy Country; but its rude Inhabitants, contented and happy with their Plainneſs, diſdain to count Gold or Silver among their Riches, and only value what is really neceſſary to anſwer the Wants of Humane Nature. When we firſt began to Trade with that Nation, we found Gold and Silver

employ'd among them about the ſame uſes as Iron; as for example, for Plow-ſhares, *&c.* As they had no outward Trade, ſo they wanted no Coin; moſt of them are either Shepherds or Huſbandmen; Artificers and Tradeſmen are but few in this Country; for they only tolerate thoſe Arts which procure the Neceſſaries of Life; and beſides, tho' moſt of the Inhabitants either follow Agriculture, or the tending of Herds and Flocks, yet they are skill'd in thoſe Arts which are ſerviceable for the ſupport of their plain and frugal way of living. The Women ſpin that ſilky Wool I told you of; and make extraordinary fine and white Stuffs; they bake Bread; dreſs Victuals, and all thoſe Labours are eaſie to them; for in this Country their ordinary Food is Fruit and Milk; out of the Leather of their Sheep, they make thin Shoes for themſelves, their Husbands and their Children; they make Tents, ſome of waxed Skins, and others of Barks of Trees; they waſh the Cloths, keep the Houſes in order, and ſweet and clean to admiration, and make Garments for all the Family; thoſe

Garments are eaſily made; for in this ſweet and happy Climate, they only wear a thin and light Piece of Stuff, neither cut nor ſow'd; and which, for Modeſty's ſake, every one laps about his Body in long folds, and in what form he pleaſes. The Men, beſides Husbandry, and the tending of their Herds and Flocks, have no other Arts to exerciſe but the Working and Faſhioning of Wood and Iron; and even in theſe they ſeldom make any uſe of Fire, unleſs it be for Tools neceſſary for Husbandry. All thoſe Arts which belong to Architecture are altogether uſeleſs to them; for they never build Houſes; it argues, ſay they, too great a Fondneſs for the Earth, the building a Dwelling upon it much more laſting than one ſelf; it is ſufficient to have a Shelter againſt the Injuries of the Air. As for all other Arts, ſo much eſteem'd among the *Grecians*, the *Egyptians* and other civiliz'd Nations, they abhor and deteſt them as the Inventions of Pride and Effeminacy. When they hear of Nations that have the skill of raiſing magnificent Buildings; and can make Gold

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and Silver, houſhold Goods, Stuffs adorn'd with Imbroidery and precious Stones, exquiſite Perfumes, delicious and dainty Diſhes of Meat, and Inſtruments of Muſick, whoſe Harmony inchants the Soul, they anſwer in theſe words; Thoſe Nations are unhappy, thus to have beſtow'd ſo much Time, Labour, and Induſtry upon the corrupting of themſelves; thoſe Superfluities ſoften, intoxicate and torment the Poſſeſſors of them, and tempt thoſe that are depriv'd of them to acquire them by Injuſtice and Violence: And how can that be called a Good, which ſerves only to make Men wicked? The Men of thoſe Countries, are they more ſound, ſtrong and robuſt than we? Do they live longer? And are they better united among themſelves? Is their Life more free from Cares, more peaceful, and more jovial and merry? Nay, on the contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of one another, devour'd by ſhameful and black Envy, ever diſquieted and tortur'd by Ambition, Fears and Avarice, and incapable of enjoying plain, unmixt and ſolid Pleaſures, ſince

they are Slaves to ſo many ſham Neceſſaries, on which they make all their Felicity depend. Thus 'tis, continued *Adoam*, that theſe wiſe Men ſpeak, who owe all their Wiſdon to their diligent Study of Nature; they have an abhorrence for our Politeneſs, and it muſt be confeſt that theirs has ſomething great in their admirable Plainneſs; they live all together without dividing the Land; every Family is govern'd by its Chief, who is real King of it; the Father of the Family has the power to puniſh any of his Children or Grand-children, that commits a Fault, but before he inflicts the Puniſhment, he adviſes with the reſt of the Family: 'Tis rare indeed that there is any Puniſhment; for the Innocence of Manners, Truth, Honeſty, Integrity, Obedience and Abhorrence of Vice dwell in this happy Place, and it ſeems as if *Aſtrea*, who is ſaid to have retir'd into Heaven, lies yet conceal'd here among theſe People: There is no need of Judges amongſt them, for their own Conſciences judge 'em: All their Goods are in Common; the Fruits of the Trees, the Grain, Pulſe of the Earth,

Earth, the Milk of the Herds are ſo abounding, that a People ſo ſober and Moderate have no occaſion to divide 'em; each moving eaſily in this happy Country, carry their Tents from on Place to another, when they have eaten up the Paſturage, and conſum'd the Fruits of that part whence they come, ſo that it is not their Intereſt to maintain one againſt t'other; and if they all love one another with a brotherly Love, which nothing can interrupt, 'tis the contempt of vain Riches and of deceitful Pleaſures which confirm 'em in this Peace, Union and Liberty. They are all free, and all equal, and there is no other difference among 'em than that alone which the Experience of the Grave, old Men, or the extraordinary Wiſdom of ſome young Men makes, who being accompliſh'd in all Virtue, equal the old Men: The cruel Outcrys of Fraud, Violence, Perjury, Law-ſuits and Wars are never heard in this Country cheriſh'd by the Gods: No human Blood ever ſtain'd this Land, no, not ſo much as the Blood of innocent Lambs: When they hear of bloody Battles, devouring Conqueſts,

of

of the overthrow of States, which are frequent in all other Nations, they are Amaz'd. What, ſay they, are not Men ſubject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death! Life that is ſo ſhort ſeems to them too long. Are they ſent here upon Earth to tear one another in Pieces, and ſo make themſelves mutually Miſerable? Nor cou'd theſe People of *Betica* imagin why thoſe Conquerors, who ſubjugate great Empires, ſhou'd be ſo much admir'd: What a Folly 'tis, ſaid they, for a Man to place his Happineſs in governing other Men, the government of whom is ſo very troubleſome, if they are govern'd by Reaſon, and according to Juſtice: But how can he take Pleaſure in governing them againſt their Wills? 'Tis all that a wiſe Man ought to do, to ſubmit himſelf to govern a docile People of whom the Gods have given him Charge, or a People who intreat him to be as a Father or Shepherd to 'em; but to govern a People againſt their Will, is to make himſelf moſt Miſerable, to gain a falſe Honour for keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man whom

whom the Gods, irritated againſt Mankind, have ſent upon the Earth in their Wrath, to lay Kingdoms waſt, ſpread Terrours, Miſery and Deſpair every where, and to make as many Slaves as there are free Men. Is it not Glory enough to a Man that thirſts after Fame to rule thoſe with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Do's he think that he is not worthy of Praiſe unleſs he becomes Violent, Unjuſt, Inſulting, an Uſurper and Tyrannick over all his Neighbours? War ſhou'd never be thought on but for the defence of Liberty. He is happy, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain Ambition to make another Man his Slave. Thoſe mighty Conquerors whom they repreſent to us with ſo much Glory, are like thoſe over-flowing Rivers, which appear Majeſtick, but deſtroy thoſe fertile Countries which they ſhou'd only refreſh.

After *Adoam* had given this Deſcription of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his Relation, ask'd him ſeveral particular Queſtions: Do theſe People, ſaid he, drink Wine? They are ſo far from

Drink-

of the overthrow of States, which are frequent in all other Nations, they are Amaz'd. What, ſay they, are not Men ſubject enough to Mortality, without precipitating one another to Death! Life that is ſo ſhort ſeems to them too long. Are they ſent here upon Earth to tear one another in Pieces, and ſo make themſelves mutually Miſerable? Nor cou'd theſe People of *Betica* imagin why thoſe Conquerors, who ſubjugate great Empires, ſhou'd be ſo much admir'd: What a Folly 'tis, ſaid they, for a Man to place his Happineſs in governing other Men, the government of whom is ſo very troubleſome, if they are govern'd by Reaſon, and according to Juſtice: But how can he take Pleaſure in governing them againſt their Wills? 'Tis all that a wiſe Man ought to do, to ſubmit himſelf to govern a docile People of whom the Gods have given him Charge, or a People who intreat him to be as a Father or Shepherd to 'em; but to govern a People againſt their Will, is to make himſelf moſt Miſerable, to gain a falſe Honour for keeping them in Slavery. A Conqueror is a Man

whom

whom the Gods, irritated againſt Mankind, have ſent upon the Earth in their Wrath, to lay Kingdoms waſt, ſpread Terrours, Miſery and Deſpair every where, and to make as many Slaves as there are free Men. Is it not Glory enough to a Man that thirſts after Fame to rule thoſe with Prudence whom the Gods have put under him? Do's he think that he is not worthy of Praiſe unleſs he becomes Violent, Unjuſt, Inſulting, an Uſurper and Tyrannick over all his Neighbours? War ſhou'd never be thought on but for the defence of Liberty. He is happy, who being a Slave to no Man, has not the vain Ambition to make another Man his Slave. Thoſe mighty Conquerors whom they repreſent to us with ſo much Glory, are like thoſe over-flowing Rivers, which appear Majeſtick, but deſtroy thoſe fertile Countries which they ſhou'd only refreſh.

After *Adoam* had given this Deſcription of *Betica*, *Telemachus*, charm'd with his Relation, ask'd him ſeveral particular Queſtions: Do theſe People, ſaid he, drink Wine? They are ſo far from

Drink-

Drinking it, reply'd *Adoam*, that they never car'd to make any; not that they want Grapes, ſince no Country whatever produces more delicious; but they are ſatisfi'd with eating Grapes as they do other Fruits; for they dread Wine as the Corrupter of Mankind: 'Tis a kind of Poyſon (ſay they) which makes 'em Mad; it does not kill a Man, indeed, but it makes him a Beaſt: Men may preſerve their Health without Wine, whoſe effect is to deſtroy good Manners. Then, ſaid *Telemachus*, I wou'd fain know what Laws are obſerv'd in Marriages in this Nation. No Man, repli'd *Adoam*, can have more than one Wife, whom he muſt keep as long as ſhe lives. The Honour of the Men in this Country depends as much on their Fidelity to their Wives, as the Honour of the Wives depends in other Countries on their Fidelity to their Husbands: Never were People ſo Honeſt, and ſo jealous of their Chaſtity; the Wives here are Beautiful and Agreeable, but Plain, Modeſt and Laborious; their Marriages are Peaceable, Fruitful, and without Blemiſh; the Husband and Wife ſeem to be but

one

one Perſon in two different Bodies; the Husband and the Wife ſhare the Cares of domeſtick Affairs together, the Husband manages all the Concerns abroad, the Wife keeps cloſe to her buſineſs at home; ſhe Comforts her Husband, and ſeems to be made for nothing elſe but to pleaſe him; ſhe gains his Confidence, and contributes leſs by her Beauty than her Virtue toheighten the Charms of their Society, which laſt as long as they live: The Sobriety, Temperance, and the Purity of Manners of theſe People give 'em a long Life, and free from Diſeaſes; here are Men of an Hundred, and of an Hundred and twenty Years Old, who yet are Freſh and Vigorous. I wou'd know now, ſaid *Telemachus*, how they do avoid going to War with other People their Neighbours. Nature, continued *Adoam*, has ſeparated them from other People, on one ſide by the Sea, and on the other ſide by high Mountains: On the other hand, the neighbouring Nations reſpect 'em for the ſake of their Virtue: Several times the other People falling out among themſelves, have made theſe Judges of their Differences, and

have

have entruſted the Lands and Towns, for which they diſputed, with them. As this wiſe Nation has never committed any Violence, no Body diſtruſts 'em. They Laugh when they hear of Kings who can't govern the Frontiers of their Eſtates among themſelves. Is it to be fear'd, ſay they, that Men ſhould want Lands? There will ever be more than they can cultivate; as long as there remains free Lands, we wou'd not ſo much as defend our own againſt our Neighbours, who wou'd take 'em from us; nor Envy, nor Pride, nor Falſhood, nor a Deſire of enlarging their Dominons, was ever known among the Inhabitants of *Betica*; ſo that their Neighbours never have occaſion to fear ſuch a People, nor can ever hope to make them fear it; which is the reaſon that they never moleſt 'em: Theſe People wou'd ſooner forſake their Country, or wou'd deliver themſelves up to Death, than ſubmit themſelves to Slavery: Thus they are as difficult to be Enſlav'd, as it is for them to deſire to Enſlave others. 'Tis that cauſes ſo profound a Peace between them and their Neighbours. *Adoam* ended this Diſcourſe, with an Account of

of the manner of Traffick between the *Phenicians* and thoſe of *Betica*: Theſe People, purſu'd he, were amaz'd when they ſaw ſtrange Men come from ſo far on the Waves of the Sea: They receiv'd us very kindly, and gave us part of all that they had, without taking any payment for it; they offer'd us all that was left of their Wool, after they had ſufficiently provided for their own uſe, and indeed ſent us a rich Preſent of it. 'Tis a Pleaſure to them to give their overplus liberally to Strangers. As for their Mines, it was no manner of trouble at all to have parted with 'em to us, they made no advantage of 'em; they fancy'd Men were not overwiſe to ſearch with ſo much Pains in the Bowels of the Earth, what cou'd not make 'em happy, nor ſatisfy true Neceſſity. Do not dig, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the Earth, content your ſelves with Ploughing and Tilling it, it will afford you real Goods that will nouriſh you; you will reap Fruits from it that are more valuable than Gold and Silver, ſince Men deſire neither Gold nor Silver only to purchaſe Neceſſaries to ſupport Life. We wou'd

often

often have taught 'em Navigation, and have carry'd the young Men of their Country into *Phenicia*; but they wou'd never conſent that their Children ſhou'd learn to Live after our manner. They would learn, ſaid they to us, to have occaſion for all thoſe Things that are meerly neceſſary to us; they wou'd have 'em, and they wou'd forſake Virtue to gain them; they wou'd grow, like a Man who has good Legs, and who having loſt the cuſtom of Walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the ſad neceſſity of being always carry'd like a ſick Man. Indeed they admire Navigation, becauſe it is an induſtrious Art; but they believe it is pernicious: If thoſe People, ſay they, have ſufficient of what is neceſſary to Life in their own Country, What do they ſeek in another? Are not they contented with what is ſufficient to Nature? They deſerve to be Shipwrack'd, for ſeeking Death in the midſt of Tempeſts to ſatiate their Avarice. *Telemachus* was raviſh'd at *Adoam*'s Diſcourſe, he was highly pleas'd that there was yet a People in the World, who following the true Dictates of Nature, was both ſo wiſe

wiſe and ſo happy. Oh, how far different are theſe Morals, ſaid he, from thoſe vain and ambitious Manners of thoſe People whom we believe to be the wiſeſt! We are ſo vitiated that we can hardly think this ſo natural Simplicity can be real. We look upon the Morals of theſe People only as a pleaſant Fable, and we ought to look upon ours as a monſtrous Dream.

Whilſt *Telemachus* and *Adoam* entertain'd one another in this manner, neglecting Sleep, and not perceiving that it was already Midnight; a deceitful Deity, their Enemy, led 'em far wide of *Ithaca*, which their Pilot *Achamas* attempted to make in vain. *Neptune*, altho a Friend to the *Phenicians*, cou'd no longer endure to think that *Telemachus* had eſcap'd the Tempeſt that had thrown him on the Rocks of the Iſle of *Calypſo*. *Venus*, who was yet more enrag'd to ſee this young triumphant Hero, who had overcome Love and all its Charms, in the tranſport of her Grief left *Cythera*, *Paphos*, *Idalia*, and all the Honours which are paid to her in the Iſle of *Cyprus*; and cou'd no longer ſtay in thoſe

Places where *Telemachus* had deſpis'd her Power; but mounts to bright *Olympus* where all the Gods were aſſembled round the Throne of *Jupiter*. From this Place they behold the Stars moving under their Feet: Thence they ſee the Globe of the Earth, like a little lump of Dirt. The vaſt Seas ſeem to them only like drops of Water, with which the lump of Dirt is a little moiſtned: The greateſt Kingdoms are in their Sight but a little Sand which cover the ſuperficies of this Dirt: The innumerable People, and the moſt powerful Armies, ſeem but as Ants which contend with one another for a ſlip of Graſs upon this heap of Dirt. The Immortals Laugh at the moſt ſerious Affairs that diſturb fooliſh Mortals, and they appear to them like the Sports of Children: What Men call Grandeur, Glory and Power, ſeem to the higheſt Powers nothing but Miſery and Folly. 'Tis in this Habitation ſo much elevated above the Earth, that *Jupiter* has fix'd his immoveable Throne. His Eyes pierce into the very Abyſs, and look even into the moſt ſecret corners of all Hearts; his ſoft and ſerene

Aſpects

Aſpects diſperſe Tranquility and Joy over all the Univerſe: On the contrary, when he ſhakes his awful Head, he moves both Heaven and Earth: The Gods themſelves dazl'd with the Rays of the Glory that ſurround him, can't approach him without Trembling; all the celeſtial Deities were near him at that Moment. *Venus* preſented her ſelf with all the Charms which wanton on her beautiful Boſom: Her looſe Gown had more ſplendor than all the Colours that *Iris* adorns her ſelf with in the dark Clouds, when ſhe comes to promiſe to affrighted Mortals the end of Tempeſts, and to proclaim to 'em the return of fair Weather. Her Robe was ty'd with that famous Girdle on which the Graces are repreſented. The Goddeſs's Hair was negligently ty'd behind by a Locket of Gold. All the Gods were ſurpris'd at her Beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before; and their Eyes were dazl'd like the Eyes of Mortals, when after a long Night, *Phœbus* returns to enlighten 'em with his Rays, they look one on another with Aſtoniſhment, and their Eyes return'd and fix'd always on *Venus*;

but

but they perceiv'd the Goddeſs's Eyes were bath'd in Tears, and that a deep Sorrow ſate on her Face: Mean while ſhe advanc'd towards the Throne of *Jupiter* with a ſoft and ſmooth Pace, like the rapid Flight of a Bird that cuts the vaſt Space of the yielding Air: He look'd on her with a great deal of complacency, and ſmil'd kindly on her, and, riſing, embrac'd her. My dear Daughter, ſaid he, what grieves you? I can't ſee your Tears without concern; fear not to diſcover your Thoughts to me, you know my Tenderneſs and Indulgence. *Venus* anſwer'd him with a ſoft Voice, but interrupted with deep Sighs; Oh, Father of Gods and Men! You who ſee all things, can't chooſe but know the cauſe of my Sorrow; *Minerva* is not ſatisfied even with over-throwing the lofty Town of *Troy* which I defended, and to be reveng'd on *Paris* who had preferr'd my Beauty to her's, but ſhe conducts the Son of *Ulyſſes*, that cruel Deſtroyer of *Troy*, over Land and Sea; *Telemachus* is ſtill accompany'd by *Minerva*, which occaſions that ſhe does not appear here in Place with

with the reſt of the Deities: She led this young Bravo into the Iſle of *Cprus*, to affront me, who not only diſdain'd to burn Incenſe on my Altars, but he has expreſt an abhorrence of the Feaſts which are celebrated in honour of me; he has ſhut up his Heart againſt my Pleaſures; in vain has *Neptune* rais'd the Winds and the Waves againſt him at my Requeſt, to puniſh him. *Telemachus* caſt by an horrible Shipwrack on the Iſle of *Calypſo*, triumph'd over Love himſelf, whom I had ſent into this Iſland to ſoften the Heart of this young *Greek*; neither the Youth nor the Charms of *Calypſo*, and of her Nymphs, nor the flaming Shafts of Love cou'd over-come the Artifices of *Minerva*, ſhe has ſnatch'd him away from that Iſland: See how I am confounded, a Stripling triumphs over me!

Jupiter to comfort her, ſaid, 'Tis true, my Daughter, that *Minerva* defends the Heart of this young *Greek* againſt all the Darts of your Son; and ſhe deſigns him more Glory than ever young Man attain'd to: I am troubled that he has deſpis'd your Altars, but I can't

can't give him up to your Power; but for the love of you, I conſent that he ſhall ſtill wander both by Sea and Land; that he ſhall live far from his Country, expos'd to all Sorts of Miſeries and Dangers, but the Fates will neither ſuffer him to periſh, nor his Virtue to yield to thoſe Pleaſures with which you bewitch Mankind. Be comforted then, my Daughter, to keep ſo many Hero's and ſo many Gods under your Empire. Here, he ſmil'd on *Venus* with all the Grace and Majeſty of the greateſt Deity: A flaſh of Light like the moſt piercing Lightnings darted from his Eyes, and tenderly kiſſing *Venus*, he diſpers'd an Odour of Ambroſia which perfum'd all *Olympus*. The Goddeſs cou'd not but be ſenſible of this Careſs from the greateſt of the Gods; in ſpite of her Tears and Grief, Joy was viſible in all her Face; ſhe let down her Veil to hide her Bluſhes, and the Confuſion in which ſhe found her ſelf: The whole Aſſembly applauded what *Jupiter* had ſaid; and, *Venus*, without loſing one moment, haſted to find out *Neptune*, to conſult with him the means of revenging her ſelf on

Telemachus.

Telemachus. She repeated to *Neptune* what *Jupiter* had ſaid to her: I knew long ſince, return'd *Neptune*, the irreverſible Decree of the Fates; but tho' we can't ſwallow up *Telemachus* in the Waves of the Sea, yet let us not forget any thing that may make him wretched, and retard his return to *Ithaca*; I can't yield that the *Phenician* Veſſel on which he is Aboard ſhould be loſt; for I love the *Phenicians*, they are my People; no other Nation in the Univerſe cultivates my Empire as they do; 'tis by their Induſtry alone that the Sea is become the means of a Commerce between all the People of the Earth; they honour me with continual Sacrifices on my Altars; they are Juſt, Wiſe, and Laborious in their Traffick; they diſperſe Profit and Plenty over all the Earth: No, Goddeſs, I can't allow that one of their Veſſels ſhould be wreck'd; but I will make the Pilot loſe his Courſe, and ſteer wide of *Ithaca*, whither he is bound. Contented with this Promiſe, *Venus* forc'd a malicious Smile, and alighted from her flying Chariot on the flow'ry Meadows of *Idalia*, where the Graces,

with Sports and Laughters, expreſt their Joy to ſee her again, dancing about her, on the Flowers that perfume this charming Abode: And *Neptune* immediately diſpatch'd a deceitful Deity, like the God of Dreams, ſave only that Dreams deceive but during the time of ſleep, whereas this Deity enchants Men's Senſes when they are awake. This miſchievous Deity, attended by a vaſt multitude of winged Lies and Falſities, which flutter'd about him, came to pour a ſubtile and enchanting Liquor on the Eyes of the Pilot. *Achamas*, who was attentively conſidering the height of the Moon, the Courſe of the Stars, and the Port of *Ithaca* whoſe ſharp-pointed Rocks he had already diſcover'd near enough to him; but in this very moment the Pilot's Eyes cou'd diſcern nothing truly as it was; another Sky preſented it ſelf to him, the Stars ſeem'd as if they had chang'd their Courſe, and were returning back again to their Spheres: All the Firmament ſeem'd to move by new Laws; the very Earth it ſelf was alter'd, and a falſe *Ithaca* always in the Pilot's View, to amuſe him

all

all the time he was ſhearing off from the true one: The more he advanc'd towards this deceitful Repreſentation of the Port of the Iſland, the more this falſe Repreſentation deluded him; nor cou'd he imagin what to make of this Retreat: Sometimes he thought he already heard the noiſe that is uſually made in a Port, and was ſtrait preparing according to the Orders he had receiv'd to go a Shoar on a little Iſland near the great one, to deſtroy the Lovers of *Penelope*, who had conſpir'd to hinder the return of this young Prince *Telemachus*: Sometimes he fear'd the Shelves which are ſo numerous on the Shoars of that part of the Sea, and he fancy'd he heard the dreadful Roaring of the Waves which break themſelves againſt theſe Shelves: Then all on a ſudden, he obſerv'd that the Land appear'd yet more diſtant; the Mountains ſeem'd no otherwiſe to him, ſo far off, than as ſo many little Clouds which ſometimes darken the Horizon, while yet the Sun is ſet. Thus was *Achamas* amaz'd, and the Impreſſion of this deceitful Deity that had charm'd his Eyes, made him ſenſible that he was

poſſeſs'd with ſomething more than ordinary, which 'till then he had not perceiv'd; at the ſame time too he cou'd not believe that he was awake, but that he was deluded only by a Dream. *Neptune* in the mean time commanded the Eaſt Wind to blow, in order to drive the Ship on the Coaſts of *Heſperia*: The Wind obey'd him with ſuch a ſtrong Gale, that the Ship ſoon arriv'd at the Port that *Neptune* had deſign'd it.

Aurora had already proclaim'd the approaching day; already had the Stars, which fear and are jealous of the Rays of the Sun, hidden their dark Fires in the Ocean, when the Pilot cry'd out, I am out of doubt, for we are juſt upon the Iſland of *Ithaca*: Chear up, *Telemachus*! Now is the time that you ſhall ſee *Penelope* again, and (perhaps) find *Ulyſſes* reſeated on his Throne. *Telemachus*, who was till then, faſt lock'd in the Arms of a profound Sleep, awaking at theſe words, riſes and comes into the Steerage, embraces the Pilot, and with his Eyes yet hardly open; ſtedfaſtly views the Neighbouring Shoar, and ſigh'd when he cou'd not perceive his

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own Country's Shoar. Alas, ſaid he, where are we! *Achamas*, you are deceiv'd; you are but ill acquainted with theſe Coaſts ſo far diſtant from your own Country. No, no, reply'd *Achamas*, I can't be deceiv'd in my Knowledge of the Coaſting of this Iſland: How many times have I come into your Port? I know it to the very leaſt Rocks in it; the Port of *Tyre* is not more freſh in my Memory: See that Mountain there that advances, and that Rock that riſes like a Tower! Don't you perceive the Billows that break themſelves againſt thoſe other Rocks that ſeem to threaten the Sea by their fall? But don't you take notice of the Temple of *Minerva*, that cuts the Clouds? Look you, there's the Houſe and Caſtle of your Father *Ulyſſes*. Oh, *Achamas!* reply'd *Telemachus*, I ſee on the contrary a remote Coaſt over againſt me both clear and even; and I perceive a Town, but not *Ithaca*. Oh, ye Gods! Is it thus you mock poor Mortals? Whilſt he was ſpeaking theſe words, all on a ſudden the Eyes of *Achamas* were clear'd; the Charm was ended, and he ſaw and knew

the Shoar, perfectly what it was, and acknowledg'd his Error.

I am confident, Oh *Telemachus!* cry'd he, that ſome envious Deity has bewitch'd my Eyes: I thought I ſaw *Ithaca*; the true Proſpect of it preſented it ſelf intirely to my view; but at that ſame moment it vaniſh'd like a Dream: I now ſee another City, and, doubtleſs, it is *Salante*, which *Idomeneus* flying from, *Crete* is building in *Heſperia*: I perceive riſing Walls, which are not yet finiſh'd; and I ſee a Fort, which is not altogether fortify'd. Whilſt *Achamas* was remarking the ſeveral Works newly carry'd on this growing City, and *Telemachus* was deploring his Unhappineſs, the Wind that *Neptune* had rais'd carry'd 'em with full Sail into the ſafe Road, and juſt by the Port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of *Neptune*'s Revenge, nor the cruel Artifice of *Venus*, cou'd not chooſe but laugh at the miſtake of *Achamas*. When they were in this Road, ſaid *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* tries you, but will not deſtroy you; and only tries you to ſhew you the way to Glory. Think on

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the Labours of *Hercules*. Let your Father's Actions be ever in your Mind. He who can't ſuffer has nothing of Courage. By your Patience and Fortitude, you will tire that cruel Fortune which takes delight to perſecute you. I am leſs afraid, for your ſake, of the rigorous Treatment of *Neptune*, than I fear'd the flattering Careſſes of that Goddeſs which detain'd you in her Iſle. What do we ſtay for? Let us into the Port! Theſe People are our Friends; we are come among the *Greeks*. *Idomeneus*, who has been himſelf ill treated by Fortune, will have pity on the Miſerable. They preſently enter'd the Port of *Salante*, where the *Phenician* Veſſel was receiv'd without any difficulty; becauſe the *Phenicians* have Peace and Commerce with the whole Univerſe. *Telemachus*, with admiration, beheld this growing City, as it were a young Plant, which having been nouriſh'd by the ſweet Dew of the Night, in the Morning feels the Beams of the Sun which come to imbeliſh it; it grows, it opens its tender Buds, it extends its green Leaves, it blows its odoriferous

Flowers with a thouſand new Colours; every moment it preſents it ſelf to the Sight, a new Luſtre is found on it; ſo flouriſh'd *Idomeneus*'s new City on the Sea's ſide: Each day, each hour it grows in magnificence; and ſhew'd to Strangers afar off at Sea, new Ornaments of Architecture which reach'd the very Skies. All the Shoar reſounded with the cries of the Workmen, and the blows of Hammers; the Stones were hung up in the Air by Cranes with Ropes; all the Nobility encourag'd the People in their Work, from the very firſt peep of day; and the King, *Idomeneus*, himſelf giving Orders throughout all, made the Works advance with incredible Expedition.

The *Phenician* Veſſel was hardly got into Port, e're the *Cretans* gave *Telemachus* and *Mentor* all the Tokens of a ſincere Friendſhip: They poſted away to give *Idomeneus* notice of the Arrival of the Son of *Ulyſſes*. The Son of *Ulyſſes!* cry'd he, of *Ulyſſes?* The dear Friend of that wiſe and great Hero; by whom, at laſt, we have levell'd the lofty Walls of proud *Troy* even to the Ground!

Bring

Bring him to me, that I may ſhew him how much I lov'd his Father. As ſoon as *Telemachus* was preſented to him, ſaid he to him, with a ſweet and ſmiling Countenance, Tho' no body ſhou'd have told me who you are, I am certain I ſhou'd have known you; you are *Ulyſſes* himſelf; ſee his very Eyes full of Fire, his ſtedy Aſpect! See beſides, his Air ſo cold and reſerv'd, which cover'd ſo much Vivacity and ſo many Graces: Look! Here's his obliging Smile too; his negligent Demean, his ſoft Speech, plain and inſinuating, which perſuaded without allowing time for Suſpicion! Yes; you are the Son of *Ulyſſes*, but you ſhall be mine too; my dear Son! What Adventures brought youon theſeCoaſts? Is it in ſearch of your Father? Alas! I never heard from him: Croſs Fate perſecuted us both; he had the Misfortune of being driven from his Country, and I that of finding mine, fill'd with Horrors by the Hatred of the immortal Gods againſt me. Whilſt *Idomeneus* ſpoke thoſe words he look'd fixedly upon *Mentor*, as being no Stranger to his Face; tho' at the ſame time he was much per-

plex'd about his Name. In the mean time *Telemachus* anſwer'd him, with Tears in his Eyes; Oh! King, Pardon my Grief, which I cannot conceal from you, even at a time when I ought to be full of Joy and Gratitude for all your generous Favours to me. Your Sorrow for the loſs of *Ulyſſes*, teaches me how deeply I ought to be affected by my misfortune in not finding my dear Father; 'tis now a tedious while ſince I have been in ſearch of him thro' all the known Seas: The angry Gods won't ſuffer me to hope, either to ſee him again, or to return to *Ithaca*, where *Penelope* is daily tortur'd with a fruitleſs Deſire of being freed from her troubleſome Lovers.

I expected to have found you in the Iſle of *Crete*; I there learnt your cruel Fate, but little thought of ever touching the Coaſt of *Heſperia*, where you have founded a new Kingdom: But Fortune, who is pleas'd to ſport with us Mortals, who makes me wander from Place to Place, and keeps me ſtill from *Ithaca*, caſt me at laſt upon your Shoar; yet of all the Diſaſters ſhe has expos'd

expos'd me to, this I could bear with a contented Mind. For, tho' ſhe drives me away from my Native Country, yet ſhe brings me acquainted with the wiſeſt and moſt generous of all Kings. At theſe words *Idomeneus* gave *Telemachus* a kind Embrace; and having led him into his Palace, who is that wiſe old Man, ſaid he to him, who accompanies you, for methinks I have ſeen him before: 'Tis *Mentor*, reply'd *Telemachus*: *Mentor*, *Ulyſſes*'s intimate Friend, who has taken care of me even from my Infancy, and who beſt can inform you how much I am beholden to him. Thereupon *Idomeneus* made towards *Mentor*, and ſhaking him by the hand told him; You and I have ſeen one another before: You may remember when you went over to *Crete*, and what good Advice you gave me; but at that time I was hurried away by the heat of Youth, and tranſported by the Enjoyment of ſenſual Pleaſures; ſo that my Misfortunes only have been able to teach me Wiſdom. Oh! that I had believed your Counſels; Oh! wiſe old Man! But I am full of wonder to find

that Age has made no alteration in you ſince ſo many Years; your Face is ſtill freſh and lively, and your Body ſtrait and vigorous, only your Hair is grown ſomewhat Hoary. Great King, anſwer'd *Mentor*, were I a Flatterer, I would tell you likewiſe that you ſtill preſerve that youthful Livelineſs which ſmil'd in your Face at the Siege of *Troy*. But I had rather incurr your Diſpleaſure, than ſpeak againſt Truth; beſides, I find by your wiſe Diſcourſe that you are averſe to Flattery, and that a Man may be ſincere with you without running any Hazard: Wherefore I muſt freely own that you are ſo much alter'd, that I could ſcarce have known you again. I plainly ſee the cauſe of it, which is your long Misfortunes and Sufferings; but the Wiſdom you have acquir'd makes you ſufficient amends for what you have ſuffer'd; and a Man ought to be eaſie and unconcern'd at the Wrinkles of his Face, whilſt his Soul is inur'd to the Practice of Virtue. Moreover, know, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that Kings always wear out faſter than other Men: For in Adverſity, both the Troubles of

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the Mind, and bodily Labours make them look Old before their Time: In Proſperity, the ſoft Enjoyments of an effeminate Life waſte their Strength yet more than the Toils of War, and nothing is more hurtful than exceſs in Pleaſure. This is the Reaſon why Kings, both in Peace and War, enjoy Pleaſures, and are expos'd to ſuch Labours and Hardſhips as anticipate old Age; whereas a ſober, moderate, and plain Life, free from Diſquietudes and Paſſions, regular and laborious, keeps all the Limbs of a wiſe Man in a vigorous Youthfulneſs, which without theſe Precautions, flies faſt away upon the Wings of Time.

Idomeneus charm'd with *Mentor*'s Diſcourſe, had been longer attentive to him, had they not come to remind him of a Sacrifice that he was to make to *Jupiter*: *Telemachus* and *Mentor* follow'd him ſourrounded by a great Multitude of People, who with great earneſtneſs and Curioſity gaz'd on theſe two Strangers: They ſaid one to another, theſe two Men are very different; the young one has an Air admirable and lovely,

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beyond Expreſſion; all the Charms of Youth and Beauty are every where diſpers'd both over his whole Body; but this Beauty has nothing Languid nor effeminate; with this tender Flower of Youth, he appears vigorous, ſtrong and inur'd to Labour: But this other, tho far older, yet has loſt nothing of his Strength; and tho his Mien is not ſo majeſtical, and his Countenance leſs pleaſant, yet on a nearer view, in his plainneſs may be ſeen the Marks of Wiſdom and Virtue, with a ſurpriſing Gravity: When the Gods deſcended to converſe with Mortals on the Earth, undoubtedly they took Figures like theſe two ſtrange Travellers.

By this time, they were arriv'd at the Temple of *Jupiter*, whom *Idomeneus*, who was the Offspring, had adorn'd with a great deal of Magnificence: He was inviron'd with a double Row of Pillars of Marble like *Jaſper*; the Chapiters were of Silver; the Temple was all lin'd with Marble, with Braſs reliefs' which repreſented *Jupiter* transform'd into a Bull, the Rape of *Europa*, and his Paſſage over the Sea into *Crete*;

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they ſeem'd to reverence *Jupiter*, tho he was in a ſtrange Form: Then the Wiſdom and Birth of *Minos* was to be ſeen; who there appea'd in the heighth of old Age, diſpenſing Laws to his whole Iſland, which might make it for ever flouriſhing. There alſo *Telemachus* obſerv'd, the principal Adventures at the Siege of *Troy*, where *Idomeneus* had juſtly acquir'd the Glory of a great General. In the Repreſentations of theſe Combats *Telemachus* ſought his Father, and found him taking away the Horſes of *Rheſus*, whom *Diomedes* had juſt ſlain; and in another place contending with *Ajax* for the Arms of *Achilles*, before all the Commanders of the *Greek* Army; and at laſt their coming out of the fatal Horſe to deſtroy the Lives of ſo many *Trojans*: In all theſe famous Actions *Telemachus* knew him, of which he had ſo often heard, and which *Neſtor* himſelf had recounted to him. Here Tears preſently guſh'd from his Eyes, he chang'd Colour, and Grief appeared all over his Face: *Idomenens* perceiv'd it, tho he turn'd aſide to conceal his Trouble. Don't be aſham'd, ſaid *Idomeneus*

meneus to him, to let us ſee how much you are concern'd at the Glory and Miſfortunes of your Father. In the mean while the People came in whole Crowds under the vaſt Portico's made thro' the double row of Columns which ſurrounded the Temple. There were two Companies of young Boys and Girls, who ſung Verſes in Praiſe of that God who diſperſes the Thunder. Theſe Children who were all choſen out of the moſt Beautiful, had their long Hair hanging looſe on their Shoulders; their Heads were Crown'd with Roſes and Perfumes, and were all Cloath'd in White. *Idomeneus* offer'd an Hundred Bulls to beg a favourable Succeſs in a War, which he had undertaken againſt his Neighbours: The Blood of the Victims reak'd on every ſide, and was ſeen to ſtream over the Goblets of Gold and Silver. The old Man *Theophanes*, dear to the Gods, and Prieſt of the Temple, during the time of Sacrifice, cover'd his Head with one end of his purple Robe; then he conſulted the Entrails of the Victims, which were yet panting, after which, mounting the ſacred Tripos; O ye Gods!

Gods! (cry'd he) what are then theſe Strangers, whom you have ſent into theſe Parts? Without theſe, the War lately deſign'd wou'd be dreadful; and *Salante* wou'd be bury'd in Ruin, 'ere it were rais'd on its Foundations. I ſee a young Hero, whom Wiſdom ſtill conducts——No Mortal dare ſay more. ——Here his Looks were wild, and his Eyes ſparkl'd; and he ſeem'd to gaze on other Objects than thoſe that were before him: His Face was all afire: He rag'd, and grew Diſtracted; his Hair ſtood an end, he foam'd at Mouth, and his lifted up Arms were immoveable: His Voice was ſtronger than any humane Voice whatever; he was out o' Breath, and cou'd not contain the Deity which tranſported him: O happy *Idomeneus*, cry'd he again, what do I ſee! What Misfortunes avoided! What ſoft Peace at Home! But what bloody Wars Abroad! What Victories! O *Telemachus!* Thy Labours exceed thy Father's. The haughty and fierce Enemy grovels in the Duſt, under thy Sword; the brazen Gates and inacceſſible Ramparts fall at thy Feet——

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O Great Goddeſs! That his Father—— O Brave Youth, in time thou ſhalt ſee————Here his Speech fail'd him, and that Word clos'd his Mouth, and he continued in Spite of his Endeavours, in an amazing Silence. All the People were congeal'd with Fear: *Idomeneus*, all trembling, durſt not bid him make an end. *Telemachus* himſelf aſtoniſh'd, cou'd hardly underſtand what he had heard; much ado he had to believe that ſo great Predictions were made of him; *Mentor* alone was unaſtoniſh'd at the divine Spirit. You underſtand, ſaid he to *Idomeneus*, the purpoſe of the Gods; that againſt whatſoever Nation you ſhall lead your Forces, the Victory ſhall be yours; and that you ſhall own your good Succeſs of your Arms to your Friend's Son: Be not Jealous therefore, but only make uſe of what the Gods now give you by his Means. *Idomeneus*, being not yet recover'd out of his Amazement, in vain attempted to Speak; his Tongue remain'd immoveable. Says *Telemachus* to *Mentor*; So much promis'd Glory does not move me: But what can be the meaning of thoſe Words,

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Thou ſhalt ſee again, Is it my Father or only *Ithaca* that I ſhall ſee? Alaſs! Why did he not make an end of his Prophecy? He left me more perplex'd than I was before: Oh *Ulyſſes*! Oh my Father! Is it then poſſible I ſhall ſee you again! But I Flatter my ſelf——Oh! cruel Oracle, thou takeſt Delight in Sporting with an unfortunate Man; one Word more, and I had reach'd the top of Happineſs.

Says *Mentor* to him, Receive with Reverence what the Gods are pleas'd to reveal, and attempt not to diſcover what they intend to keep ſecret: A raſh Curioſity deſerves to be confounded: 'Tis out of a ſupream Goodneſs and Wiſdom, that the Gods keep weak Mortals in Ignorance about their Fates. I own 'tis a great advantage to foreſee what depends on us, in order to do it well; but 'tis every whit as advantageous to be Ignorant of what lies not in our Power, but intirely depends on Heaven's irreverſible Decrees. *Telemachus*, touch'd with theſe Words, contain'd himſelf, tho not without Reluctancy. As for *Idomeneus*, having recover'd

ver'd his ſurprize, he begun to return great *Jove* Thanks for ſending to him young *Telemachus*, and wiſe *Mentor* to make him victorious over his Enemies. And having made a magnificent Feaſt after the Sacrifice, he Spoke to the two Strangers in theſe Words.

I confeſs I was but little acquainted with the Art of Governing, when I return'd to *Crete*, after the Siege of *Troy*. You know, dear Friends, what Miſfortunes hinder'd me from reigning over that great Iſland, ſince you aſſure me you were there after I left it. Yet I am too happy if the cruelleſt ſtrokes of Fortune can ſerve to teach me to be Maſter of my Paſſions: I croſt the Seas like a Fugitive, whom the avenging Gods and Men purſue: All my paſt Honours and Glory ſerv'd only to make my Fall the more ignominious and inſupportable: I ſought a ſhelter for my houſhold-Gods on this deſart Coaſt, where I found nothing but wild, uncultivated Lands, over-run with Thorns and Briars, cover'd with Trees as old as the Earth it ſelf; and huge ſteep Rocks inacceſſible to all but fierce Beaſts, which

which harbour'd under them. Yet ſuch was the Extremity to which I was reduc'd, that I was glad to enjoy, with a few Soldiers and Friends who had been willing to accompany me in my Misfortunes, that wild, ſavage Land, and make it my Country, having no hopes ever to ſee again that fortunate Iſland, whereof I was born King. Alaſs! ſaid I to my ſelf, what a Change is here! What a dreadful Example am I to Kings! What wholſome Inſtructions they can draw from my Miſcarriages! They fancy there is nothing they ought to be afraid of becauſe of their Elevation above the reſt of Men: But oh! 'tis that very Elevation which ought to make them more afraid than others. I was dreaded by my Enemies, and belov'd by my Subjects; I commanded over a powerful and warlike Nation; Fame had ſpread my Renown as far as the remoteſt Countries; I reign'd in a fruitful and delightful Iſland; an hundred Cities paid me a yearly Tribute out of their Riches; my People acknowledg'd me to be the Off-ſpring of great *Jupiter*, and as I was born in their Country,

Country, they lov'd me as the Grand-Son of wiſe *Minos*, whoſe Laws make them ſo powerful and happy. What could be wanting to my Felicity, except the knowing how to uſe it with Moderation: But alaſs! my own Pride, and the Flattery of others, to which I liſtned but too much, have over-turn'd my Throne, and in the like manner will all Kings fall, who will give up themſelves to their own Deſires, and the deceitful Counſels of their Flatterers. In the Day-time I endeavour'd to put on a Countenance both ſmiling and full of Aſſurance, in order to keep up the Courage of thoſe who had follow'd me: Let us build, ſaid I to them, a new City that will make us amends for all our Loſſes; we are ſurrounded by Nations, whoſe Example ought to animate us in this Undertaking; we behold *Tarentum*, which is rearing up pretty near us, and 'tis *Phalantus*, with his *Lacedemonians*, who poſſeſſes that new Kingdom; *Philoctetes* builds another great City on the ſame Coaſt, to which he gave the Name of *Petilia*. *Metapontus* is likewiſe ſuch another Colony; why then ſhould we

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do leſs than thoſe Strangers, who wander like us, ſince Fortune is no more croſs to us than to them? Whilſt with theſe and the like words, I endeavour'd to alleviate the Troubles of my Companions, I conceal'd a mortal Grief in the bottom of my Heart; I felt ſome Comfort at the withdrawing of the day, when in the gloomy Shade of ſilent Night, I was at liberty to lament my wretched Fate; my Eyes became two Streams of continual Tears, and ſweet Sleep had quite deſerted my Bed: The next day I reſum'd my Toils with unwearied eagerneſs, and that's the Reaſon, Oh! *Mentor*, you found me ſo much alter'd by Age. *Idomeneus* having thus given *Telemachus* and *Mentor* the Relation of all his Misfortunes, he deſir'd their Aſſiſtance in the War wherein he was engag'd; I will, ſaid he, take care that you are ſafely conducted to *Ithaca*, as ſoon as the War is over; in the mean time I will ſend out Ships to the moſt diſtant Shoars to learn News of *Ulyſſes*; into what Place of the known World he may be caſt, either by the ſtormy Winds or ſome angry Deity;

Deity; I will bring him back from thence; may the Gods but grant that he be ſtill alive! As for you, I will ſend you back into your own Country in the beſt Ships that ever were built in the Iſle of *Crete*; they are made of Trees fell'd on Mount *Ida*, where great *Jove* was born; that ſacred Wood can never periſh in the Waves; the Winds and Rocks both fear and reverence it; and even *Neptune*, tho' never ſo angry, dares not to raiſe his fierce Billows againſt it: Therefore be aſſur'd that you will return to *Ithaca* with eaſe and ſafety, and that no croſs Deity ſhall be able to make you wander on ſo many Seas any more: The Paſſage to your own Iſland is ſhort and eaſie; ſend away the *Phenician* Veſſel that brought you hither, and think now on nothing but on the Honour you ſhall reap in ſettling *Idomeneus* in his new Kingdom, and making him amends for all his Loſſes. 'Tis by theſe Actions, Oh! Son of *Ulyſſes*, that you will be thought worthy of your Father; and tho' cruel Fate ſhould have already confin'd him within the gloomy Kingdom of *Pluto*, yet all *Greece* ſhall have

the Pleaſure to find him again in you.

At theſe Words *Telemachus* interrupting *Idomeneus*, let us, ſaid he, ſend away the *Phenician* Veſſel: Why do we defer any longer to take up Arms, and attack your Enemies, who are now become ours? Since we were Victorious when we fought in *Sicily* for *Aceſtes* a *Trojan*, and an Enemy of *Greece*; can any one doubt but that we will ſhew a greater Ardour and Reſolution, and be more favour'd by the Gods, when we fight for one of thoſe *Grecian* Heroes. who over-threw *Troy*, the City of *Priamus*?

Mentor, looking upon *Telemachus* with a ſerene and compos'd Countenance, and perceiving that he burnt with a noble and eager Deſire of Fighting, ſpoke thus to him: I am very glad, Oh! Son of *Ulyſſes*, to find in you ſo generous and commendable a Paſſion for Glory; but remember that the great Renown your Father got amongſt the *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*, was only by approving himſelf, the wiſeſt and moſt moderate of them. Altho'

the fierce *Achilles* was both invincible and invulnerable, altho' he carried Terrour and Deſtruction where-ever he fought, yet *Achilles* could not make himſelf Maſter of *Troy*; he fell before the Walls of that famous City, which triumph'd over the Murderer of *Hector*; but *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Valour was ever guided by Prudence, carried Fire and Sword amongſt the *Trojans*, and 'tis to him the fall of thoſe lofty Towers, which during ten Years, defied whole *Greece*, is entirely owing. As much as *Minerva* is above *Mars*, by ſo much a diſcreet and provident Valour ſurpaſſes a boiſterous, raſh and wild Courage: Therefore, let us, Firſt, conſider the Reaſons and Circumſtances of this War, which is to be carried on: I decline no Dangers whatſoever, but methinks, *Idomeneus*, you ought to let us know, Firſt, whether the War you engage in be juſt! Secondly, againſt whom you wage it; and, Laſtly, whether your Forces be ſuch, as you may reaſonably hope to overcome your Enemies. *Idomeneus* reply'd: At our firſt landing on this Coaſt, we found in it a

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ſavage People who liv'd in the Woods, and fed upon what they kill'd in Hunting, and the Maſt of Trees; they were frighted at the ſight of our Ships and Arms, and fled to the Neighbouring Mountains; but the Souldiers being deſirous to ſee the Country, as they were in purſuit of ſome Stags, they met with thoſe fugitive Savages; thereupon the Leaders of thoſe Savages told them: We have abandon'd the pleaſant Sea-Shore, and yielded it to you; we have nothing left but wild Mountains almoſt inacceſſible, and it is but juſt you ſuffer us to live in them in Peace and Liberty; we have met you wandring and weaker than we, ſo that nothing could hinder us from deſtroying you, and concealing even from your Companions the knowledge of your Misfortunes; but we diſdain to imbrue our Hands in the Blood of thoſe who are our Fellow-Creatures. Go your ways; remember you are indebted for your Lives to our Sentiments of Humanity; and never forget that 'tis from a People you call Rude and Savage, that you receiv'd this Leſſon of Generoſity

and Moderation. Thoſe of our Men, who werethus diſmiſt by the *Barbarians*; return'd to the Camp, and related what had happen'd to them; our Soldiers were mov'd at it, and aſham'd that *Cretans* ſhould owe their Lives to a deſpicable Company of wild Men: Thereupon they went out a Hunting in greater Numbers than at firſt, and provided themſelves with all manner of Arms: 'Twas not long before they met with the Savages, and fell upon them; the Fight was cruel and obſtinate; the Darts flew on both ſides as thick as Hail in a Storm. The Savages were at laſt forc'd to retire to their ſteep Mountains, where our Men durſt not follow them. A little while after thoſe People ſent to me two of their wiſeſt old Men who came to ſue for Peace, and brought Preſents to me, which conſiſted in Skins of wild Beaſts they had kill'd in Hunting, and ſeveral ſorts of Fruit which the Country yields; having deliver'd their Preſents, they addreſt themſelves to me in theſe Words: Oh! King, thou ſeeſt we hold the Sword in one of our Hands, and an O-

live-branch in the other; (for they had both in their Hands) ſo that you may chuſe either Peace or War: We confeſs we had rather Peace; and 'tis for that Reaſon we are not aſham'd to yield to thee the pleaſant Sea-Shore, where the Sun chears the Land with its warm Beams, and makes it produce ſo many ſorts of delicious Fruits; yet Peace is ſweeter and pleaſanter than all thoſe Fruits; and therefore we retir'd to thoſe high Mountains ever cover'd with Ice and Snow, where we never ſee either the Flowers of the Spring, or the rich Fruits of the Autumn. We have an abhorrence for that Brutality which, under the fair Names of Ambition and Honour, lays waſte whole Provinces, and ſpills the Blood of Men who are all Brothers and Fellow-Creatures; if thou art ambitious of that falſe Honour, we are ſo far from envying thee, that we rather pity thee, and beg the Gods to keep us from ſuch a wild Fury. If Sciences, which the *Grecians* learn with ſo much ſtudy, and the Politeneſs and Civility which they value themſelves upon, inſpire them with nothing

but this deteſtable Injuſtice, we think our ſelves too happy in being depriv'd of thoſe Advantages; we will pride in being *Barbarians*, as long as we are juſt, human, faithful, diſintereſted, contented with little, and deſpiſing that vain Nicety which multiplies our Wants; what we value moſt is Health, Frugality, Liberty, a ſound and vigorous Body and Mind; the love of Virtue, the fear of the Gods, a kind Nature towards our Relations, a conſtant Affection to our Friends, Faithfulneſs and Honeſty with every Body, Moderation in Proſperity, Conſtancy in adverſe Fortune, a couragious Boldneſs in ſpeaking the Truth at all times, and an abhorrence for Flattery: Theſe are the People whom we offer to thee for Neighbours and Allies. If the angry Gods blind your Eyes ſo far as not to let you ſee your own Intereſt, and if thou refuſeſt Peace, thou ſhalt find, but too late, that thoſe People are moſt to be dreaded in War, who love Peace out of a Principle of Moderation.

While thoſe old Men ſpoke thus to me, I could not keep my Eyes from being

ing fixt on them; they had long Beards; ſhort hoary Hair; thick Eye-brows; quick and lively Eyes; a reſolute Look and Countenance; plain and ingenuous Manners: The Furs they wore for Cloaths being ty'd negligently over their Shoulders, one might ſee their Arms more nervous and brawny than thoſe of our Wreſtlers. I made anſwer to thoſe two Envoys, That I was inclin'd to Peace: We ſettled together by mutual Promiſe, ſeveral Conditions, invoking all the Gods to be Witneſſes of our Treaty, and ſo I ſent them back with Preſents: But the Gods who drove me from the Kingdom of my Anceſtors, were not yet weary of Perſecuting me: Our Hunts-men, who could not be acquainted ſo ſoon with the Peace we had made, met the ſame day a great Company of thoſe *Barbarians*, who attended their Ambaſſadors as they return'd from our Camp; they attack'd 'em with great Fury, kill'd many of 'em, and purſed the reſt into the Woods: Thus the War is kindled; for thoſe *Barbarians* think they cannot be ſafe in truſting either to our Promi-

ſes or Oaths; they call to their Aſſiſtance the *Locrians*, *Apulians*, *Lucanians*, *Brutians*, thoſe of *Crotona*, *Nevitta*, and *Brunduſium*. The *Lucanians* came with Chariots arm'd with ſharp Sythes. The *Apulians* are every one of them cover'd with the Skin of ſome wild Beaſt which they have kill'd; they wear in their Hands great wooden Clubs full of Knots, and tipp'd with Iron Spikes; they are almoſt as tall as Giants, and their Bodies become ſo ſtrong and brawny by the laborious Exerciſes to which they inure themſelves, that their very Looks are dreadful and terrifying. The *Locrians*, who are come from *Greece*, do ſtill retain ſomething of their Origin, and have more Humanity than the reſt, but they add the exact Diſcipline of the *Grecian* Troops, to the fierceneſs and reſolution of thoſe *Barbarians*, and their hard way of living, which renders them invincible: They have long Swords, and a ſort of light Bucklers made of twiſted and woven Oſiers, and cover'd with Skins. The *Brutians* are nimble-footed like Bucks or Stags; and when they run, one can ſcarce perceive that

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the tendereſt Graſs is foil'd by their Steps; they hardly leave any Print of their Feet on the Sand; they ruſh on the ſudden on their Foes, and diſappear with the ſame rapidity. The People of *Crotona* are very skilful Archers; it is not common among the *Grecians*, to ſee ordinary Men know how to draw a Bow, as it is among the *Crotonians*; and if theſe would contend in our Games, they would ceartainly carry the Prizes. Their Arrows are ſteep'd in the Juice of ſome venomous Herbs, which are ſaid to come from the Banks of *Avernus*, and whoſe Poiſon is mortal. As for thoſe of *Nevitta*, *Meſſapia*, and *Brunduſium*, they are endued only with bodily Strength, and a rude and untaught Valour. At the ſight of their Enemies, they rend the Skies with hideous Shrieks; they are pretty good Slingers, and darken the Air with a Shower of Shot-Stones; but they fight without Order, or minding Ranks. This, Oh! *Mentor*, is what you deſir'd to know: You are now acquainted with the Origin of this War, and with our Enemies. As ſoon as *Idomeneus* had

given them this Account, *Telemachus* being impatient to fight, thought there was no more to do than to take up Arms; but *Mentor* ſtopp'd him a 2d time, and ſpoke thus to *Idomeneus*: What's the reaſon that the *Locrians*, who are a People originally come from *Greece*, unite themſelves with the *Barbarians* againſt the *Grecians*? How comes it to paſs that ſo many *Greek* Colonies are in a flouriſhing Condition on this Coaſt of *Tamea*, without being ingag'd in the ſame Wars with you? You ſay, Oh! *Idomeneus*, the Gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you; but, in my Opinion, they have not yet done inſtructing you: All thoſe Misfortunes you have undergone, have not taught you yet what you ought to do to prevent a War. What you did your ſelf relate concerning the Honeſty of thoſe *Barbarians*, is enough to ſhew that you might have liv'd in Peace with them; but Pride and Haughtineſs kindle the moſt dangerous Wars: You might have given them Hoſtages, and taken ſome of theirs; and it would have been an eaſie matter for you to have ſent ſome

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of your Captains along with their Ambaſſadors to conduct them ſafe home. Nay, ſince the renewing of this War, you ought to have pacified them, by letting them know that they were attack'd through Ignorance of the Treaty that was concluded with them; you ſhould have offer'd them all the Security they could poſſibly demand, and appoint rigorous Puniſhments for thoſe among your Subjects, who ſhould break the Alliance. But, pray, what hapned ſince the beginning of this new War?

I thought, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, it would have been a baſe Submiſſion in us to court thoſe *Barbarians*, who gather'd in haſte all thoſe amongſt them who were able to bear Arms, and implor'd the Aſſiſtance of all the Neighbouring Nations, to whom they made us odious. Thereupon I thought it moſt advantageous for our Security, to make our ſelves Maſters of certain narrow Paſſages in the Mountains which the Enemy kept, which having effected without difficulty, we by that means put our ſelves in a Condition of

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anoying and haraſing thoſe *Barbarians*. I have caus'd ſtrong Towers to be built on thoſe Defiles, from whence, our Men may over-whelm with their Darts all thoſe among the Enemy, who ſhall attempt to come down from the Mountains into our Country ; and at the ſame time, by the favour of theſe Towers we may make Incurſions into their Country, and lay their chief Settlements waſte whenever we pleaſe. Thus, with Forces much inferior, we are able to reſiſt that innumerable Multitude of Foes that ſurround us. Now things have been carried to that extremity, that it would be a difficult matter to treat of Peace with them ; for we cannot yield thoſe Towers to them, without laying our ſelves open to their Inroads, and they look upon them as Citadels we have raiſed to bring them into ſlavery. *Mentor* reply'd : Oh ! *Idomeneus*, you ſhew your ſelf to be a wiſe King, in that you are willing to hear undiſguis'd Truth ; you are not like thoſe weak Men who are afraid of ſeeing it, and through their want of Reſolution, inſtead of mending their Faults, only employ

ploy their Authority in maintaining what they have done amiſs. Know, then that this barbarous People gave you an excellent Leſſon, when they came to you for Peace. Was it out of Weakneſs they ſued for it? Did they want Courage or Aſſiſtance to oppoſe you? You plainly ſee they did not, ſince they are ſo inur'd to War, and ſupported by ſo many dreadful Neighbours: Why did not you imitate their Moderation? But a miſtaken Shame, and a falſe Honour have caſt you into this Misfortune. You were afraid of making the Enemy too haughty, but you did not fear the making of them too Powerful by uniting ſo many confederate Nations againſt you, by your proud and unjuſt Carriage. What are thoſe Towers, of which you boaſt ſo much, good for, unleſs it be to create Jealouſies among your Neighbours, and reducing them to the Neceſſity either of deſtroying you or themſelves, in order to avoid the ſlavery with which you ſeem to threaten them? You rear'd up thoſe Towers for your Security only, and 'tis by thoſe Towers you have brought your ſelf into

to an imminent Danger. The ſureſt and firmeſt Bulwark of a State is Juſtice, Moderation, Honeſty, Plain-dealing, and the Aſſurance your Neighbours have that you will never incroach upon their Lands. The ſtrongeſt Walls may fall through a thouſand unexpected Accidents ; the Fortune of War is capricious and inconſtant, but the Love and Confidence of your Neighbours, who have experienc'd your Moderation, renders your State invincible, and deters thoſe Neighbours from attacking it. Nay, ſuppoſe an unjuſt Neighbour ſhould attack it, all the reſt who are concern'd in its Safety, take up Arms preſently for its Defence: The Support of ſo many Nations, who might have found their true Intereſt in maintaining yours, would have made you much more powerful than thoſe Towers, which render your Misfortunes almoſt paſt Remedy: Had you taken care at firſt to prevent the Jealouſie and Suſpicions of of all your Neighbours, your new-built City would flouriſh in a happy Tranquility, and you would have made

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your ſelf Umpire of *Heſperia*. But now let us conſider which way for the future you can rectifie your paſt Errors; you told me before that there are on this Coaſt ſeveral *Greek* Colonies; thoſe People muſt needs be diſpos'd to ſerve you; for ſure they have not forgot either the great Name of *Minos*, Son of mighty *Jove*, or your Toils before the Walls of *Troy*, where you did ſo often ſignalize your ſelf amongſt the *Grecian* Princes, for the common Cauſe of all *Greece*. Why do you not endeavour to bring thoſe Colonies over to your Party?

They are all reſolv'd to ſtand Neuter, reply'd *Idomeneus*; not but that they were ſomewhat inclin'd to aſſiſt me, but the great Noiſe this City made through all the Regions about us, deterr'd them from it. Thoſe *Grecians*, as well as the reſt, were afraid we had ſome deſign upon their Liberty; they thought that having ſubdu'd the barbarous Mountaineers, our Ambition would lead us yet farther: In ſhort, they are all againſt us; thoſe very People who declare not for an open War,

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yet wiſh to ſee us humbled, and the Jealouſie of others keeps us from having any Ally.

Oh! ſtrange Extremity! reply'd *Mentor*: Whilſt you endeavour to appear powerful, you deſtroy your own Power; and whilſt abroad you are the Object both of the Fear and Hatred of your Neighbours, you exhauſt your ſelf at home by the vaſt Expences you muſt needs be at to carry on the War. Oh! unhappy, doubly unhappy, *Idomeneus*, whom even this Misfortune has made but half-wiſe! Do you ſtill want a ſecond Fall to teach you how to foreſee the Dangers which threaten the greateſt Kings? However, truſt to my Management, and only let me know which are thoſe *Greek* Cities, that refuſe to enter into your Alliance.

The Chief of them, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, is the City of *Tarentum*; 'tis now three Years ſince *Phalantus* laid the Foundation of it, having gather'd in *Cremona* a vaſt Number of young Men, born of Women who had forgot their abſent Husbands during the Siege of *Troy*. When the Men came home, their

their Wives endeavour'd to pacifie them, by diſowning the Faults they had committed in their abſence. Theſe numerous Youths born out of Wedlock, knowing neither Father nor Mother, abandon'd themſelves to an unbounded Licentiouſneſs; but the ſeverity of the Laws having curb'd their Diſorders, they unanimouſly ſubmitted to *Phanlatus*, a bold, dauntleſs and ambitious Leader, who by ſubtile Inſinuations knew how to maſter their Affections. He came to this Shoar with thoſe young *Laconians*, who have made of *Tarentum* a ſecond *Lacedemon*. On the other ſide, *Philocletes*, who reap'd ſo much Glory at the Siege of *Troy*, whither he carried *Hercules*'s Arrows, has raiſed on this Neighbourhood the Walls of *Petelia*, a City which tho' leſs powerful than *Tarentum*, is yet more wiſely govern'd. Laſtly, we have near us the City of *Metapontus*, which the wiſe *Neſtor* founded with his *Pilians*.

What! reply'd *Mentor*, is *Neſtor* in *Heſperia*, and cou'd not you engage him in your Intereſt? *Neſtor* who ſaw you

you ſo often fight againſt the *Trojans*; and who profeſs'd a Friendſhip for you? I loſt that Friend, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, by the Artifice of thoſe People, who are barbarous only in Name; for they were ſo cunning, as to perſuade him, that I deſign'd to make my ſelf maſter of all *Heſperia*. We will undeceive him, anſwer'd *Mentor*: *Telemachus* ſaw him at *Pilos* before he came to ſettle his Colony in this Country, and before we undertook our long Voyages in queſt of *Ulyſſes*; undoubtedly he will ſtill remember that great Hero, and the Marks of Tenderneſs and Affection he gave his Son *Telemachus*: But the chief Buſineſs is to remove his Diſtruſt. Thoſe Suſpicions you created in the Minds of all your Neighbours, have been the occaſion of this War, and the only way to put a ſtop to it, is to diſſipate thoſe vain Fears: Once more leave all to my Conduct.

At theſe words, *Idomeneus* embracing *Mentor*, felt a ſhivering mixt with Tenderneſs, and remain'd Speechleſs for a while. At laſt, with a broken Voice, he utter'd theſe words: Oh! wiſe

wiſe old Man; whom the Gods have ſent hither to redreſs all my Errors; I confeſs, I would have been angry with any other Mortal that durſt be ſo free with me as you have been: I own you are the only Man that could prevail with me to make me ſue for Peace; I was reſolv'd either to die, or overcome all my Enemies, but it is reaſonable to believe your wiſe Counſels, rather than my Paſſion. Oh! *Telemachus*, how happy you are in having a Guide, that will never ſuffer you to go aſtray! *Mentor*, you may do whatever you think fit; all the Wiſdom of the Gods is in you; *Minerva* her ſelf could not give more wholſome Advice: Go, promiſe, and give any thing that is in my Power; conclude a Treaty upon what Terms you pleaſe; *Idomeneus* will ratifie all you do.

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing together, there was heard on the ſudden a confus'd Noiſe of Chariots, neighing of Horſes, hideous Shrieks and Howlings of Men, and loud Trumpets which fill'd the Air with martial Clangors: The general Cry is, the Enemy

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are come; they have gone a great way about to avoid the narrow Paſſages guarded by Towers; here they are, ready to beſiege *Salante*. The old Men and the Women are under a deep Conſternation: Alaſs! ſaid they, why did we forſake our dear Country, the fruitful Iſle of *Crete*, and follow an unhappy Prince through ſo many Seas, to found a City which is now going to be deſtroy'd and devour'd by Flames like *Troy*? They ſaw from the Top of their new-rais'd Walls, the Head-Pieces and Shields of the Enemy ſhine with ſo much brightneſs, that their Eyes were dazled with it; they ſaw likewiſe the briſtling Pikes which cover'd the Ground as thick as a plentiful Harveſt which *Ceres* ripens in *Sicily* during the ſcorching heat of Summer, to recompence the Labour of the Husband-man. And now they perceiv'd the Chariots arm'd with ſharp Sythes, and eaſily diſcern'd the ſeveral Nations that made up their Army. *Mentor*, the better to diſcover them, went up to the Top of a high Tower, whither *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus* ſoon follow'd him.

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He was hardly come there, when he eſpy'd *Philoctetes* on one ſide, and *Neſtor* with his Son *Piſiſtrates* on the other; for *Neſtor* was eaſily diſtinguiſh'd by his venerable old Age. What! cry'd *Mentor*, you thought, Oh! *Idomeneus*, that *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* would be contented to remain Neuter, but now you ſee they have taken up Arms againſt you; and if I am not miſtaken, the other Troops which march in ſuch good order, and with ſo fierce a Look, are a Body of *Lacedemonians* commanded by *Phalantus*; all are againſt you; you have made all your Neighbours your Enemies, tho, againſt your Will.

Having thus ſaid, *Mentor* comes down in haſte from the Top of that Tower, runs to one of the City-Gates towards which the Enemy were advancing, and commands it to be opened, whilſt *Idomeneus*, ſurpriz'd with the noble Majeſty which accompanies all he does, dares not ſo much as to ask him what he means to do. *Mentor* beckens with his hand, that no Body

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ſhould follow him; then makes toward the Enemy, who wondered to ſee a ſingle Man coming to them; ſhews them afar off an Olive Branch, as a ſign of Peace; and being come ſo near them, that he might conveniently be heard, he requir'd them to aſſemble all the Captains; who being met in an inſtant, he thus ſpoke to 'm.

Oh! generous Men, aſſembled out of ſo many Nations which flouriſh in rich *Heſperia*: I know 'tis the common Intereſt of your Liberty that ſummon'd you together to this Place; I do highly commend your Zeal, but ſuffer me to tell you an eaſie way to preſerve the Liberty and Honour of all your ſeveral Nations without ſpilling human Blood. Oh! *Neſtor*, Oh! wiſe *Neſtor*, whom I perceive in this Aſſembly! You are not ignorant how fatal War is even to thoſe who undertake it with Juſtice, and under the Protection of the Gods; War is the greateſt Evil with which the Gods afflict Mankind; you can never forget how much the *Greeks* have ſuffer'd during ten Years before unhap-

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py *Troy*. How many Diviſions have they ſeen among their Chiefs? What Caprices of Fortune have they been expos'd to? How many of them have fallen by *Hector*'s Sword? What a deſolation has been occaſion'd in the moſt powerful and flouriſhing Cities upon account of the War, by the long abſenc of their Kings? At their return home, ſome were caſt away, and others met a fatal Death in the very Embrace of their Conſorts. Oh! Inhabitants of *Heſperia*, I wiſh the Gods may never grant you ſo fatal a Victory: I own, *Troy* is reduc'd to Aſhes; but it were better for the *Grecians*, if ſhe was ſtill in her full Glory, and if baſe *Paris* ſhould ſtill gratifie his infamous Love with *Helena*. Oh! *Philoctetes*, you, who have been ſo long unhappy, and abandon'd in the Iſle of *Lemnos*, are not you afraid of meeting with the like Diſaſters in another War? I know the People of *Laconia* have felt likewiſe the Miſeries occaſion'd by the tedious abſence of the Princes, Captains and Soldiers who went againſt the *Trojans*.

Oh!

Oh! *Grecians*, you, who came to *Hesperia*, your coming hither was only a ſequel of the Misfortunes which attended the *Trojan* War.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The End of the Second Volume.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES

PART III.

LONDON,
Printed for *A.* and *J. Churchil*, at the *Black-Swan* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.
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THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

PART. III.

WHen *Mentor* had thus ſpoken he made up towards the *Pilians*, and *Neſtor* (who by that time begun to know who he was) advanc'd to meet and ſalute him. Oh! *Mentor*, ſaid he to him, 'tis now a long time ſince I firſt ſaw you in *Phocis*; but tho' you were

at that time but fifteen Years of Age, yet even then I foreſaw you would be as wiſe as you have prov'd to be in your riper Years. Pray, acquaint me what ſtrange Adventure brought you hither? And what Expedient you deſign to propoſe in order to prevent this War which *Idomeneus* has brought upon himſelf? We are all for Peace; 'twas our common Intereſt to deſire it, but we could no longer live ſecure with him; he has broke his moſt ſolemn Promiſes with his next Neighbours; he has ſhewn to all the reſt his ambitious Deſign of bringing them under Slavery, and has left us no other Means to defend our Liberty, than the uſing our utmoſt Endeavours to over-throw his new Kingdom. However, if you can find a way to remove our juſt Fears, and ſettle a firm and laſting Peace, all thoſe Nations whom you ſee here aſſembled, will gladly lay down their Arms, and confeſs that you ſurpaſs us in Wiſdom.

Mentor anſwer'd: Wiſe *Neſtor*, you know *Ulyſſes* committed his Son *Telemachus* to my Charge; this young Man, impatient

impatient to know what was become of his Father, went first to *Pylos*, where you gave him all the kind Entertainment he could expect from one of his Father's constant Friends, and then order'd your Son to conduct him in his Travels through your Country; He afterwards undertook great Voyages; he saw *Sicily*, *Egypt*, and the Isles of *Cyprus* and *Crete*; at last the Winds, or rather the Gods, cast him on this Shoar, as he endeavour'd to return to *Ithaca*, and we came here in time to prevent the horrors of a cruel War; 'tis not *Idomeneus*, but the Son of *Ulysses* and my Self, who will answer for the Performance of all Promises that shall be made to you.

While *Mentor* was thus discoursing with *Nestor*, in the middle of the confederate Troops, *Idomeneus* and *Telemachus*, with all the *Cretans* in Arms, kept their Eyes fixt on them from the top of the Walls of *Salante*; they observ'd with great Attention how *Mentor*'s Proposals would be receiv'd, and wish'd they might have heard the wise Speeches of those two venerable old

Men. *Neſtor* ever had the Reputation of the moſt Prudent, and moſt Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes: 'Twas he, who during the Siege of *Troy*, allay'd and check'd the Paſſion of fierce *Achilles*; the haughty Ambition of *Agamemnon*; the Pride of *Ajax*, and the boiſterous Courage of *Diomedes*; ſoft Perſuaſion flow'd from his Lips like a ſtream of Milk and Honey; all thoſe Heroes were attentive to his Voice, and were ſilent as ſoon as he begun to ſpeak: He alone knew how to appeaſe fierce Diſcord in the Camp, and tho he began to feel the Infirmities of feeble old Age, yet his Words were ſtill full of Strength and Sweetneſs. He related Things paſt in order to inſtruct Youth by his conſummate Experience, and tho' he was ſlow of Speech, yet he had a moſt graceful way of telling a Story. This old Man, admir'd by all *Greece*, ſeem'd to loſe all his Majeſty and Eloquence aſſoon as *Mentor* appear'd with him; he look'd decay'd and over-born by Years, whereas Age ſeem'd to bear Reſpect to *Mentor*'s ſtrong and vigorous Conſtitution.

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The Speech of *Mentor*, tho plain and grave, carried with it an Air of Authority which *Neſtor*'s Words begun to want; whatever he ſpoke was Conciſe, Pithy, Nervous and to the Purpoſe; he never us'd vain Repetitions, nor related any thing foreign to the Point in Queſtion. If he was oblig'd to ſpeak often of the ſame thing, in order to inculcate it, or to perſuade others, he did it with a new Turn, and enforcing Similes; and accompanied the whole with kind and complaiſant Expreſſions, adapted to the Wants of others, and fit to inſinuate the Truth of what he ſaid. Thoſe two venerable Men yielded a very moving Sight to ſo many aſſembled Nations; and while the confederate Army that beſieged *Salante*, crowded to ſee them at cloſe view, and endeavour'd to hear their wiſe Speeches, *Idomeneus* and thoſe about him, with greedy and attentive Looks ſtrove to diſcover what their Geſtures and Countenance meant. In the mean time *Telemachus*, full of Impatience, ſteals away from that Multitude of People that ſurrounded him, and run-

ning to the Gate through which *Mentor* was gone out, commands it to be open'd with an Air of Authority. Soon after *Idomeneus*, who thought he was ſtill by his Side, wonder'd to ſee him running croſs the Fields, and making towards *Neſtor*. *Neſtor* knew him again, and haſtned, tho with ſlow Steps, to receive him. *Telemachus* preſently flew to embrace him, and hugg'd him a long time without ſpeaking a Word; at laſt he cry'd out: Oh! Father, for I ſcruple not to call you ſo, ſince my Misfortune of not finding my true Father, and the Kindneſſes I have receiv'd from you, entitle me to uſe that endearing Name. My Father, my dear Father, how bleſt am I to ſee you! And oh! That I might ſee *Ulyſſes* alſo! Yet if any thing could alleviate my Sorrow in being depriv'd of him, 'tis certainly the finding in you another Self. At theſe Words *Neſtor* was not able to forbear Weeping, and he felt a ſecret Joy when he perceiv'd thoſe Tears, which, with a wonderful Grace, trickle down *Telemachus*'s Cheeks. The Beauty, Gentleneſs, and noble

noble Aſſurance of this unknown Youth, who without any Precaution, went through ſo many Enemies, ſtruck all the Allies with Aſtoniſhment. Is not this, ſaid they, the Son of that old Man who came to ſpeak with *Neſtor*? Yes, without doubt; for they have both the ſame Wiſdom, tho with the different Characters of Age; in the one ſhe does but begin to Bloſſom, whereas in the other ſhe bears a plentiful Harveſt of ripe Fruits. *Mentor* who ſaw with Pleaſure, with what a tender Affection *Neſtor* had receiv'd *Telemachus*, made uſe of that happy Diſpoſition. This is, ſaid he to him, the Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſo dear to all *Greece*, and to your ſelf. Oh! Wiſe *Neſtor*, I deliver him up to you as the beſt and ſureſt Hoſtage for *Idomeneus*'s Promiſes. You may eaſily imagine that I ſhould be loath if the loſs of the Son ſhould follow that of the Father, and that the wretched and diſconſolate *Penelope* ſhould reproach *Mentor* with having ſacrific'd her Son to the Ambition of the new King of *Salante*. With this Surety, who offers himſelf of his own ac-

cord, and whom the Gods, who are lovers of Peace, have ſent to you, I begin to offer to all theſe aſſembled Nations, ſuch Propoſals as will eſtabliſh for ever a ſolid and laſting Peace.

At this Word of Peace, a confuſed Noiſe began to ſpread from Rank to Rank; all thoſe different Nations murmur'd with Anger and Indignation, thinking ſo much time loſt, while they delay'd Fighting, and that all thoſe Speeches tended only to allay their Fury, and rob them of their Prey. Among the reſt, the *Manducians* bore with great impatience, that *Idomeneus* ſhould ever be in a condition to deceive them again. Therefore they often attempted to interrupt *Mentor*, for they fear'd leſt his wiſe Diſcourſe ſhould ſlacken their Allies; nay, they began to grow Jealous of all the *Grecians* who were in the Aſſembly. *Mentor* perceiving this, made it his Buſineſs to fortify their Jealouſy, the better to divide the Minds of thoſe different Nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the *Manducians* have juſt reaſon to complain, and to demand reparation for the Wrongs they have

have ſuffer'd; but at the ſame time, it is not reaſonable that the *Grecians*, who make up the beſt govern'd Colonies, ſhould be ſuſpected and odious to the Natives. On the contrary, the *Grecians* ought to be united together, and make themſelves reſpected by others; the only Thing they muſt obſerve, is to be contented with what they enjoy, and never to encroach upon their Neighbour's Territories. I know *Idomeneus* has been ſo unhappy as to create Jealouſies among you, but 'twill be an eaſie matter to remove all your Suſpicions. *Telemachus* and my Self will become your Hoſtages: We'll anſwer for *Idomeneus*'s Fidelity, and will remain in your Power, till he has faithfully perform'd all his Promiſes to You. You are provok'd, Oh! *Manducians*, becauſe the *Cretan* Troops have made themſelves Maſters of your Mountains by ſurprize, and that by that means they are able to make Incurſions whenever they pleaſe into the Country, whither you did retire, to leave them the open Country near the Sea-Shore. Upon the whole Matter, thoſe narrow Paſſages

which

which the *Cretans* have Fortified with high Towers full of armed. Men, are the true occaſion of this War. Pray, anſwer me, can you alledge any other? Thereupon the chief of the *Manducians* advanced and thus ſpoke.

What Means have we not us'd to avoid this War? The Gods themſelves can Witneſs that we renounc'd Peace, only becauſe it was no longer in our Power to live in Peace, through the ſtirring Ambition of the *Cretans*, and the impoſſibility of truſting to their Oaths again; a ſenſeleſs Nation, who drove us to the hard neceſſity of running all Hazards, and ſeeking our ſafety in their Ruin; as long as they keep thoſe narrow Paſſages, we ſhall ever be afraid of their Deſigns of incroaching upon our Lands, and bringing us under ſubjection. Had they no other Thoughts than to live in Peace with their Neighbours, they would be contented with what we yielded up to them of our own accord, and would not deſire to keep an Entrance into a Country upon which they have no ambitious Deſign. You are little acquainted with them,

them, Oh! wiſe Old Man, but it has been our Misfortune to know them too, too well. Ceaſe, ceaſe for the future, Oh! thou beloved by the Gods, ceaſe to put a ſtop to a juſt and neceſſary War, without which a conſtant Peace can never be ſettled in *Heſperia*. Oh! Ungrateful, treacherous and cruel Nation, whom the angry Gods have ſent among us to trouble our Repoſe, and puniſh us for our Faults. Yet after you have puniſh'd us, Oh great Gods! You will revenge us too, neither will you be leſs juſt to our Enemies than to our ſelves.

At theſe Words all the Aſſembly was in an Uproar: It ſeem'd as if *Mars* and *Bellona* went from Rank to Rank, to kindle in every one's Breaſt the raging fury of War, which *Mentor* endeavour'd to quench. Whereupon *Mentor* thus reſum'd his Diſcourſe: Had I nothing but Promiſes to make to you, you might chuſe whether you would accept or reject them; but what I offer is real and certain. If you are not contented to have *Telemachus* and my ſelf for Hoſtages, I will cauſe Twelve of the

the moſt noble and valiant *Cretans* to be deliver'd up to you. But at the ſame time it is but juſt that you ſhould give us Hoſtages alſo: For tho' *Idomeneus* have a ſincere deſire for Peace, yet he deſires it withour Fear or Weakneſs; he ſeeks Peace juſt as you ſeem to deſire it, out of Wiſdom and Moderation, and not out of a fond Love for a ſoft and effeminate Life, nor out of fear at the impending Dangers of War. He is ready either to Conquer or to Die, but he prefers Peace to the moſt glorious Victory, he would be aſham'd of being overcome, but he fears the being unjuſt, and is not aſham'd to make amends for what he has done amiſs. Tho' he offers Peace with Sword in Hand, he would not be thought to impoſe its Conditions with Imperiouſneſs; for he ſets no value upon a forc'd Friendſhip. He would have a Peace, wherein all Parties concern'd may find their mutual Satisfaction; a Peace that may remove all Jealouſies, ſtifle all Feuds and Reſentments, and reconcile all Diſtruſts. In a Word, *Idomeneus* has all the Sentiments which, I am ſure, you deſire

he

he ſhould have; my chief Buſineſs is now to perſuade you of his real Intentions, which I may do with eaſe, if you will but hear me with an impartial and unprejudiced Mind. Hear me, Oh! Warlike People; and you, Oh! Wiſe and united Captains, hear what I offer to you from *Idomeneus*: As it is not juſt that he ſhould have a free Entrance into his Neighbours's Territories, ſo it were unreaſonable that he ſhould be expos'd to the Inroads of his Neighbours; therefore he conſents that thoſe Streights which he has fortified with high Towers, may be guarded by Troops that ſhall ſtand neuter. You *Neſtor*, and you *Philoctetes*, are born *Grecians*, yet upon this occaſion you declar'd againſt *Idomeneus*, and ſo cannot be ſuſpected of being too favourable to his ſide. You are mov'd and animated by the common Intereſt of the repoſe and liberty of *Heſperia*, and therefore 'tis fit you ſhould be the Truſtees and Keepers of thoſe narrow Paſſages which have occaſion'd this War. You are as much concern'd in hindering the old Inhabitants of *Heſ-*

peria

peria from deſtroying *Salante*, which is a new *Greek* Colony, like one of thoſe you have founded, as in hindering *Idomeneus* from encroaching upon his Neighbours. You ought to keep an equal Ballance betwixt both Parties; and inſtead of deſtroying with Fire and Sword, a People whom you ought to Love, reſerve to your ſelves the Honour of being Judges and Mediators. I know you would like theſe Propoſals, if you could be ſure of the Performance on *Idomeneus*'s part; as to this, I will give you full Satisfaction: For the ſecurity of both Parties, there will be thoſe Hoſtages I mention'd before, till all the narrow Paſſages be depoſited into your Hands. Now when the ſafety of all *Heſperia*, and even that of *Salante* and *Idomeneus* ſhall lie at your Mercy, will you not then be contented? Of whom can you be afraid, unleſs it be of your own ſelves? You dare not truſt *Idomeneus*; and yet *Idomeneus* is ſo free from any deſign of deceiving you, that he is willing to truſt you. Yes, he will commit to your Charge both the Repoſe, Lives and Liberty of all his Peo-

ple

ple and himſelf. If it be true that you only deſire an honourable and laſting Peace, how can you now reject her, when ſhe courts you to embrace her? Once more do not think that 'tis Fear that forces *Idomeneus* to offer you theſe Propoſals; no, 'tis Wiſdom and Juſtice which engage him to take theſe Meaſures, without reguarding whether you impute to his Weakneſs what is the effect of his Virtue. In his firſt attempts he is to blame, and he glories in acknowledging his Faults by obviating your Demands. 'Tis Weakneſs, 'tis ridiculous Vanity, 'tis abſolute Ignorance of a Man's own Intereſt, to hope to conceal his Faults, by endeavouring to maintain 'em by a fierce Haughtineſs. He who owns his Faults to his Enemy, and who offers to repair 'em, ſhews by that, that he is become uncapable of committing 'em; and an Enemy cannot be too fearful of ſo wiſe and ſo firm a Conduct, at leaſt if he does not make Peace: Beſure you take good heed, that in his turn, he does do you no Injury. If you ſlight Peace and Juſtice, which now offer themſelves

ſelves to you, Peace and Juſtice will take their Revenge, *Idomeneus*, who ought to have fear'd that he ſhould have found the Gods provok'd againſt him, will now find 'em on his ſide againſt you. *Telemachus* and my ſelf will Fight for the true Cauſe; and I call all the Gods both Celeſtial and Infernal to witneſs the Juſtice of thoſe Propoſals that I have now made to you.

At theſe words *Mentor* rais'd his Arm on high to ſhew to that great multitude of People the Olive-Branch, the Signal of Peace, which he had in his Hand. The Commanders, who nearly beheld him, were dazled with the divine Light that ſparkl'd in his Eyes; he appear'd with ſuch an Authority, and ſo awful a Majeſty, as is never ſeen in the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious among Mortals. The Charm of his ſoft, yet powerful Words, ſtole away their Hearts: They were like thoſe enchanting Words, which in the deep ſilence of the Night, do in a moment ſtop the Motion of the Moon and Stars, calm the raging Seas, huſh the Winds and the Waves, and ſtay the Courſe of the moſt

moſt rapid Streams. *Mentor* ſeem'd in the middle of theſe furious People, like *Bacchus* when he was ſurrounded by Tygers, which forgetting their fierceneſs, by the power of his ſweet Words, came and lick'd his Feet, and own'd their Subjection by their fawning. All this while there remain'd a profound ſilence thro' all the Army: The Commanders ſtood gazing on one another, and durſt not oppoſe this ſingle Man, nor imagine who he was. All the Troops ſtood motionleſs with their Eyes fix'd on him, and durſt not make the leaſt noiſe, leſt he ſhould have ſomething more to ſay, which that might hinder, tho' they could not imagine that any thing could be added to what he had ſaid: His Diſcourſe ſeem'd ſhort, and they wiſh'd he had ſpoken longer. All he had ſaid, remain'd as it were Engraven in their Hearts; his Speech made him be lov'd; his Speech made him believ'd; every one was greedily attentive both with their Ears and Eyes, to catch the leaſt Syllable that came out of his Mouth.

After

After a pretty long ſilence, a kind of a ſoft noiſe began to ſpread it ſelf by little and little on every ſide, not like the confus'd noiſe of People that begin their Anger with harſh Whiſpers; but on the contrary, it was a kind and gentle Murmur. Every on's Face appear'd with a pleaſant Serenity and a delightful Softneſs. The *Manducians*, ſo highly enrag'd, let their Weapons fall out of their Hands. The rugged *Phalantus*, and the *Lacedemonians*, were amazed to find their Hearts ſo ſoftned; and the reſt began to look for that happy Peace which lately was in view. *Philoctetes*, whom his own Misfortunes had made more ſenſible than the reſt, could not reſtrain his Wars. *Neſtor* not being able to ſpeak for the tranſport into which this Diſcourſe had thrown him, tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*, being wholly incapable of uttering one Syllable; and all the People at once, as if it had been a Signal, cry'd out, Oh, wonderous wiſe old Man! You alone have diſarm'd us; Peace, Peace, 'tis Peace we wiſh for. Preſently after this, *Neſtor* would have harrangu'd 'em; but the

Troops

Troops were impatient, and fear'd that he would only ſtart ſome difficulty: Once again, they cry'd out, Peace! Peace! And they were no way to be ſilenc'd, but by obliging all the Officers of the Army to cry out with them for Peace. *Neſtor* perceiving that he had not then the liberty to make a regular Diſcourſe, was contented only to ſay; You ſee, *Mentor*, what the word of a good Man can do: When Wiſdom and Virtue ſpeak, they ſtill all the Paſſions; our juſt Reſentments turn into Friendſhip, and deſires of a laſting Peace. We accept the Peace you offer us; at which all the Commanders held up their Hands in ſign of Agreement. *Mentor* haſted to the City-Gate to cauſe it to be open'd, and to ſpeak to *Idomeneus* to come out of the City without any Precaution. Mean while *Neſtor* embrac'd *Telemachus* with theſe words; Thou amiable Son of the wiſeſt of all the *Greeks*, can you be wiſer and happier than He! Have you learn'd nothing of his Fate? The Memory of your Father, whom you ſo much reſemble, has help'd to extinguiſh our

Rage.

Rage. *Phalantus*, tho' hard and ſevere, tho' he has never ſeen *Ulyſſes*, can't but be concern'd for his and his Son's Miſfortunes. Here *Telemachus* was preſs'd to recount his Adventures, till *Mentor* return'd with *Idomeneus* and all the *Cretan* Youths which attended him. At the ſight of *Idomeneus*, the Allies felt their Animoſity rekindled, but *Mentor*'s words ſtifl'd this Fire, juſt ready to break out. Why do we delay, ſaid he, the Confirmation of this ſacred Alliance, of which the Gods will be both Witneſſes and Guarantees? May they avenge it, if any impious Wretch dare to violate it; and may all the horrible Plagues of War (not involving the Faithful and Innocent) fall on the perjur'd and execrable Head of that ambitious Man who ſhall break the holy Sanctions of this Alliance! May he be hated of Gods and Men! May he never reap the Fruit of his Perfidy! May the infernal Furies, in the moſt hideous Forms, appear and encreaſe his Rage and Deſpair! May he be ſtruck dead without any hope of Burial! May his Body be a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs!

May

May he be in the deep Abyſs of Hell for ever, more ſeverely tormented than *Tantalus*, *Ixion*, or the *Danaids!* But no; rather may this Peace be as firm as the Mountain of *Atlas*, that ſupports the Heavens! May all theſe People preſerve and enjoy the Fruits of it from Generation to Generation! May the Names of thoſe who ſhall ſwear to it be ever mention'd with Love and Reverence by the laſt of our Raçe! May this Peace, founded upon Juſtice and Integrity, be the Pattern of every Peace hereafter to be made among all the Nations of the Univerſe! And may all the People who would make themſelves happy by re-uniting, take Example by thoſe of *Heſperia*!

At theſe words, *Idomeneus* and the other Kings ſwore to maintain the Peace on the fore-mention'd Articles. Hoſtages were given on each ſide, and *Telemachus* would needs be one of the Hoſtages for *Idomeneus*; but *Mentor* cou'd not be one of that Number, becauſe the Allies deſir'd he ſhould continue with *Idomeneus*, to give an account of his Conduct, and of that of his Counſellors,

lors, till the intire execution of the Articles ſworn to. An hundred Heifers as white as Snow were ſacrific'd between the Enemy's Camp and the Town, together with as many white Bulls whoſe Horns were guilt and adorn'd with Garlands. The frightful Bellowings of the Sacrifices that fell under the ſacred Knife, reſounded over all the neighbouring Mountains; the reaking Gore ſtream'd on all ſides; a great abundance of the richeſt Wine was pour'd out for the Libations; the Aruſpices conſulted the Entrails yet panting. In theſe Sacrifices was burn'd on the Altar an Incenſe that aſcended like a large Cloud, whoſe Odour perfum'd the whole Country. While the Soldiers on both ſides throwing off the unkind Aſpects of Enemies, began to entertain one another with their Adventures, and already had left off their Labour, and by degrees taſted the ſweetneſs of Peace: Many of thoſe who had follow'd *Idomeneus* to the Siege of *Troy*, knew thoſe who belong'd to *Neſtor* which had been engag'd with them in the ſame War, and very kind-

ly

ly embracing each other, mutually related what had befall'n 'em, after they had ruin'd that lofty City, the Ornament and Glory of all *Aſia*: And now they lay down on the Graſs, crown'd with Flowers, drinking Wine together that was ſent 'em out of the Town in large Veſſels, to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Then ſaid *Mentor* to the Kings, O ye Captains, aſſembled under ſeveral Names and ſeveral Leaders, you ſhall now be but one People: For thus the juſt Gods, Lovers of Mankind, have decreed the eternal Tie of their Concord. The entire human Race is but one large Family diſpers'd over the Face of the whole Earth: All Men are Brothers to each other, and ought to love as ſuch. Curs'd are thoſe wicked Men who ſeek a cruel Glory in the Blood of their Brethren, which is, indeed, their own. 'Tis true, War is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is a ſhame to Humanity, that it is inevitable on ſome occaſions. Oh Princes! think not that it ought to be deſir'd for the acquiſition of Glory! True Glory is not to be found void of

Humanity; whoever prefers his own particular Glory to the Sentiments of Humanity, is a Monſter of Pride and no Man, and can never obtain any other than a falſe Glory: For true Glory conſiſts only in Moderation and Goodneſs. He may be flatter'd, indeed, to ſatisfie his fooliſh Vanity; but if Men went to ſpeak their real Opinion of him in private, it ought juſtly to be ſaid, That he has ſo much the leſs deſerv'd Glory, as he has ſought it with an unjuſt Paſſion: Men ought not to eſteem him, becauſe he has ſo little valu'd Men, and has been ſo prodigal of their Blood thro' a brutiſh Vanity. Happy's that King who loves his People, and is belov'd by them; who dare truſt his Neighbours, and who is truſted by them; who, far from making War againſt them, prevents any War between them, and gives occaſion to all Foreign Nations to wiſh themſelves as happy as his Subjects in having him for their King! Reſolve then to meet from time to time, O ye Princes of the powerful Cities of *Heſperia*, and hold a general Aſſembly once every three Years, where all the Kings here

here preſent ſhall concur to continue this Alliance by a new Oath, to confirm this promis'd Friendſhip, and to concert all your common Intereſts. As long as you are united, you will enjoy at home in this fine Country both Peace, Honour and Plenty; abroad you will ever be invincible. 'Tis only Diſcord, the Daughter of Hell, that torments poor diſtracted Mortals, that has Power to interrupt the Happineſs the Gods do deſign you. *Neſtor* reply'd, You ſee by the readineſs with which we make Peace, how far we are from making War thro' any Vain-glory, or by the unjuſt greedineſs of advancing our ſelves by the depreſſion of our Neighbours; but what can we do when we find our ſelves near a violent Prince, who knows no Law but his Intereſt, and who takes all occaſions to invade the Territories of other States? Think not that I ſpeak of *Idomeneus*: No; I have no longer ſuch a Thought of him: 'Tis *Adraſtus* King of the *Daunians* from whom we ought to fear all Miſchiefs: He contemns the Gods, and thinks that all Men upon the Face of the Earth were born only to

promote his Glory by their Slavery: He will have no Subjects of whom he may be both King and Father: He must have Slaves and Adorers, and will be worship'd as a God. Hitherto the blind Goddess, *Fortune*, has favour'd his unjust Enterprizes: We hasted to attack *Salenta* to defeat the weakest of our Enemies, who only began to establish himself on this side, at last to turn our Forces against that other more powerful Enemy: He has already taken several Towns from our Allies: He has defeated the *Cretonians* in two Battels, using all Means whatever to satisfie his Ambition; Force and Cunning are alike to him, so he can but weaken his Enemies: He has heap'd up a great mass of Treasure, and his Troops are disciplin'd and inur'd to War; his Commanders are Experienc'd; he is well obey'd, watching himself continually over all those who act by his Order; he punishes the least Faults with Severity, and largely rewards the good Services done him; his Valour sustains and animates the Courage of all his Troops, and he wou'd be an accomplish'd King if

Justice

Juſtice and Honeſty guided his Actions: But he neither fears the Gods nor the Checks of his Conſcience; nor does he value Fame it ſelf, but looks on it as a vain Phantom, which can affect none but poor ſpirited Men; he eſteems nothing as a real and ſolid Good, but the advantage of poſſeſſing great Riches, to be fear'd and to proſtrate all Mankind at his Feet. Shortly you'l find his Army upon our Confines, and if the union of ſo many People do not enable us to reſiſt him, we have certainly loſt all hopes of Liberty. 'Tis therefore the Intereſt of *Idomeneus* as well as ours to oppoſe this haughty Man, who can ſuffer nothing free in his Neighbourhood. If we had been overcome, *Salenta* wou'd have been threaten'd with the ſame Misfortune. Let us make haſte then all together to prevent it.

Whilſt *Neſtor* ſpoke thus, they advanc'd toward the Town. For *Idomeneus* had invited all the Kings and principal Commanders to enter and paſs the Night there: 'Mean while all the Army of the Allies ſet up their Tents, and all the Field was already cover'd

with rich Pavillions of all ſorts of Colours, wherein the weary'd *Heſperians* expected refreſhing Sleep. When the Kings and their Retinue were enter'd the City, they were amaz'd to ſee, how in ſo little a time ſo many magnificent Structures cou'd be rais'd; and that the hurry of ſo great a War had not hinder'd this growing City from encreaſing, and from being beautyfied all at once.

They admir'd the wiſdom and vigilance of *Idomeneus*, who had founded ſo brave a Kingdom, and every one concluded that having made Peace with him, the Allies wou'd be very powerful, if he enter'd into a League with them againſt the *Daunians*. It was therefore propos'd to *Idomeneus* to joyn with them in it, who cou'd not reject ſo juſt a Propoſal, promiſing 'em aſſiſtance: But as *Mentor* was not ignorant of any thing that is neceſſary that may make a State flouriſh, he was aſſur'd that the Forces of *Idomeneus* cou'd not be ſo great as they ſeem'd, wherefore, taking him apart, he thus ſpoke to him.

You

You ſee our care has not been altogether unprofitable to you: *Salenta* is guarded from the Misfortune that threaten'd it: 'Tis now only in your power to raiſe its Glory high as the Heavens, and to equal the Wiſdom of your Granſire in the Government of your People. I proceed to ſpeak freely to you, believing you wou'd have me do ſo, and that you hate all manner of Flattery. Whilſt theſe Kings were praiſing your Magnificence, I was thinking to my ſelf on the Raſhneſs of your Conduct: ——At this word Raſhneſs *Idomeneus* chang'd Countenance; his Eyes look'd wildly, he colour'd and was going to interrupt *Mentor*, who ſaid to him in a modeſt and reſpectful Tone, but free and bold; I ſee plainly this word *Raſhneſs* choaks you, and confeſs, any one but my ſelf wou'd hardly have us'd it; for we ought to reſpect Kings and humour their nicety, eſpecially when we reprove 'em: Truth alone is enough to offend 'em, without adding rough Expreſſions; but I was in hopes that you cou'd have permitted me to have ſpoken to you without Le-

nitives, to let you ſee your Error: My Deſign has been to accuſtom you to underſtand how to call Things by their Names, and to perceive, that when others give you their Advice upon your Conduct, they never dare tell you all that they Think; and, if you wou'd not be deceiv'd in it, you ſhou'd always apprehend more than they will ſay to you, of what relates to your diſadvantage. For my part, I ſhall willingly ſoften my Words according to your Buſineſs. At theſe Words *Idomeneus*, who by this time had recover'd of his paſſionate Diſorder, ſeem'd aſham'd of his Nicety: You ſee, ſaid he to *Mentor*, what the Cuſtom of being Flatter'd does. I deſire the welfare of my Kingdom, and there is no Truth, how ungrateful ſoever, but what I ſhall think my ſelf happy to hear from your Mouth: But pity a Monarch, whom Flatttery had poiſon'd, and who even in his Misfortunes cou'd not find a Man brave enough to tell him the Truth. No, I have never found any Body who has lov'd me ſo well as to diſpleaſe me in telling me the whole Truth. Here the

Tears

Tears ſtood in his Eyes, and he tenderly embrac'd *Mentor*. Then ſaid the old wiſe Man, 'tis with Grief that I ſee my ſelf conſtrain'd to tell you ſome hard Things; but can I betray you in telling you the Truth? I ſuppoſe your ſelf in my Place; if you have hitherto been deceiv'd, 'twas becauſe you were very willing to be ſo; 'twas this made you fear to be advis'd. Have you ſought for the moſt diſintereſs'd People, and who were moſt likely to contradict you? Have you made it your Buſineſs to chooſe Men the leaſt fond to pleaſe you? The moſt unbiaſs'd in their Conduct, and the moſt capable to condemn your unjuſt Sentiments and Paſſions? When you have found Flatterers, have you diſcarded 'em? Have you diſtruſted your ſelf? No, no; you have not done as thoſe do who love Truth, and who deſerve to know it. Let us ſee if you will henceforward have the Courage to act better, and to ſuffer your ſelf to be humbled by the Truth that condemns you. I ſaid, that what acquires you ſo great Praiſe, deſerves to be blam'd. While you had ſo many Enemies a-

broad, who threaten'd your Kingdom, yet but ill eſtabliſh'd, you thought on nothing within your new City, but to raiſe ſtately Buildings in it: 'Tis this has caus'd you ſo many reſtleſs Nights, as you your ſelf have own'd to me. You have conſum'd your Wealth; you neither thought of encreaſing your People, nor of Cultivating the fertil Lands of this ſide. Shou'd you not have look'd upon theſe two Things as the two eſſential Foundations of your Power? To have a great number of able Men, and Lands well Cultivated to Feed 'em? There ought to have been a long Peace in theſe beginnings to favour the encreaſe of your People. You ſhou'd have thought of nothing but Husbandry, and the eſtabliſhment of the moſt wiſe Laws. A vain Ambition has puſh'd you on to the very brink of a Precipice; and by labouring to appear Great, you had like to have ruin'd your true Greatneſs. Make haſt now to repair theſe Faults; Leave off your great Works; throw off all Pride which wou'd ruin your new City: Let your People take their Eaſe, and apply your

ſelf

ſelf to ſettle 'em in Plenty, to facilitate their Marriages. For, know that you are no longer a King than you have a People to govern; and that you ſhou'd not meaſure your Power by the extent of the Lands you poſſeſs, but by the number of Men, who inhabit 'em, and who are bound to obey you: Make choice of good Ground, tho but indifferent in extent, and fill it with a numerous People, Laborious and Diſciplin'd; endeavour to be lov'd by theſe People, and then you will be more Powerful, more Happy, and more Glorious than all the Conquerors who lay waſt ſo many Kingdoms.

How ſhall I deport my ſelf then, ſaid *Idomeneus*, to theſe Kings? Shall I own my Weakneſs to them? 'Tis true, I have neglected Husbandry and Commerce too, which is ſo convenient for me in theſe Parts, having thought on nothing but to build me a ſtately City. Muſt I, my dear *Mentor*, diſhonour my ſelf before ſo many Kings, and diſcover my want of Power? If I muſt, I will without any ſcruple, whatever it coſts me: For you have taught me that a true

a true King, who is made for his People, and who owes himself wholly to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his Kingdom to his own Reputation. This Sentiment, reply'd *Mentor*, becomes a Father of the People; 'tis by this Goodness, and not by the Magnificence of your City, that I perceive the Soul of a true King in you: But your Honour must be maintain'd as well for the Interest of your Kingdom: That shall be my Province, I will therefore go tell these Kings, that you have engag'd your self to re-establish *Ulysses*, if he be yet Living, or at least his Son, to *Ithaca*; and that you will drive thence by force all the Lovers of *Penelope*. They must needs consider that this War will require a great number of Troops, and so they will agree that you can afford 'em but small supplies against the *Daunians*.

At these words *Idomeneus* appear'd like a Man eas'd of a Burthen not to be born. My dear Friend, said he to *Mentor*, you will thus save my Honour, and the Reputation of this growing City, whose Weakness you will hide from

from all my Neighbours: But what probability is there that I will ſend forces to *Ithaca*, to re-eſtabliſh *Ulyſſes* there, or at leaſt his Son *Telemachus*, ſince *Telemachus* himſelf is engag'd to go to the War againſt the *Daunians*? Don't trouble your ſelf, Sir, replied *Mentor*, I'll tell 'em nothing but Truth: The Veſſels that you ſend to eſtabliſh your Trade, ſhall go to the Coaſt of *Epirus*, which will do two Things at one time; one in recalling the foreign Merchants, whom too great Impoſts do eſtrange from *Salenta*, to your Coaſt; and t'other in inquiring News of *Ulyſſes*; who, if he be yet alive, can't be far from thoſe Seas that part *Greece* and *Italy*; and it is certainly reported that he was ſeen among the *Pheocians*: But, if there be no hope of ſeeing him again, your Fleet will however do a ſignal Piece of Service to his Son; for they will ſpread thro' *Ithaca*, and all the neigbouring Countries, a terrour of the Name of young *Telemachus*, who was thought to be dead as well as his Father: The Lovers of *Penelope* will be aſtoniſh'd to hear that he is ready to return

with

with the Succours of a powerful Allie: The *Ithacans* will not dare to ſhake off the Yoke; *Penelope* will be comforted, and will ever refuſe to make choice of a Husband. Thus you will ſerve *Telemachus* whilſt he is in your place, with the Allies on this Coaſt of *Italy* againſt the *Daunians*. At theſe words, *Idomeneus* cry'd out, Happy's the King who is ſupported by wiſe Counſels! A wiſe and faithful Friend, is more worth to a King than victorious Armies. But doubly bleſs'd is the King who is ſenſible of his Happineſs, and knows how to profit himſelf by the uſe of wiſe Counſels: For often it happens, that wiſe and honeſt Men, whoſe Virtue is fear'd, are far remov'd from his truſt, that he may give an ear to Flatterers, whoſe Treaſon is never fear'd. I am my ſelf fall'n into this Error, and I will relate to you all the Misfortunes that have befall'n me by a falſe Friend, who flatter'd my Paſſions, in hopes, that in return, I would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily made the Confederate Kings underſtand that *Idomeneus* ought to take care of the Affairs of *Telemachus*, whilſt

whilſt that young Prince went with them. They were very well ſatisfy'd that they had in their Army the young Son of *Ulyſſes*, and an hundred of the *Cretan* Youth, whom *Idomeneus* gave him to accompany him; they were the Flower of the young Nobility which the King brought along with him from *Crete*. 'Twas *Mentor* who advis'd him to ſend 'em to this War. You muſt take care, ſaid he, to encreaſe the People during this Peace; but leſt all the Nation ſhould grow ſoft and effeminate, and be ignorant of the Art of War; you muſt ſend the young Nobility to the Wars abroad, who will be ſufficient to ſet the whole Kingdom on an Emulation of Glory, or the Love of Arms, on the Contempt of Fatigues, and of Death it ſelf; in ſhort, on the Experience of the Military Art.

The Confederate Kings left *Salenta*, very well ſatisfy'd with King *Idomeneus*, and charm'd with the Wiſdom of *Mentor*. They were very glad that they had got *Telemachus* along with 'em; who could not maſter his Grief when he was to part with his Friend. Whilſt the

the Confederate Kings took their leaves, and ſwore to *Idomeneus* that they would keep an eternal Alliance with him, *Mentor* holding *Telemachus* lock'd in his Arms, felt himſelf bedew'd with that young Prince's Tears. I am inſenſible, ſaid *Telemachus*, of the Joy that I am going in queſt of Glory; nothing now fills my Soul but the Grief that I muſt part from you. Methinks I ſee again that unfortunate time when the *Egyptians* ſnatch'd me from between your Arms, and carried me away from you without giving me the leaſt hope of ſeeing you any more. *Mentor* return'd an anſwer to theſe words, ſweet and obliging, the better whereby to comfort him: This, ſaid he, is a Separation far different, this is voluntary and will be ſhort; you go to ſeek Victory. My Son, you ſhould love me leſs tenderly and with a more manly Love. Accuſtom your ſelf to my abſence; you will not always have me with you: Wiſdom and Virtue rather than the Preſence of *Mentor*, ſhould inſpire you with what you ought to do. Saying this, the Goddeſs, conceal'd under the

Perſon

Perſon of *Mentor*, cover'd *Telemachus* with her Eyes, and breath'd into him the Spirit of Wiſdom and Foreſight, undaunted Valour and a ſweet Moderation, which are ſo rarely found together. Go, ſaid *Mentor*, into the midſt of the greateſt Dangers as often as it is convenient you ſhould go. A Prince diſhonours himſelf much more in ſhunning the Dangers of War, than in never going to 'em at all. The Courage of him who commands others, ought never to be doubtful. If it be neceſſary that a People ſhould preſerve their General and King, it is the more neceſſary to 'em not to ſee him in an uncertain Reputation of Valour. Remember, that he who Commands, ought to be a Pattern to all the reſt; and his Example ought to encourage the whole Army. Expoſe your ſelf then, O *Telemachus*, and periſh in the Combate rather than expoſe your ſelf to the Malice of thoſe who could doubt your Courage! But, on the other hand, ſeek not for Dangers without advantage; for Valour can no longer be a Virtue than it is guided by Prudence; otherwiſe it is a mad contempt

tempt of Life and a brutiſh Heat. Deſperate Valour is ever uncertain. He who does not command himſelf in Dangers, is rather Wild than Brave; 'tis neceſſary that he ſhould be beſide himſelf to put himſelf above Fear; becauſe he can't ſurmount it by the natural Situation of his Heart: In this Caſe, if he does not fly, at leaſt he is troubl'd that he loſes the freedom of his Mind, which would be neceſſary to him in uſing opportunities to rout the Enemy, or to ſerve his Country; if he has all the Fire of a Soldier, he has not the Diſcretion of a Captain; and yet more, he has not the true Courage of a private Soldier; for a Soldier ought to preſerve a Preſence of Mind in the Fight, and a Moderation neceſſary to obedience. He who raſhly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the order and diſcipline of Troops; gives an Example of Raſhneſs, and often expoſes the whole Army to great Misfortunes: Thoſe who prefer their vain Ambition to the ſafety of the common Cauſe, deſerve Puniſhments, not Rewards. Take good heed then, my dear Son! not to ſeek Glory with too much impatience!

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The true Means to find it, is quietly to wait a favourable Opportunity: Virtue cauſes her ſelf the more to be fear'd, by how much ſhe appears more plain, more modeſt, and more an Enemy to all Pride. 'Tis by degrees that neceſſity of being expos'd to Danger is encreas'd, and that new Succours of Foreſight and Courage are requiſite, which always go together. For other Matters, remember that you ought never to draw on you the Envy of any Body. On t'other ſide, be not jealous of the ſucceſs of others; be ſure firſt to praiſe whatſoever merits any thing of Praiſe; but praiſe with diſcretion, repeating the Good with Pleaſure; and think no more of it but with Sorrow. Ben't poſitive before the old Commanders, who have gain'd by Experience that which 'tis impoſſible you ſhould have; harken to 'em with Deference; conſult 'em; deſire the moſt able to inſtruct you, and be not aſham'd to own how far you have improv'd by their Inſtructions: In ſhort, never give ear to Diſcourſes by which your Diſtruſt or Jealouſie may be rais'd againſt the other chief Officers; but

but ſpeak to 'em with frankneſs and ingenuity: If you think they have not born themſelves well to you, open your Heart to 'em, and explain all your Reaſons to 'em: If they are capable of underſtanding the Generoſity of this Conduct, you will charm 'em, and you will draw from 'em all that you have occaſion to expect: On the contrary, if they have not ſenſe enough to apprehend your meaning, you will be inform'd by your ſelf how unjuſt they are, and how to ſuffer it; and will thence take your Meaſures to truſt 'em no more as long as the War laſts, and thus will have nothing to accuſe your ſelf of: But, above all things, never tell any Flatterers, who ſow Diviſion, the occaſion of Complaints which you believe you have againſt the Commanders of the Army to which you belong.

I will ſtay here, continu'd *Mentor*, to help *Idomeneus* in his Buſineſs, to labour for the Happineſs of his People. I will ſtay for you, O my dear *Telemachus!* Remember, that thoſe who fear the Gods have nothing to fear from Men!

Men! You will be preſent to your ſelf in the greateſt Dangers; but know! that *Minerva* will never forſake you.

At theſe words *Telemachus* thought that he ſaw the Goddeſs her ſelf; and he had certainly known that 'twas ſhe who ſpoke to him, to inſpire him with Bravery, if the Goddeſs had not re-call'd the Idea of *Mentor*; ſaying, Forget not, my Son, the unweary'd Care I have taken of you in your Infancy, that you might be as wiſe and valorous as your Father; do nothing therefore unworthy his great Example, and of the Principles of Virtue with which I have endeavour'd to inſpire you!

The Sun was already riſen, and gilded the Tops of the Mountains, when the King came out of *Salenta* to re-join the Troops. Theſe Troops encamp'd round the City, began to March under their Commanders; on every ſide were ſeen the bright Steel of briſtling Pikes; the glittering Shields dazl'd their Eyes. A Cloud of Duſt mounted up to the Skies. *Idomeneus* and *Mentor* conducted the Confederate Kings into the Camp, which was at a good diſtance from the

Walls

Walls of the City. At last they parted after having given the Marks of a true Friendship on each side. The Allies no longer doubted that the Peace would last, now they knew the sincerity of the Mind of *Idomeneus*, which was represented to 'em very different from what it was; for he was judg'd of, not by his own natural Inclinations, but by the Flatteries and unjust Counsels to which he had given himself over.

After the Army was gone, *Idomeneus* led *Mentor* into every part of the City, and the neighbouring Country; but *Mentor* would first see his Naval Forces. Let us (said he) number your Vessels; let us take an exact account of their Burthen, and how many Sailors you have to Man 'em, either to maintain a War, or to carry on the Trade of your Subjects, by which your Power is to be measur'd. Then he went to see the Port, and aboard every Vessel, informing himself of the Country, where each of 'em went to Traffick; what Merchandise it carried, what Goods they took in return; what was the Charge of the Ship during the time she was at Sea;

ea ; the Loans that the Merchants nade one to another ; the Companies hey ſet up among themſelves, to ſee if hey were equitably and faithfully obſerved. Finally, the hazards of Shipwreck, and other Miſchances of Trade, n Order to prevent the Ruin of Merchants, who, out of a greedy deſire of Gain, do often undertake more than hey know how to manage. He ordain'd ſevere Puniſhments for all Bankrupts, becauſe their Breaking is always owing to their Raſhneſs, if not to their Diſhoneſty : At the ſame time he made ſeveral Regulations in order to prevent Bankrupts ; and to that end he created Magiſtrates, to whom the Merchants were to give an Account of their Effects, Profits, Expences, and Ventures. They were never ſuffer'd to venture another Man's Eſtate, nor above half of their own. Moreover they carried on by Joint-ſtock, thoſe Undertakings which they could not have manag'd ſingly ; and the By-laws of their reſpective Companies became inviolable, through the ſevere Puniſhments inflicted on the Infringers of the ſame. Beſides, every

one

one had full liberty of Trading, and in ſtead of over-charging them with Taxes and Duties, there was an Encouragement propos'd to all Merchants that could engage any other Nation to trade to *Salenta*. By this means there was a general reſort of People from all Parts; the Commerce of that City was like the flux and reflux of the Sea; Riches continually entred into it like rolling Waves which are puſh'd forwards by thoſe ſucceeding: All manner of Wares were freely Imported and Exported; whatever they brought in was good for ſomething or other; and nothing was Exported that did not introduce other Riches in its Room. Juſtice alone reign'd in the Port among ſo many different Nations; upright Dealing, Honeſty and Candour, from the tops of thoſe high Towers, ſeem'd to invite all Merchants from the remoteſt Parts of the Univerſe. Every one of thoſe Merchants, whether he came from the Eaſtern Shore, where the Sun riſes each Day out of the Boſom of the watry Deep; or whether he came from that great Sea, where that radiant Planet,

wea-

weary of its Courſe, extinguiſhes its Fires and goes to reſt; every one, I ſay, lived in Peace and Safety in *Salenta*, as if it had been his own Country. As for the inſide of the City, *Mentor* view'd all Store-houſes, Trades-mens Shops, and publick Places; prohibited all Foreign Goods that might introduce Luxury and Effeminacy; and regulated the Apparel, Food, Houſhold-ſtuff, State, and Ornament of Houſes, according to the different Conditions and Degrees: He forbad the making and wearing of all Ornaments of Gold and Silver; and told *Idomeneus*, I know but one way to make your People moderate in their Expences, which is your own Example of Moderation; 'tis requiſite you ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by an outward ſhew of Majeſty; but your Guards, and the chief Officers which are about you, will be a ſufficient Mark of your Authority. Be contented to wear a Garment of ſuper-fine Wool died in Purple; let the Chief Men of your State be clad of the ſame Wool, and that all the difference be in the Colour; and a thin Embroidery of Gold on the Skirts

of your Robe. Thoſe different Colours will ſerve to diſtinguiſh the different Degrees, without the expenſive help either of Gold, Silver, or Precious Stones. Regulate thoſe Degrees by Birth and Extraction, and let thoſe be plac'd in the firſt Rank, whoſe Deſcent is moſt Noble, Ancient, and Conſpicuous. Thoſe, who by their Merit ſhall be advanced to Places of Truſt and Authority, will be contented to come after thoſe Ancient and Illuſtrious Families, which for a long time have been in poſſeſſion of Honour: And ſuch, whoſe Extraction is not ſo Noble as theirs, will eaſily give place to them, if you do not ſuffer them to forget themſelves in a high and ſudden Preferment, and beſtow new Honours and Commendations on thoſe who know how to be moderate in Proſperity. That diſtinction which proceeds from a long continuation of Noble Anceſtors, is the leaſt expoſed to Envy; next to that, Virtue muſt be excited and encourag'd, and Men will be ready to ſerve the State, provided you beſtow Crowns and Statues upon great Actions, which will be a Spring of Nobility for the

Sons

Sons of thoſe that have atchieved them. Perſons of the firſt Rank, next to you, ſhall be clad in White, with a Gold and Silver Fringe on the lower Border of their Garment, and ſhall wear a Gold Ring on their Fingers, Thoſe of the ſecond Rank, ſhall be clad in Blue, with a Silver Fringe and a Ring, but no Medal. The Third in Green without Fringe, but with a Medal. The Fourth in deep Yellow. The Fifth in a pale Red. The Sixth in Grisdelin. The Seventh who ſhall be the meaneſt of the People, in Yellow mixt with White. Theſe are the Colours for the ſeven different Degrees of Free men. The Slaves ſhall be clad in Dark-brown. Thus without any expence, every one's Condition ſhall be diſtinguiſh'd, and all thoſe Arts ſhall be baniſh'd from *Salenta*, which ſerve only to keep up a vain Pomp, and foment Luxury. All the Artificers who are now employ'd about thoſe pernicious Arts, ſhall either betake themſelves to neceſſary Arts, which are but few, to Merchandize, or to Agriculture. It ſhall never be lawful to change either the Manufactory of

Stuffs, or the Faſhion of Cloaths; for 'tis a ſhameful Thing for Men deſtin'd to a ſerious and noble Life, to ſpend their time in inventing affected Ornaments; or to ſuffer their Wives, in whom thoſe trifling Amuſements are leſs diſgraceful, to be guilty of thoſe Extravagancies.

Mentor, like a skilful Gardiner, who lops the uſeleſs Branches off the Trees, endeavour'd to retrench vain Pomp and Luxury, which depraved good Manners, and to introduce a noble and frugal Plainneſs in every thing. He likewiſe regulated the ordinary Food both of Citizens and Slaves. What a ſhame, ſaid he, it is for the moſt eminent Men to make their Grandeur to conſiſt in Ragoos and Kickſhaws, by which they effeminate their Minds, and continually impair the health of their Bodies? Whereas they ought to place their Happineſs in Moderation; in their Authority, which gives them an occaſion of doing good to other Men; and in the Fame and Reputation they acquire by their good Actions. Sobriety and Temperance make the moſt ordinary Food

Food the moſt palatable; and with a vigorous Conſtitution of Body, procure the moſt conſtant Pleaſures. Therefore let your Tables be furniſh'd with the beſt ſort of Meats, dreſt without any Ragoos; for the provoking Mens Appetites beyond the regular craving of their Stomachs, is but a more refined Art of Poiſoning: By that *Idomeneus* eaſily underſtood how ill he had done, in ſuffering the Inhabitants of his New City, to ſoften and corrupt their Manners, through the Violation of the Laws of *Minos* about Sobriety: But wiſe *Mentor* put him in mind, that the reviving of thoſe very Laws would ſignifie nothing, unleſs his own Example gave them that Vigour and Authority, which nothing elſe could procure them. Thereupon *Idomeneus* regulated his Table, and order'd that nothing ſhould be ſerv'd to him beſides excellent Bread, delicious Wine of the growth of that Country, but in ſmall quantities, with Meat plainly dreſt, and ſuch as he us'd to eat with the other *Grecians* at the Siege of *Troy*. No Perſon durſt to complain of a Law which the King impo-

fed upon himſelf, and by that means every Body retrench'd the profuſeneſs of Dainties and Delicacies, which they began to introduce in their Meals.

Next to that, *Mentor* ſilenc'd ſoft and effeminate Muſick, as tending to corrupt Youth; and likewiſe condemned Tavern-Muſick, which inebriates the Mind no leſs than Wine, it ſelf, and is often the cauſe of Riot and Impudence in Men's Manners. Thus he confin'd Muſick to Feſtivals within the Temples, to celebrate the Praiſes of the Gods, and of thoſe Hero's, who have left us Patterns of the moſt excellent Virtues. Nor did he permit any of the great Ornaments of Architectures, ſuch as Pillars, Pedeſtals, and Portico's, to be us'd any where but in Temples. He made himſelf new Draughts of a plain and graceful Architecture, whereby on a ſmall piece of Ground one might build a pleaſant and convenient Houſe for a numerous Family, in ſuch a manner, that it was expos'd to a wholſome Air; that its ſeveral Lodgings were independent upon one another; and that it might eaſily be kept in Order

der and Repair at a ſmall charge. Theſe different Draughts of Houſes, according to the number of Perſons in each Family, ſerv'd to embeliſh part of the City with little Expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other Part, which was already built up according to the Caprice or Vanity of private Perſons, tho' more magnificent, was yet leſs pleaſant and convenient.

Painting and Carving were Arts which *Mentor* did not think fit to be laid aſide; however he allow'd but few Men in *Salenta* to profeſs 'em. He ſetled a publick School to teach thoſe Arts, and appointed moſt skilful Maſters to examine the young Prentices. Thoſe Arts, ſaid he, which are not abſolutely neceſſary, ought not to admit of any thing that's mean or indifferent; and therefore no young Men ſhould be ſuffer'd to learn them, but thoſe whoſe promiſing Genius ſeems to tend to Perfection: As for others who are Born for leſs noble Arts, they will be uſefully employ'd about the ordinary Occaſions of the Common-wealth. The only thing, added he, wherein Car-

vers and Painters ought to be employ'd, is in preſerving the Memory of great Men, and their noble Actions; and for that purpoſe, Repreſentations and Memorials of what has been Atchieved with an extraordinary Induſtry, ought to be us'd in publick Buildings and Tombs. Moreover *Mentor*'s Moderation and Frugality did not go ſo far, but that he allow'd theſe great Buildings deſign'd for Horſe, or Chariot-Races, Wreſtling, Fights with *Ceſtus*, and all other Exerciſes, which render the Body both more ſupple, active, and vigorous. He ſuppreſs'd a vaſt number of Merchants and Shopkeepers, who ſold figur'd Stuffs of remote Countries; Embroider'd Works of an exceſſive Price; Gold and Silver Veſſels with emboſſed Figures of the Gods, Men and Animals; and laſtly refined Liquors and Perfumes. He order'd likewiſe that the Furniture of every Houſe ſhould be plain, ſtrong, and laſting. Thus the *Salentines* who loudly complain'd of their Poverty, began to be ſenſible how many ſuperfluous Riches they enjoy'd; but thoſe were deceitful

Riches,

Riches, which made them really poor; and they only became truly Rich, as ſoon as they had the Reſolution to diſpoſſeſs themſelves of them. 'Tis the beſt way, ſaid they, to grow Rich, by deſpiſing ſuch Riches as exhauſt the Nation, and the reducing all our Wants to the true and neceſſary occaſions of Nature.

Mentor was diligent in viewing the Arcnals and publick Magazines, to ſee that Arms and all other Things neceſſary in War were in Order. For, ſaid he, we always muſt be in readineſs to make War, the better to prevent the Misfortune of being firſt Attackt. Now having found a great many Things wanting every where, he preſently aſſembled Artificers to work Iron, Steel and Braſs: You might have ſeen burning Furnaces, and Clouds of Fire and Smoak mounting on high like thoſe ſubſterrenean Fires which are vomited up by Mount *Ætna*. The ſturdy Hammer reſounded on the Anvil which groan'd under the repeated Strokes; the neighbouring Mountains and Seaſhoar ecchoed to 'em; one would have

thought himſelf to be in that famous Iſland where *Vulcan* cheers up his *Cyclopes*, and forges Thunderbolts for the Father of the Gods: And by a wiſe forecaſt all the Preparations for a War were making in a profound Peace. Afterwards *Mentor* went out of the City with *Idomeneus*, and found a great Tract of fertile Lands lying waſte and uncultivated; others were manur'd but by halves through the Negligence and Poverty of the Husbandmen, who wanted more Hands, and bodily Strength to bring Agriculture to Perfection. *Mentor* beholding thoſe deſolate Fields, ſaid to the King: This Land is willing to enrich the Inhabitants, but the Inhabitants are wanting to the Land, and to themſelves. Let us therefore take all the uſeleſs Artificers who are in the City, and whoſe Trade tends only to debauch Manners, in order to make them till and manure theſe Plains and high Grounds. I own its a Misfortune that all thoſe Men who have practiſed Arts which require a ſedentary Life, are not inur'd to hard Labour; but here is a Remedy for it: We muſt divide among them

all

all the Lands void of Inhabitants, and call to their aſſiſtance ſome of the Neighbouring People who will undertake the hardeſt Work under 'em, provided they allow them a reaſonable ſhare in the Profits of the Lands they ſhall begin to Plow. Nay, in time they may enjoy a proportion of thoſe Lands, and being thus incorporated with your People, provided they be laborious and ſubmiſſive to the Laws, they will encreaſe your Power, and prove the beſt Subjects. Your City-Tradeſmen, now tranſplanted into the Country, will train up their Children to Labour, and enure them to the Yoke of a rural Life, and in proceſs of Time, all the Country round about ſhall be ſtock'd with ſtrong, vigorous Men, addicted to Husbandry. Now you need not be ſollicitous about the encreaſe of your People; for they will ſoon multiply to a Prodigy, if you encourage Matrimony, which you may do with great eaſe. Moſt Men have an Inclination to Marry, and 'tis generally Want that keeps them from it. If you do not over-charge them with Taxes, they will live at eaſe with their

Wives

Wives and Families; for the Earth is never ungrateful; She always yields Fruits to ſuſtain thoſe who cultivate her with Care and Diligence, and only denies her Benefits to thoſe who refuſe to beſtow their Labour upon her. The more Children Husbandmen have, the richer they are, provided the Prince ſtudy not to make them Poor; for their Children, even from their tendereſt Youth, begin to be a help to 'em; the youngeſt tend the Flocks while they are Feeding; thoſe of riper Years begin to drive the great Droves of Cattle; and the moſt aged guide the Plough-handle with their Father: In the mean time the Mother and all her Family Dreſs a courſe Meal for her Husband, and her dear Children, againſt they come home ſpent with the Toil of the Day. She takes care to Milk her Cows, and Streams of ſweet Liquor fill her cleanly Pails; ſhe lights a great Fire, round which the innocent and peaceful Family divert themſelves with Singing merry Lays before they go to reſt; ſhe gets ready Cheeſe, Cheſtnuts, and Fruits that look as freſh as if new gather'd.

ther'd. In the mean time the Shepherd comes home with his Flute, and Sings to the Family ſuch new Songs as he learnt in the Neighbouring Villages, The Husbandman comes in with his Plough, and goads along his wearied Oxen, which walk with ſlow Steps, and bending Necks. All the Hardſhips of Labour end with the Day: The kind Poppies which *Morpheus*, by the Command of the immortal Gods, ſcatters all over the Earth, quiet all black Thoughts, charm and lull Nature into a ſoft Enchantment, and every one falls aſleep without forecaſting the Labours of the next Day. Happy are thoſe Men who live without Ambition, Diſtruſt, or Diſguiſe, provided the Gods vouchſafe to give 'em a good King, who never diſturbs their innocent Joys. But what a horrid piece of Cruelty it is, the wreſting from their Hands the ſweet Fruits of the Earth, which they owe to the Bounty of Nature, and the ſweat of their Brows, only to gratifie the Pride and Ambition of one ſingle Man! Nature alone, out of her fruitful Boſom is able to maintain

maintain an infinite number of thrifty and laborious Men; but 'tis the Pride and luxurious Effeminacy of ſome Men who reduce ſo many others to the dreadful preſſures of Poverty.

But what ſhall I do, ſaid *Idomeneus*, if thoſe Men whom I diſperſe about a fruitful Country, neglect to Cultivate it? Follow, anſwer'd *Mentor*, a Method entirely oppoſite to that which is generally us'd by others. Greedy Princes, who have no Forecaſt, make it their Buſineſs to lay heavy Taxes on ſuch among their Subjects, who are moſt Diligent and Induſtrious in the improvement of their Eſtates, becauſe they think they can raiſe thoſe Duties with more eaſe; and at the ſame time they favour and excuſe thoſe whom Sloth and Idleneſs have Impoveriſht. Invert that bad Method, which over-burdens the Good, encourages Vice, and introduces a ſupine Negligence no leſs fatal to the King, than to the whole State. Impoſe Taxes, Fines, nay if need be, more rigorous Penalties on thoſe who neglect the Culture of their Lands; juſt as you would inflict Puniſhmens on

thoſe

thoſe Soldiers who quit their Poſt in War: Grant Favours and Exemptions to ſuch Families as multiply; and augment in proportion the extent of their Poſſeſſions. By this means their Families will ſoon increaſe, and every Body will be encourag'd to Labour; nay, Husbandry being no longer attended by ſo many Hardſhips, will be ſo far from being deſpis'd, that it will become Honourable; the Plough, now in eſteem, ſhall be guided by thoſe very Hands that gain'd Victories over the Enemies of the Country; and the Cultivating ones own Lands will be no leſs creditable, during a happy Peace, than the ſecuring of the ſame during the Troubles of War. All the Country will flouriſh and ſmile again; *Ceres* will be crown'd with golden Ears of Corn; *Bacchus* ſtamping the Grapes with his Feet, ſhall cauſe Streams of Wine more delicious than Nectar, to glide down the ſhelving Hills; the hollow Valleys ſhall eccho to the rural Conſorts of Shepherds, who along the graſſy Banks of purling Brooks ſhall Sing to their Pipes, both their amorous Pains and Plea-

Pleaſures, whilſt their Flocks dancing to the Harmony, ſhall crop the Graſs enamell'd with Flowers, ſecure from the ravenous Wolves. Will it not be a great happineſs for you, Oh! *Idomeneus*, to be the Spring of ſo many Bleſſings, and to make ſo many People live in ſoft repoſe under the Shadow of your auſpicious Name? Is not this Glory more affecting and more to be coveted, than that of laying the World waſte, and ſpreading every where (nay even at home, in the midſt of one's Victories, as well as among the Vanquiſh'd abroad) Slaughter, Deſtruction, Horror, Conſternation, cruel Famine, and Deſpair? Oh! Happy the King, who is ſo belov'd of the Gods, and has ſo large a Soul as to undertake to make himſelf the Delight of his People, and ſhew to all Ages the charming and wonderous Spectacle of his Reign! The whole Earth, inſtead of ſhunning his Power by Fights and Battles, would proſtrate her ſelf at his Feet, to beg him to Rule over her.

But, reply'd *Idomeneus*, when my People live thus in Peace and Plenty,

Plea-

Pleaſures will ſoon corrupt them, and they will bend againſt me that very Power I have put into their Hands. Fear not, ſaid *Mentor*, any ſuch Inconvenience: That's but a vain Pretence to flatter the Prodigality of thoſe Princes, who over-charge their People with Taxes. Beſides, there's a Remedy at hand: Thoſe Laws we have made for Husbandry, will inure them to a laborious Life; and even in Plenty, they ſhall have only Neceſſaries, becauſe we retrench all Arts which introduce Superfluities. Nay, that Plenty ſhall be leſſen'd by the frequent Marriages, and the great encreaſe of Families: For every Family being grown Numerous, and poſſeſſing but a competent Portion of Land, ſhall be forc'd to beſtow continual labour upon the Culture of it. 'Tis Effeminacy and Sloth which make the People inſolent and rebellious. They ſhall have Bread, I confeſs; and Bread in abundance: But then they ſhall have nothing but Bread, and the Fruits of their own Land, gotten by the Sweat of their Brows. To keep your People within that juſt Moderation, you muſt

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at this very time regulate the extent of Ground which every Family ſhall be allow'd to poſſeſs. You know we diſtributed all your People into 7 Ranks, according to their different Conditions: Now you muſt not ſuffer any Family, of any Degree, to enjoy more Land than is abſolutely neceſſary for the Maintenance of thoſe Perſons who depend upon it. This being a ſtanding inviolable Rule, the Nobles ſhall not be able to purchaſe from the Poor: All ſhall have Lands; but every one ſhall have but a ſmall Share, and by that means ſhall be excited to Cultivate it well. If in long proceſs of time Lands ſhould grow ſhort here, you might ſend Colonies abroad, which would encreaſe the Power of this State. Moreover, I think you never ought to ſuffer Wine to be too plentiful in your Dominions; if they have planted too many Vines, command them to be deſtroy'd; for Wine is a main ſource of the greateſt Miſchiefs among the People; it cauſes Diſeaſes, Quarrels, Seditions, Idleneſs and Sloth, and Diſorders in Families. Therefore let Wine be preſerv'd

as a kind of Remedy, or as a choice Liquor, to be employ'd only in Sacrifices, or extraordinary Feſtivals; yet think not that you can bring ſo important a Rule into Practice, unleſs you recommend it by your own Example. Furthermore, you muſt cauſe the Laws of *Minos*, concerning the Education of Children, to be inviolably obſerv'd: To which purpoſe, publick Schools ought to be erected, where they may be taught to fear the Gods, to love their Country, to reverence the Laws, and to prefer Honour before Pleaſures, and Life it ſelf. You muſt appoint Magiſtrates to over-ſee the Families and Manners of private Perſons: Nay, over-ſee them your ſelf, ſince you are King; that is, the Shepherd of the People, only to watch Night and Day over your Flock. By that means you will prevent a thouſand Crimes and Diſorders; and what you cannot prevent, you ought to puniſh at firſt with great Severity; for 'tis a piece of Clemency, by early and exemplary Puniſhments, to ſtem the Tide of Wickedneſs. A little Blood ſpill'd in time, ſaves the Lives of Thouſands,

and

and makes a Prince fear'd without uſing Rigour too often. But what a deteſtable Maxim is it, to make one's Safety conſiſt in the oppreſſing of the People? How barbarous is it, not to inſtruct them; not to lead them into the Path of Virtue; not to do any thing to get their Love; to drive them by Terror to Deſpair; and finally, to impoſe this dreadful Neceſſity upon 'em, either never to breath in ſweet Liberty, or to ſhake off a Tyrant's Yoke? What Name can one give to ſuch a Government? Is this the Way that leads to Honour? Remember, that where-ever the Command of the Prince is moſt abſolute, there the Prince is leaſt powerful. He takes all, conſumes all, and enjoys alone the whole State; but then the whole State is in a languiſhng Condition; the Country is uncultivated and deſolate; the Cities decreaſe, and Trade decays every day. The King, who cannot be a King by himſelf, and who is only ſo by his Subjects, annihilates himſelf by degrees, while he annihilates his People from whom both his Riches and Power are deriv'd; his Kingdom is exhauſted

of

of Mony and Men, and the loſs of theſe is the greateſt and moſt irreparable. His deſpotick Power makes as many Slaves as he has Subjects; they all ſeem to adore him, whereas they only tremble at his dreadful Looks, but ſee what will happen at the leaſt Revolution; this monſtrous Power, ſcrued up to a violent Exceſs, can hold out no longer, ſhe finds no Supplies in the Affections of the People, ſhe has wearied and provok'd all the different Ranks of Men in his State, and by that means forces every Member of that Body to ſigh with equal earneſtneſs after a Change. At the very firſt blow which is made at her, the Idol is thrown down, and trampled under Foot: Contempt, Hatred, Fear, Reſentment, Diſtruſt; in a word, all the Paſſions unite themſelves againſt ſo odious an Authority. The King, who during his vain Proſperity, could find no Man that durſt ſpeak the Truth to him, ſhall not find in his Misfortune any one Man that will either excuſe his Follies, or defend him againſt his Enemies.

Theſe and the like Diſcourſes of *Mentor*, having prevail'd upon *Idomeneus*, he

he presently distributed the waste Lands among the useless Artificers, and put in execution what had been resolv'd before. And now the Fields which had long been o're-spread with Briars and Thorns, begin to promise plentiful Harvests, and Fruits till then unknown. The Earth opens her Bosom to receive the cutting Plow-share, and prepares her Riches to recompence the Labour of the Husbandman. Hope revives and smiles on every side: You might see both in the Vallies, and on the Hills, numerous Flocks of Sheep, skipping and bleeting on the Grass, and great Herds of larger Cattle, which make the high Mountains resound with their Bellowings. Those Flocks and Herds fatten in the Fields and Meadows; 'tis *Mentor* who has found the way to procure them, by advising *Idomeneus* to exchange with the neighbouring Nations all the superfluous Things, which are now prohibited in *Salenta*, for those Sheep, Cows, and Oxen, which the *Salentines* wanted.

At the same time both the Cities and Villages round about were full of fine

fine ſprightly Youths, who for a long time had languiſh'd in Miſery, and were afraid to marry leſt they ſhould aggravate their Woes: But when they ſaw that *Idomeneus* began to embrace Sentiments of Humanity, and was willing to become their Father, they were no more afraid of Hunger, nor of the other Plagues with which Heaven afflicts Mankind. There were heard every where great Shoutings for Joy; the Shepherds and Plow-men celebrated the Hymeneal Pleaſures in their rural Songs; ſo that one would have thought, that the God *Pan* with a Chorus of *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and Nymphs danc'd to the ſoft ſound of the Flute in the Shady Woods. All was peaceful and ſmiling; but 'twas a moderate Joy; and as thoſe Pleaſures ſerv'd only to allay the Hardſhips of daily Labour, ſo they were more quick, and more ſenſible. The Old Men ſurpriz'd to ſee what they did not ſo much as hope for, during the long ſeries of their Years, wept through an exceſs of Joy mixt with Tenderneſs; and lifting up their trembling Hands towards Heaven:

Bleſs,

Bleſs, ſaid they, Bleſs, Oh! great *Jupiter!* the King who reſembles thee, and is the greateſt King thou ever madeſt. As he is born for the good of Mankind, return him all the good we receive from him. Our Great-grandſons ſprung from thoſe happy Marriages, which he encourages, ſhall be indebted to him, even for their very Birth; and he will truly be the Father of all his Subjects. The young Men and Maidens who married together, expreſt their mutual Joys, in ſinging the Praiſes of him who was the Fountain of thoſe Joys; every Mouth, every Heart were continually fill'd with his Praiſes. The ſight of him was accounted a great Happineſs; his abſence a Misfortune; and the loſing of him, had been the Deſolation of all Families.

Thereupon *Idomeneus* confeſt to *Mentor*, that he never felt ſo true and ſenſible a Pleaſure, as that of being belov'd, and making ſo many People happy. I could not, ſaid he, have believ'd what I now ſee: I thought all the Greatneſs of Princes conſiſted only

in

in making themſelves to be fear'd; that the reſt of Mankind were all made for them: And I look'd upon it as a meer Fable, whatever I had heard of thoſe Kings, who were the Delight and Darlings of their People: I now find the Truth of it, but I muſt relate to you how, from my tendereſt Infancy, my Mind was intoxicated with the Authority of Kings, which was the cauſe of all the Misfortunes of my Life.

Proteſilaus, who is ſomething older than my ſelf, was, of all others, the young Man whom I lov'd moſt; his lively and bold Temper ſuited with my Inclinations; he inſinuated himſelf into my Pleaſures and Diverſions; flatter'd all my Paſſions, and gave me a diſtruſt of another young Man, whom I loved alſo, and whoſe Name was *Philocles*. This *Philocles* fear'd the Gods, and had a great Soul, but full of Moderation: He placed Greatneſs not in raiſing, but in conquering himſelf, and doing nothing that's baſe and Ungenerous. He told me of my Faults with freedom; and even when he durſt not ſpeak to me, his very Looks, and ſad Counte-

nance, gave me ſufficiently to underſtand what he had a mind to reproach me with: I was well enough pleas'd at firſt with his Sincerity; and I often aſſur'd him, that I would ever hear him in Confidence as long as I liv'd. To ſecure me againſt Flatteries, he told me all I ought to do, to tread in the Footſteps of *Minos*, and to make my Subjects happy; his Wiſdom was not ſo deep as yours, Oh *Mentor*! but now I find by degrees, that his Maxims were good. The cunning Inſinuations of *Proteſilaus*, who was Jealous and full of Ambition, gave me a diſguſt for *Philocles*: *Philocles* being indifferent, and free from towring Thoughts, ſuffer'd the other to get the Aſcendant, and contented himſelf with telling me the Truth, when I was willing to hear it; for 'twas my Good, and not my Fortune that he ſought. *Proteſilaus* made me inſenſibly believe, that *Philocles* was a moroſe and proud Cenſurer of all my Actions; who ask'd no Favours of me, becauſe his Pride would not ſuffer him to be beholden to me; and that he courted the Reputation of one that is

above

above all Honours that I was able to beſtow. He added, that he ſpoke as freely about my Faults with other People, as he did with my ſelf; that he gave ſufficiently to underſtand, what a ſmall Eſteem he had for me; and that his leſſening my Reputation, was a Deſign to open himſelf a Way to the Throne, by the ſhew of a rigid Virtue. At firſt I was unwilling to think, that *Philocles* deſign'd to uſurp my Crown; for there is a certain Candour and Ingenuity in true Virtue, which cannot be counterfeited, and which cannot be miſtaken, if conſider'd with attention: Yet I begun to grow weary of *Philocles*'s Obſtinacy in condemning my Weakneſs. The ſoft complaiſance of *Proteſilaus*, and his unexhauſted Induſtry in inventing new Pleaſures to entertain me, made me feel more impatiently the Auſterity of his Rival. In the mean time *Proteſilaus* being vexed that I did not believe all he told me againſt *Philocles*, reſolv'd to ſpeak no more to me about him, and to uſe ſomething ſtronger than all his Words to perſuade me. Take notice how he compleated his

Treachery. He adviſed me to give *Philocles* the Command of the Ships which I ſent out to attack thoſe of *Carpathia*; and to induce me to it, he told me, You know my Commendations cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality: I own he has Courage, and underſtands the War; he will ſerve you beſt of any Man, and I eaſily forego my Reſentments againſt him, when your Service lies at ſtake. I was glad to find ſo much Honeſty and Juſtice in *Proteſilaus*, whom I had entruſted with the Adminiſtration of my Affairs of the greateſt importance: I embrac'd him tranſported with Joy, and thought my ſelf too happy, in having repoſed all my Confidence in a Man, who ſeem'd to be ſo much above Paſſion and Intereſt. But alas! How much Princes are to be pitied! This Man knew me better than I do my ſelf. He knew that Kings are generally diſtruſtful, and unattentive: Diſtruſtful, by their continual experience of the Artifice of thoſe corrupt Men that are about them; Unattentive, becauſe they are hurried away by the Torrent of Pleaſures, and us'd

us'd to have Men, whoſe Buſineſs it is to make Reflections and Obſervations for them, without being at the trouble of it themſelves. Therefore *Proteſilaus* eaſily underſtood that it would be no hard matter for him to make me jealous of a Man who would undoubtedly perform great Actions: eſpecially while his Abſence gave him ſo fair an Opportunity of undermining him.

Before *Philocles* put to Sea, he foreſaw what was like to befall him, Remember, ſaid he to me, that it ſhall be no longer in my Power to juſtify my ſelf; that my Enemy alone ſhall have your Ear, and that while I expoſe my Life for your Service, I run the hazard of being recompenſed with your Indignation. You are miſtaken, ſaid I to him, *Proteſilaus* ſpeaks not of you, as you do of him; nay rather, he commends you, he has a value for you, and thinks you worthy of the moſt important Employments; if ever he offers to ſpeak againſt you, he ſhall loſe that Truſt I repoſe in him, therefore fear him not, and only take care to ſerve me well. He went away, and I muſt

now confeſs, he left me in a ſtrange diſorder: I plainly ſaw how neceſſary it was for me to have ſeveral Perſons to conſult with; and that nothing was more prejudicial, either to my Reputation, or the ſucceſs of my Undertakings, than the truſting one ſingle Man. I found that the wiſe Counſels of *Philocles* had kept me from committing many dangerous Faults, into which the Haughtineſs of *Proteſilaus* would have hurried me. I was ſenſible that *Philocles*'s Mind was adorn'd with Honeſty and equitable Principles, which I did not find in *Proteſilaus*, whom by this time I had ſuffer'd to aſſume ſo peremptory a Tone with me, that I was no more able to contradict him almoſt in any thing. I was weary of being continually betwixt two Men, whom I could not bring to agree together; and this Laſſitude and my Weakneſs made me chuſe to hazard ſomething at the Expence of my Affairs, that I might enjoy my ſelf at liberty. I would have conceal'd from my very ſelf, the ſhameful Reaſon of that Courſe I had embrac'd; but that ſame ſhameful Reaſon,

which

which I was afraid to diſcover, workt ſecretly in the bottom of my Heart, and was the Motive of all I did. *Philocles* defeated the Enemy, gain'd a full Victory, and haſten'd his Return, in order to prevent the Ill Offices he fear'd from his Rival; *Proteſilaus*, who had not yet deceiv'd me, wrote to him, that my Deſire was, he ſhould follow his Victory, and make a Deſcent into the Iſland of *Carpathia*; for he perſuaded me, I might eaſily make my ſelf Maſter of that Iſland. But he order'd it ſo, that *Philocles* wanted many neceſſary things for his Undertaking; and tied him up with ſuch Orders, as occaſion'd many Diſappointments in the Execution of it. In the mean time he made uſe of a corrupt and treacherous Servant of mine, who obſerv'd every thing I did, and acquainted him with it, altho' they ſeem'd to ſpeak ſeldom to one another, and ever to be at odds. This Servant (*Timocrates* by Name) came to me one day, and told me as a great Secret, That he had diſcover'd a very dangerous Buſineſs. *Philocles*, ſaid he, deſigns to make uſe

of your Sea-Forces, to make himſelf King of the Iſle of *Carpathia*; the Captains of thoſe Troops are his Creatures, and all the Soldiers are corrupted by his Donatives, and much more by the pernicious Licentiouſneſs which he allows in them. He is elevated with his Victory; here is a Letter he writ to one of his Friends, about his Project of making himſelf King; ſo evident a Proof puts the Thing out of all doubt. I peruſed the Letter, which ſeem'd to be writ by *Philocles*; for *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, who made this Forgery, had perfectly imitated his Hand. That Letter caſt me into a ſtrange ſurprize; I read it over and over, and could not be perſuaded it was writ by *Philocles*, whilſt I review'd in my diſtracted Mind, all the ſenſible Demonſtrations he had given me of his Diſintereſtedneſs and Honeſty. However, what could I do? How could I contradict a Letter, which I acknowledg'd to be *Philocles*'s Hand? When *Timocrates* perceiv'd I could no longer reſiſt this Artifice, he ſtill carried it on further: Shall I dare, ſaid he to me, with a faultering Voice, to put you in

mind

mind of a Word in this Letter? *Philocles* tells his Friends, that he may ſpeak in confidence to *Proteſilaus*, about a thing which he only marks by a Cypher: Certainly *Proteſilaus* muſt be privy to the Deſign of *Philocles*; 'tis *Proteſilaus* who preſt you to ſend *Philocles* againſt the *Carpathians*; from a certain time he ſpeaks no more to you againſt him as he us'd to do; nay, on the contrary, he cries him up, he encourages him upon all occaſions, and they often pay one another civil Viſits. Without doubt *Proteſilaus* has taken his Meaſures with *Philocles*, in order to ſhare with him the Conqueſt of *Carpathia*: You may ſee your ſelf how he put you upon this Enterprize againſt all Reaſon, and cares not to expoſe all your Naval Forces, to gratifie his Ambition. Do you think he would thus be ſubſervient to *Philocles* towring Thoughts, if they were ſtill at odds? No, no; there's no queſtion, but thoſe two Men are reconcil'd, and have joyned Intereſts to aſcend the Throne together; nay, perhaps to diſpoſſeſs you of your own. I know, by ſpeaking thus freely to you, I expoſe my ſelf to their

Reſentment, if notwithſtanding my ſincere Information, you ſtill leave your Authority in their Hands; But what care I, as long as I tell you nothing but Truth?

Theſe laſt Words of *Timocrates* left a deep Impreſſion in me: I call'd no more *Philocles*'s Treachery into queſtion, and begun to diſtruſt *Proteſilaus*, as one that was his Friend. In the mean time *Timocrates* told me continually, if you ſtay till *Philocles* has made himſelf Maſter of the Iſle of *Carpathia*, it will then be too late to put a ſtop to his Deſigns; therefore make haſt to ſecure him whilſt he is yet in your Power. I ſhook with horror at the deep Diſſimulation of Men, and knew no more whom to truſt; for having diſcover'd *Philocles*'s Treachery, I did not ſee one Man upon the face of the whole Earth, whoſe Virtue was able to diſpel my Fears. I was reſolv'd to puniſh that perfidious Man without delay; but I was afraid of *Proteſilaus*, and knew not what Meaſures to keep with him: I fear'd to find him guilty, and likewiſe I fear'd to truſt him. At laſt, being in this

this diſorder, I could not forbear telling him that I was grown Jealous of *Philocles*. He ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at it, and repreſented to me how honeſt, upright, and moderate his Conduct had been; he exaggerated his Services; in ſhort, he manag'd the Matter ſo well, that I was perſuaded of their Intelligence. On the other ſide, *Timocrates* improved every Circumſtance to make me ſenſible of their good Underſtanding, and induce me to ruin *Philocles*, while it was yet in my Power to ſecure him. Mark, dear *Mentor*! mark the Unhappineſs of Princes, and how they are expos'd to be made the Property of other Men, even when they lie trembling at their Feet. I thought it was a piece of deep Policy, to break *Proteſilaus*'s Meaſures, by ſending privately *Timocrates* to the Fleet with Orders to diſpatch *Philocles* out of the way. *Proteſilaus* carried on his Diſſembling to the laſt, and deceiv'd me ſo much the better as he look'd like one who ſuffers himſelf to be deceiv'd. *Timocrates* put to Sea, and found *Philocles* hard put to it at the intended Deſcent: He wanted every thing;

thing; for *Proteſilaus* not knowing whether the ſuppos'd Letter was ſufficient to ruin his Enemy, contriv'd at the ſame time another Plot, to wit, the ill ſucceſs of an Enterprize which he had ſo much cry'd up, and which would not fail to provoke me againſt *Philocles*. This innocent Man maintain'd ſo difficult a War by his Courage, his Policy, and the Affection the Soldiers had for him. Although all the Army was ſenſible that this Deſcent was raſhly undertaken, and would prove fatal to the *Cretans*; yet all endeavour'd to carry it on, as if their Lives and Happineſs had depended upon theSucceſs of it, and every one was contented to venture his Life upon all Occaſions under ſo wiſe a General, and one who always ſtudy'd to make himſelf belov'd. *Timocrates* expos'd himſelf to an eminent Danger, by attempting to make away with that Chief, in the middle of an Army who lov'd him ſo paſſionately; but being blinded by Ambition, he found nothing difficult whilſt he endeavour'd to pleaſe *Proteſilaus*, with whom he expected to ſhare the

the abſolute Management of Affairs after the Death of *Philocles*. *Proteſilaus* could not endure a good Man, whoſe very ſight ſecretly reproach'd him with his Crimes; and who, by opening my Eyes, might fruſtrate all his ambitious Deſigns. *Timocrates* engag'd two Captains who were continually near *Philocles*'s Perſon, and promis'd them great Rewards from me: Afterwards he told *Philocles*, That he came to deliver to him a ſecret Meſſage from me, which he was order'd not to diſcloſe but in the Preſence of thoſe two Captains. *Philocles* having lock'd himſelf in with them, *Timocrates* pull'd out a Dagger and ſtabb'd him; but, as Fortune order'd it, the Blow was ſlanting, and did not go deep. *Philocles*, with undaunted Courage, wreſted the Dagger out of his Hand, and us'd it againſt him, and the other two: At the ſame time he cry'd out for help; thoſe without run to the Door, and having broke it open, diſingag'd *Philocles* from the Hands of thoſe three Men, who being preſently diſorder'd, had attack'd him but faintly. They were diſarm'd and

ſeiz'd;

ſeiz'd; and ſuch was the Fury and Indignation of the Army, that they would have torn them in pieces in an inſtant, had not *Philocles* ſtopt the Multitude. Afterwards he took *Timocrates* aſide, and ask'd him calmly, Who had engag'd him to commit ſo black a Deed? *Timocrates*, who fear'd Death, ſhew'd him inſtantly the Order I gave him in writing to diſpatch *Philocles*; and as all Traytors are Cowards, he bethought himſelf of ſaving his Life by revealing to *Philocles Proteſilaus*'s Treachery. *Philocles* amaz'd and frighted to find ſo much Malice in Men, follow'd a wiſe Reſolution; he declar'd to the Army, That *Timocrates* was innocent; and having ſecur'd him from their Violence, ſent him back to *Crete*. Afterwards he reſign'd the Command of the Army to *Polimenes*, whom I appointed in my written Order, to Command after *Philocles* was kill'd. Laſt of all he exhorted the Troops to remain faithful to their Duty to me, and in the Night-time went over to the Iſle of *Samos* in a ſmall Bark. There he lives retir'd in peaceful Poverty, making Statues to

get

get his Suſtenance, and abhorring to hear any Body ſpeak of unjuſt and treacherous Men, eſpecially Princes, who of all Mortals are the moſt unhappy and moſt blind. At theſe Words, *Mentor* ſtopping *Idomeneus*, Well, ſaid he, Was it long before you diſcover'd the Truth? No, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*; I found out by degrees the Artifices of *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*: They fell out a little while after; for wicked Men are ſeldom long united. By their Diviſion, I perceived the Abyſs into which they had precipitated me. Well, ſaid *Mentor*, did not you then reſolve to rid your ſelf of either of them? Alas! Dear *Mentor*, are you ignorant how weak and perplex'd Princes are? When they have once given up themſelves to Men who have the Art of making themſelves neceſſary, they can no longer hope for Liberty. Thoſe whom they deſpiſe moſt, are thoſe whom they uſe beſt, and on whom they beſtow their Favours; I abhorr'd *Proteſilaus*, and yet I left all my Authority in his Hands. Oh! unaccountable Illuſion! I was pleas'd with my ſelf, becauſe I knew

knew him, but my Weakneſs would not ſuffer me to re-take my Power from him: Beſides, I found him eaſie, complaiſant, induſtrious in gratifying my Paſſions, zealous for my Service; in ſhort, I found Reaſons to excuſe my Weakneſs to my ſelf. My being unacquainted with true Virtue, (for want of chuſing good Miniſters to manage my Affairs) made me believe there was no ſuch thing on Earth, and that Honeſty was but a meer *Chimera*. Why ſaid I to my ſelf, ſhould I be at the Pains of getting out of the Hands of one corrupt Man, to fall into thoſe of another, who ſhall be neither more free from Self-Intereſt, nor more ſincere than he?

In the mean time the Fleet commanded by *Polimenes*, return'd: I laid aſide the Thoughts of conquering the Iſland of *Carpathia*; and *Proteſilaus* could not diſſemble ſo well, but that I did diſcover how much he was vex'd to hear that *Philocles* was ſafe in the Iſle of *Samos*. *Mentor* interrupted *Idomeneus* once more, and ask'd him, Whether after ſo black a Treachery, he had continu'd

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Proteſilaus in the Adminiſtration of his Affairs? I was, anſwer'd *Idomeneus*, too great an Enemy to Buſineſs, and too much diſtracted by Pleaſures, as to be able to get out of his Hands. I muſt have broke the Method I had eſtabliſh'd for my own Eaſe, and given Inſtructions to a new Miniſter; this I had not the Reſolution to undertake, and ſo I choſe to wink at the Artifices of *Proteſilaus*; only I comforted my ſelf, with letting ſome of my intimate Friends underſtand, that I was not unacquainted with his Diſhoneſty. Thus I thought my ſelf cheated but by halves, as long as I knew I was cheated. Nay, I now and then made *Proteſilaus* ſenſible of my being uneaſie under his Yoke; I was often pleas'd in contradicting him, in blaming publickly ſome of his Actions, and in deciding Matters againſt his Opinion; but being acquainted with my Supinity and Sloth, he was little troubled at my Diſguſts, and purſued his Point with Obſtinacy. Sometimes he us'd preſſing, imperious Ways, and ſometimes ſupple and fawning Inſinuations. But chiefly when he perceiv'd

I was angry with him, he redoubled his Endeavours to furniſh me with new Amuſements which he thought might ſoften me, or engage me in ſome Affair, wherein he might be neceſſary, and make his Zeal for my Reputation appear: And, tho' I ſtood upon my Guard againſt him, yet this way of flattering my Paſſions, did daily inſnare me. He knew all my Secrets, he comforted me in my Troubles: He made the whole Nation tremble by the Power he uſurp'd from me: In fine, I could not think of ruining him, but rather of maintaining him in his Poſt; I put all honeſt Men out of capacity of ſhewing me my true Intereſt; and after that very moment no Man durſt freely give me his Advice. All Truth was fled far from me; but Error, which is the fore-runner of the fall of Princes, ſtar'd me in the Face, and I plainly ſaw how much I was to blame to ſacrifice *Philocles* to the cruel Ambition of *Proteſilaus*: Thoſe very Men who were moſt zealous for the Government, and my Perſon, did not think themſelves oblig'd to undeceive me. After ſo dreadful an

Exam-

Example, I my ſelf, dear *Mentor*, was afraid leſt Truth ſhould pierce through the Cloud, and reach my ſight in ſpite of all my Flatterers; for wanting Reſolution to follow it, its Light became troubleſome to me; and I was ſenſible that it would have raiſed cruel Remorſes within me, without freeing me from ſo fatal an Engagement. My Eaſineſs, and the Aſcendent which *Proteſilaus* had gain'd over me, made me almoſt deſpair of ever recovering my Liberty. I was unwilling either to behold my wretched State, or to diſcover it to others; for you know, dear *Mentor*, that the vain Pride and falſe Glory, wherein Princes are brought up, will not ſuffer 'em ever to be in the Wrong. To palliate a Fault, they make a hundred; rather than own they have been deceiv'd, and give themſelves the trouble of forſaking their Error, they'll ſuffer themſelves to be deceiv'd all their Lives long. This is the State of weak and inadvertent Princes; and it was exactly my own. When it was abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould go to the Siege

of

of *Troy*, at my departure I left *Proteſilaus* my chief Miniſter of State, who in my abſence rul'd with Haughtineſs and Inhumanity: The whole Kingdom of *Crete* groan'd under his Tyranny; but no body durſt tell me how the People were oppreſs'd: They knew that I was afraid to know the Truth, and that I left all thoſe to the Cruelty of *Proteſilaus*, who durſt attempt to ſpeak againſt him. But the more it was conceal'd, the more violent was the Evil. He conſtrain'd me to throw off the valiant *Merione*, who had follow'd me with ſo much Honour to the Siege of *Troy*. At my return he grew jealous of him and of all thoſe whom I lov'd, and in whom appear'd any ſign of Virtue. You muſt know, my dear *Mentor*, that thence all my Misfortunes had their riſe. 'Twas not ſo much the Death of my Son that caus'd the *Cretans* to revolt, as the Vengeance of the Gods irritated againſt my Weakneſs, and the Hatred of the People which *Proteſilaus* had drawn upon me: When I ſpilt the Blood of my Son, the *Cretans*, now weary of a rigorous Government, had loſt all Patience, and the

the horror of this Action did only openly ſhew what had long lain hidden in the bottom of their Hearts. *Timocrates* follow'd me to the Siege of *Troy*, and by private Letters gave *Proteſilaus* an account of all that he could pry into. I plainly perceiv'd that I was in ſlavery, but I endeavour'd not to think of it, deſpairing to remedy it. When the *Cretans* revolted at my Arrival, *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates* were the firſt who fled; and had doubtleſs left me, had I not been oblig'd to fly almoſt as ſoon as they. Know, my dear *Mentor*, that inſolent Men in the time of Proſperity are ever weak, and in diſgrace; they grow giddy and faint-hearted as ſoon as ever abſolute Power forſakes 'em; they are then as abject as they are haughty, and, in one moment, they paſs from one extreme to another.

Said *Mentor* to *Idomeneus*, but how comes it then, that knowing theſe two wicked Men to the very bottom, you ſhould ſtill entertain 'em near you, as I ſee you do? I don't wonder that they follow'd you, ſince they cou'd do no otherwiſe for their own ſafety; and I believe

believe that you have been ſo generous as to give 'em a Refuge in your new Settlement; but why will you again betray yourſelf to 'em after ſuch dear experience of 'em? You don't know, ſaid *Idomeneus*, how uſeleſs all Experiences are to eaſy and inadvertent Princes, who live without Reflection; they are diſcontented with every Thing, and yet have not the Courage to redreſs any Thing. The Habit of ſo many Years continuance, is as ſo many Iron-Fetters that chain'd me to theſe two Men; they beſet me every Hour; and ſince I have been here, they have put me upon all theſe exceſſive Expences that you ſee: They have loſt this growing State; they drew this War upon me, which had inevitably ruin'd me without you; I ſhou'd ſoon have found the ſame Misfortunes at *Salenta* that I felt in *Crete*; but you have at laſt opened my Eyes, and you have inſpir'd me with the Courage which I wanted to through off this Slavery: I don't know what you have wrought within me, but ſince you have been here, I find my ſelf quite another Man.

Mentor

Mentor then ask'd *Idomeneus* how *Proteſilaus* had behav'd himſelf in this change of Affairs. No Man with more artifice, reply'd *Idomeneus*, ſince your arrival here: He has not omitted the leaſt occaſion to fill any Soul with unjuſt Suſpicions. 'Tis true, he ſaid nothing againſt you, but ſeveral others buzz'd in my Ears that theſe two Strangers ought to be narrowly inſpected: One of 'em, ſaid he, is the Son of the grand Deceiver *Ulyſſes*, and t'other is a decrepid Man, and of deep Thought; they are us'd to wander about from Kingdom to Kingdom, and who knows but they have hatch'd ſome Deſign againſt this? Theſe great Adventurers relate themſelves that they have caus'd great Troubles in all the Countries they have paſt thro'; and ours is but a growing State, and ſcarce yet ſettled, ſo that the leaſt Commotion may overturn it. *Proteſilaus* ſaid nothing, but he endeavour'd to make me perceive the Danger and Extravagance of all theſe Reformations that you make me attempt: He attack'd me with my own proper Intereſt: If, ſaid he, you let the People

live

live in Plenty, the'l work no more, but will grow Fierce, Indocile, and ever ready to Revolt; 'tis only Weakneſs and Miſery that makes 'em humble, and that hinders 'em from diſturbing the Government: He has often endeavour'd to reſume his former Authority, to hurry me away, covering it with your deſire of eaſing the pretence of his Zeal to ſerve me. The People, ſaid he, derogate from the Regal Power, and by that you will do the People themſelves an irreparable Injury. For there is a neceſſity that they ſhould always be kept low for their own quiet and ſafety. To all which I anſwer'd, that I knew how to keep the People in their Duty to me, by making my ſelf belov'd by 'em, and not remit any thing of my Prerogative, tho' I did eaſe 'em: In ſhort, by giving the Children good Education, and an exact Diſcipline to all the People, to keep 'em in a plain courſe of life, ſober and laborious. How! ſaid I, are not the People to be kept in ſubjection without ſtarving 'em to death? What Inhumanity is this! what brutiſh Policy!

licy! How many People do we ſee govern'd with a gentle hand, and yet Loyal to their Princes? That which cauſes Revolts is the Ambition and Reſtleſsneſs of the Grandees of a State, when once they have got too great a Liberty, ſuffering their Paſſions to paſs all due Bounds. 'Tis the multitude of great and little, who live at Eaſe, in Luxury, and in Lazineſs: 'Tis the too great abundance of Military Men, who have neglected all uſeful Employments, which they ſhould take upon 'em in the time of Peace: In ſhort, 'tis the Deſpair of a People ill-treated, 'tis the Severity, the Haughtineſs of Princes, and their Indulgence of themſelves, that makes 'em uncapable of watching over every Member of the State to prevent any Trouble. See here now what cauſes Revolts? 'Tis not the Bread which the Labourer is ſuffer'd to eat in Peace, after he has got it by the Sweat of his Brow. When *Proteſilaas* ſaw that I was unſhaken in theſe Maxims, he took a quite contrary courſe to his former practices, and began to obſerve thoſe Maxims he could not de-

ſtroy: He ſeem'd to Reliſh 'em, to be convinc'd by 'em, and to own himſelf oblig'd to me for making 'em ſo obvious to him; and obviates all my Wiſhes to eaſe the Poor: He is the firſt that repreſents their Grievances to me, and that cries out againſt extravagant Expences; you know your ſelf he praiſes you, that he ſeems to have great confidence in you, and that he omits nothing that may pleaſe you. *Timocrates* indeed, begins not to ſtand ſo well with *Proteſilaus*, and thinks to be independant on any body but himſelf: *Proteſilaus* is jealous of him, and it is partly thro' their difference that I have diſcover'd their perfidy.

Mentor ſmiling, replied thus to *Idomeneus*: What then if you have been ſo weak as even to ſuffer your ſelf to be tyrannized over for ſo many Years, by two Traitors, whoſe Treaſons you were acquainted with? Alas! (cry'd *Idomeneus*) you do not know what Men of Artifice can work on a weak Prince, who has deliver'd himſelf up to them, in the management of all his Affairs. I told you beſides, that nevertheleſs

vertheleſs *Proteſilaus* approves all the Projects for the Publick good. *Mentor* reſum'd the Diſcourſe with a great deal of gravity, and ſaid, I ſee but too well how much the Wicked prevail againſt the Good, eſpecially among Princes, of which you are a ſad Example: But you tell me, I have open'd your Eyes as to *Proteſilaus*, and yet they are ſo far ſhut, as to leave the management of the Government to this Man who is unworthy to live. Know, that wicked Men are not uncapable of doing good; 'tis equally the ſame thing to them as to do ill, when they can ſerve their Ambition. It coſts 'em nothing to do ill; becauſe no thought of Goodneſs, nor any Principle of Virtue does reſtrain 'em; but juſt ſo they do well, becauſe the Corruption of their Nature leads 'em to it, that they may ſeem good, ſo to deceive the reſt of Mankind. To ſpeak properly, they are not capable of Virtue, tho' they ſeem to act by its Principles; but they are capable of adding to all other Vices the moſt horrible of all Vices, which is *Hypocriſie*. As long as you ſtedfaſtly

reſolve to do good, *Proteſilaus* will be ready to do good with you, to preſerve his Authority; but if he perceives the leaſt lapſe from it in you, he will forget nothing that may make you fall again into your Errors, and freely to reſume his natural Deceit and Ferocity. Can you live in Honour and Quiet as long as ſuch a Man haunts you Day and Night, and as long as you know the faithful *Philocles*, poor and diſgrac'd in the Iſle of *Samos*? O *Idomeneus*! you know well enough, that the Bold and Deceitful Men, when preſent, inſnare weak Princes: And you ought to add, That Princes have yet another Unhappineſs no whit inferiour, which is, eaſily to forget Virtue, and the Services of a Man at a diſtance. The Multitude of Men who crowd on Princes, is the Reaſon that there is not one among 'em who can make any deep impreſſion on them; they are not touch'd but by what is preſent, and by that which flatters 'em; all the reſt is ſoon defac'd. Upon the whole, Virtue touches 'em but little; becauſe, Virtue, far from flattering 'em, contradicts 'em, and con-

condemns their weakneſs in them. Can we wonder that they are not beloved, when they do not deſerve it, and love nothing but their Greatneſs and Pleaſures?

After having thus ſpoken, *Mentor* perſuaded *Idomeneus*, that he ſhou'd turn out *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and recall *Philocles*. That which moſt ſtuck with the King as to this was, That he fear'd the Severity of *Philocles*. I muſt confeſs, ſaid he, I cannot chuſe but be a little fearful of his return, tho' I love and eſteem him; but I have ever ſince my Infancy, been accuſtom'd to be prais'd, to Courtſhip, and to Complaiſance, which I cannot hope to find from this Man. Whenever I did any thing that he diſlik'd, his ſorrowful Countenance ſufficiently aſſur'd me that he condemn'd me. When he was in private with me, his Maxims were full of reſpect and moderation, but harſh.

Don't you ſee, ſaid *Mentor*, that Princes who are ſpoil'd by Flattery, think every thing harſh and auſtere that is free and ingenuous; they are grown ſo nice, that every thing that is not Flat-

tery offends and provokes 'em. But let us go yet a little further: I grant that *Philocles* is really Harsh and Austere; but is not his Austerity better than the pernicious Flattery of your Counsellors? Where will you find a Man without Faults? And ought not you to fear the Fault of one who tells you the Truth a little too freely? What do I say? Is not this a Fault necessary to the Correction of yours, and to cure the loathing of Truth which Flattery has begot in you? You want a Man who loves nothing but Truth, and who loves you better than you know how to love your self; who dare, and will tell you unpleasing Truths; who will press upon all your Retirements; and this necessary Man is *Philocles*. Remember that Prince is too happy, when but only one Man of such greatness of Mind is Born in his Reign, who is the most valuable Treasure of his Kingdom; and that the greatest Punishment he ought to fear from the Gods, is to be depriv'd of him, if he renders himself unworthy, for want of knowing how to make use of him. As to the Faults

of

of Good Men, he ought to be acquainted with 'em, and nevertheleſs make uſe of their Service: Redreſs thoſe Faults, deliver not your ſelf blindly up to their indiſcreet Zeal, but favourably hear 'em; honour their Virtue; ſhew the Publick that you know how to diſtinguiſh it; and above all, take great care that you be not like thoſe Princes, who only deſpiſing corrupt Men, do not however fail to employ and intruſt 'em, and to heap kindneſſes on 'em; and who pretending to know virtuous Men, give 'em nothing but empty Praiſes, not deſiring to truſt 'em in any Employments, nor to admit 'em into their familiar Converſation, nor to beſtow any Favours on them. *Idomeneus* then own'd, that he was aſham'd he had ſo long delay'd the deliverance of oppreſſed Innocence, and the Puniſhment of thoſe who had abuſed him: Immediately therefore he gave private Orders to *Hegeſippus*, who was one of the principal Officers of the Houſhould, to ſeize *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, and to carry 'em guarded to the Iſle of *Samos*, and to leave 'em

there, and to bring back *Philocles* from that place of Exile. *Hegeſippus*, ſurpriz'd at theſe Orders, cou'd not forbear weeping for Joy. 'Tis now this moment, ſaid he to the King, that you are going to harm your Subjects: For theſe two Men have caus'd all your Misfortunes as well as thoſe of your People: Theſe Twenty Years have all good Men groan'd under 'em; and twas dangerous too to be heard to groan; ſo cruel is their Tyranny, they oppreſs all thoſe who endeavour to go to you by any other way but by them. Afterwards *Hegeſippus* diſcover'd a great many Treacheries and Acts of Inhumanity, committed by theſe two Men, of which the King never had Information before, becauſe no body durſt accuſe 'em: He gave him beſides, an Account of what he had diſcover'd of a Conſpiracy againſt *Mentor*. The King heard all with Horror; in the mean while *Hegeſippus* haſten'd to go take *Proteſilaus* in his Houſe: It was not ſo large, nor ſo commodious, nor ſo pleaſant as the King's, but the Architecture was of a better Model; and *Proteſilaus* had

had adorn'd it with a great deal of Coſt, drawn from the Blood of thoſe whom he had made miſerable. *Proteſilaus* was at that time in a Parlour of Marble near his Baths, lying careleſly on a Bed of Purple, embroider'd with Gold: He ſeem'd weary and ſpent with his Labours: His Eyes and Eye brows diſcover'd an unuſual kind of diſorder, and ſullen Wildneſs: The Chief of the Kingdom ſate rang'd about him on Carpets, and compos'd their Looks to thoſe of *Proteſilaus*, which they obſerv'd, even to the twinkling of an Eye: Scarce cou'd he open his Mouth, ere all of them were ready to extol with Admiration what he was going to ſay. One of the principal of the Company repeated to him with ridiculous Exaggerations what he had done for the King. Another told him that *Jupiter* having deceiv'd his Mother, gave Life to him, and that he was Son to the Father of the Gods. Among the reſt a Poet ſung Verſes to him, wherein he recited that *Proteſilaus* being Inſtructed by the Muſes, equal'd *Apollo* in every performance of Wit; another Poet more Fauning

and Impudent, call'd him in his Verſes the Inventor of the Liberal Sciences, and the Father of the People, whom he made happy; and deſcrib'd him holding the Horn of Plenty in his Hand. *Proteſilaus* hearkne'd to theſe Praiſes with a ſurly Look, diſtorted and diſdainful, like one who knows well enough that he deſerves them, and yet far greater, and who condeſcends too much in ſuffering himſelf to be prais'd. There was another Flatterer who took the liberty to tell him in his Ear ſome pleaſant Thing againſt the Regulations *Mentor* endeavour'd to eſtabliſh, at which *Proteſilaus* ſmil'd; and then the whole Aſſembly fell a Laughing, tho the greateſt part could not yet know what was ſaid; but *Proteſitaus* reſuming his ſevere and haughty Air, every one of 'em put on their former dread, and became Silent. Theſe Noblemen often watch'd the happy Opportunity when *Proteſilaus* wou'd caſt his Eye towards 'em and hear 'em, appearing mute and diſorder'd, becauſe they had ſome Favours to beg of him: Their dejected Poſtures ſpoke for 'em, and they ſeem'd as

ſubmiſſive

ſubmiſſive as a Mother at the Foot of an Altar, when ſhe begs of the Gods that her only Son may be reſtor'd to his Health. Every one appear'd contented, full of Tenderneſs and Admiration of *Proteſilaus*, tho they all had entertain'd an implacable hatred of him in their Hearts. In this very Moment enters *Hegeſippus*, ſeizes his Sword, and tells him that he is come to carry him to the Iſle of *Samos*. At theſe Words, all the Loftineſs of *Proteſilaus* fell down like a Rock that breaks off from the top of a ſharp-pointed Mountain: Now he throws himſelf trembling at the Feet of *Hegeſippus*, he cries, he faulters, he ſtammers, he quakes, he embraces the Knees of this Man, whom not an Hour ſince he wou'd not vouchſafe to Honour ſo much as with a Look: All thoſe who had but juſt now Worſhip'd him, ſeeing him irrecoverably loſt, turn'd their Flatteries into bitter and pitileſs Mockeries; and *Hegeſippus* wou'd not allow him ſo much time as either, to take his laſt Farewel of his Wife and Family, or to fetch ſome private Writings; but all were ſeiz'd and carry'd to

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the King. At the ſame time too *Timocrates* was Arreſted, to his great Amazement; for having fall'n out with *Proteſilaus* he thought he could not be involv'd in his Ruin. They ſet out then in a Veſſel prepar'd for that purpoſe, and arriv'd at *Samos*, where *Hegeſippus* left theſe two miſerable Wretches, and to compleat their Miſery he left them together. There, with the greateſt Rage, they reproached one another with the Crimes they had committed, which now were the cauſe of their Fall. They were now paſt hope of ever ſeeing *Salenta* more, condemn'd to live far from their Wives and Children, I can't ſay far from their Friends, for they had none. They were then in an unknown Land, where they had no means of Living but their Labour: They who had paſs'd ſo many Years in Delicacies and Pride, were now, like wild Beaſts, always ready to tear one another in Pieces.

In the mean time *Hegeſippus* inquir'd in what part of the Iſle *Philocles* dwelt: He was told that he lived a great way from the Town upon a Mountain, where

where a Cave ſerv'd him for an Houſe. All the Inhabitants ſpoke to him with Admiration of this Stranger: Never ſince he has been in this Iſle, ſaid they to him, has he offended any Body. Every Man wonders at his Patience, his Labour and Peace of Mind; ſince, having nothing, he ſeems always Contented; and tho he be here far from Buſineſs, without Wealth and without Authority, he ceaſes not however to oblige thoſe who deſerve it, and finds a Thouſand ways to do all his Neighbours ſome Service.

Hegeſippus went up towards this Grotto, which he found empty and open; for the Poverty and plain Manners of *Philocles*, oblig'd him to no neceſſity of ſhutting his Door when he went out. A Matt of Ruſhes ſerv'd him inſtead of a Bed: He ſeldom kindled a Fire, becauſe he never eat any Thing dreſs'd: All the Summer he liv'd upon Fruits newly gather'd; and in the Winter upon Dates and dry Figs. A clear Spring of Water diſtilling from a Rock, ſerv'd to quench his Thirſt. He had nothing in his Grotto but Inſtruments

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neceſſary for Carving, and ſome few Books which he read at certain Hours; not to adorn his Mind, nor to ſatisfy his Curioſity, but to inſtruct him at his ſpare Hours, and to learn to be Good. He apply'd himſelf to this Art, only to exerciſe his Body, and to get a Livelihood, that he might not be beholding to any Perſon. *Hegeſippus* entring the Grotto, could not but admire the Works that he had begun; he obſerv'd a *Jupiter*, whoſe ſerene Countenance was ſo full of Majeſty, that he might eaſily be known for the Father of the Gods and Men; on another ſide appear'd *Mars* with a dreadful and manacing Fierceneſs: But what was moſt lively repreſented, was a *Minerva*, who gave Life to theſe Arts; her Countenance was noble and ſweet, her Port lofty and free; ſhe was in a Poſture ſo nearly imitating Life, that one might believe that ſhe would immediately Walk. *Hegeſippus* having delighted himſelf with the ſight of theſe Statues, came out of the Grotto, and at ſome diſtance off, under a large Tree, he ſaw *Philocles* Reading on the Graſs. He went directly towards him;

him; and *Philocles* who perceiv'd him, knew not what to think. Is not that *Hegeſippus* there, ſaid he to himſelf, with whom I liv'd ſo long in *Crete*? But what ſhou'd cauſe him to come to an Iſland ſo far diſtant? Perhaps 'tis his Ghoſt that after his Death comes from the *Stygian* Banks. Whilſt he was thus doubting, *Hegeſippus* came ſo near him, that he could not chooſe but know him again and embrace him. Is it then indeed you, my dear and old Friend? What Danger, what Tempeſt has thrown you on this Shoar? Why did you leave the Iſland of *Crete*? Is it a Diſgrace like mine, which has forc'd you from your Country to our ſide? *Hegeſippus* anſwer'd him, 'tis no Diſgrace; but, on the contrary, the Kindneſs of Heaven that has brought me hither. Then preſently he recounted to him the long Tyranny of *Proteſilaus* and *Timocrates*, the Misfortunes ino which they had precipitated *Idomeneus*, the Fall of that Prince, his Flight to the Coaſts of *Heſperia*, the Founding of *Salenta*, the arrival of *Mentor* and *Telemachus*, the wiſe Maxims with which

Mentor

Mentor had inſpir'd the King, and the Diſgrace of thoſe two Traitors; adding, that he had brought 'em to *Samos*, to ſuffer the ſame Baniſhment there, which they had caus'd *Philocles* to undergo, and ſo finiſh'd his Diſcourſe in telling him that he was commanded to bring him to *Salenta*; where the King, who knew his Innocence, would truſt the management of his Affairs to him, and heap Riches on him.

Do you ſee this Cave, ſaid *Philocles* to him, fitter to hide wild Beaſts, than to be inhabited by Men? Here I have taſted for theſe many Years paſt, more Sweetneſs and Repoſe than ever I did in the gilded Palaces of the Iſland of *Crete*. Man deceives me no more, for I Converſe with no Man; I hear no more their flattering and poiſoning Diſcourſes; I have no more need of 'em. My Hands inur'd to Labour, give me a wholeſome Nouriſhment, ſufficient and neceſſary; I need no more than this ſlight Stuff that you ſee, to cover me; I have no other Want; I enjoy an undiſturb'd Reſt and a ſweet Freedom, of which the Wiſdom in my Books

Books teach me to make good uſe. What ſhould I go to ſeek again among ſuſpicious, deceitful and inconſtant Men? No, no, my dear *Hegeſippus*, envy not my good Fortune. *Proteſilaus* has betray'd himſelf, deſigning to betray the King, and to ruin me; but, believe me, he has done me no hurt at all: On the contrary he has done me the greateſt Kindneſs; he has deliver'd me from the noiſe and ſlavery of Buſineſs; to him I owe my dear Solitude, and all the innocent Pleaſures that I have enjoy'd here. Return, *Hegeſippus*! Return to the King, help him to ſupport the Miſeries of Greatneſs, and do for him what you would have me do. Since his Eyes, ſo long ſhut againſt Virtue, have at laſt been open'd by this wiſe Man whom you call *Mentor*; let the King keep him near him. It is dangerous for me after my Shipwrack to quit the Port into which the Tempeſt had ſo happily driven me, and to truſt my ſelf again to the Mercy of the Winds. Ah! How much are Kings to be pitied. Ah! How ought they to be pitied who ſerve 'em! If they are

Wicked,

Wicked, how many Men ſuffer by 'em; and what Torments are prepar'd for them in the darkeſt Hell? If they are Good, how many Difficulties have they to overcome! How many Snares to avoid! What Ills to ſuffer!——Once more my dear *Hegeſippus*, leave me in my happy Poverty!——

While *Philocles* was thus ſpeaking with a great deal of earneſtneſs, *Hegeſippus* beheld him with aſtoniſhment; he had ſeen him formerly in *Crete*, during the time he adminiſtred the greateſt Affairs of State, lean, languid, and almoſt ſpent, his natural Ardour and Auſterity waſting through Care and Pains: He could not ſee Vice unpuniſh'd without the greateſt Concern: He would have Affairs manag'd with ſuch an Exactneſs as is never known; and thus his great Employments deſtroy'd his weak Conſtitution: But at *Samos*, *Hegeſippus* found him plump and vigorous, for all his Age; his flouriſhing Youth ſeem'd renewed in his Face; a temperate, quiet, and laborious Life had, as it were, given him a new Conſtitution. You are ſurpriz'd

to

o ſee me ſo alter'd, ſaid *Philocles*, then ſmiling; but know, 'tis my Retreat has thus renew'd and reſtor'd me to perfect Health. My Enemies have given me what I could never find in the greateſt of my Fortunes: Would you have me then loſe the *true God*, to purſue the falſe, and plunge my ſelf again into my former Miſeries? Ah! I beſeech you, be not more Cruel than *Proteſilaus*! At leaſt, envy me not the Happineſs that I owe to him!

Hegeſippus then urg'd to him, but in vain, all that he thought might move him. Are you then inſenſible, ſaid he to him, of the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Friends and Relations, who wiſh and ſigh for your Return, and whom the hope alone of embracing you overwhelms with Joy? *You*, who revere the Gods, and who *love* your Duty, do you think it none to ſerve the King; and to aſſiſt him in all the good he deſigns, in making ſo many People happy? Is it permitted that a Man ſhould abandon himſelf to a wild and ſavage Philoſophy, to prefer himſelf to all the reſt of Mankind, and to value his own

Quiet

Quiet more than that of his Fellow-Citizens? If theſe be not the Reaſons, 'twill certainly be thought you do it out of ſpite, that you will ſee the King no more; who, if he did deſign any ill to you, 'twas becauſe he did not then know you. It was not the honeſt, the juſt *Philocles* whom he would have deſtroy'd; no, 'twas a Man quite different from him whom he would have puniſh'd: But now he knows you, and does not miſtake you for another; he feels all his former Friendſhip revive in his Heart: he waits for you; at this very moment he opens his Arms to embrace you: He is ſo impatient, he thinks every Hour a Day: And can you be inexorable to your *King*, and to all your dearer *Friends*?

Philocles, who at firſt, grew tender at the ſight of *Hegeſippus*, re-aſſum'd his grave and ſevere Look, whilſt he hearkned to this Diſcourſe, firm as a Rock againſt which the Winds fruitleſsly contend, and roaring Billows break themſelves; he was ſtill immoveable, nor his Prayers nor his Arguments could penetrate his Heart; but in the moment

ment when *Hegeſippus* began to deſpair to prevail on him, *Philocles*, having conſulted the Gods, found by the Flight of Birds, the Entrails of Victims, and by ſeveral Divinations, that he muſt follow *Hegeſippus*; wherefore he no longer reſiſted, but prepar'd to go; but not without regret, that he muſt leave the Deſart where he had paſs'd ſo many Years. Alas, ſaid he, O my lovely Grotto, muſt I quit thee! where peaceful Sleep came every Night to releaſe me from the Labours of the Day! Here the Deſtinies, in the middle of my Poverty, ſpun golden Days. Here, weeping, he proſtrated himſelf to adore the *Nayade* who had ſo long quench'd his Thirſt with her clear Flood, and all the Nymphs that inhabited the neighbouring Mountains. Eccho heard his mournful Farewells, and repeated 'em to all the Deities of the Fields. At laſt *Philocles* came to the Town with *Hegeſippus* to embark themſelves; not imagining that the miſerable *Proteſilaus*, for very ſhame and anger, , would have ſeen him; but he was miſtaken, for ill Men have no ſhame, and can always ſubmit

ſubmit themſelves to themeaneſt things; *Philocles*'s Modeſty conceal'd him for fear of being ſeen by this miſerable Wretch; fearing, indeed, to heighten his Misfortune by ſhewing him the Proſperity of an Enemy who was going to be rais'd on his Ruins; but *Proteſilaus* eagerly ſought *Philocles*; he deſir'd he ſhould pity him, and beg of the King that he might return to *Salenta*: But *Philocles* was too ſincere to promiſe him to labour for his being re-call'd; for he knew better than any Man how pernicious his Return would have been: But he ſpoke very courteouſly to him, and expreſſing a great deal of Compaſſion, endeavour'd to comfort him, and exhorted him to appeaſe the angry Gods by a pious Life, and by a magnanimous Patience in his Affliction: and having underſtood that the King had taken from *Proteſilaus* all his ill-gotten Riches, he promis'd him two things, which at laſt he faithfully perform'd: One was to take care of his Wife and Children, who were at *Salenta*, expoſed to the fury of the Multitude; and the other was to ſend to *Proteſilaus*, in this Iſle ſo far diſtant,

ſtant, ſome little Supply of Mony to alleviate his Misfortunes.

In the mean time, a fair Wind fill'd their ſpreading Sails: *Hegeſippus*, full of impatience, haſtens *Philocles*; and *Proteſilaus* ſees them embark'd; his Eyes are fix'd and immoveable on the Shoar; he purſues the Veſſel that cuts the Waves, and which the Winds carries farther and farther each Minute; and when at laſt he could ſee them no more, reprints the *Idea* of them in his Mind: In ſhort, raging and vexed, and given over to his own Deſpair, he tears his Hair, throws himſelf on the Sand, taxes the Gods with their Severity, and in vain calls on cruel Death to help him; who deaf to his Prayers, will not vouchſafe to deliver him out of ſo great Miſeries; nor has he the Courage to give it himſelf.

In the mean while, this Veſſel favoured by *Neptune* and the Winds, ſoon arrived at *Salenta*; and as ſoon as it was told the King, and they were landed at the Port, he ran with *Mentor* towards *Philocles*, and kindly embracing him, ſhew'd a ſenſible Concern for having per-

perſecuted him with ſo much Injuſtice.

This Reception, far from appearing a Weakneſs in a Prince, was look'd upon by the *Salentines*, as a great Soul, which raiſes it ſelf above paſt Faults, in freely owning 'em in ordert to repair 'em. Every one wept for joy to ſee this honeſt Man again, who loved the People, and to hear the King ſpeak with ſo much Diſcretion and Humanity. *Philocles* received the King's Careſſes with great Reſpect and Modeſty, and was very impatient to be out of the Noiſe and Acclamations of the People: He followed the King to the Palace, where preſently *Mentor* and He were as well acquainted, as if they had lived together all their Lives long, tho they had never ſeen one another before: For the Gods, who have deny'd Eyes to the Wicked to perceive Good, have given Eyes to good Men whereby they know one another. Thoſe who have any Reliſh of Virtue, can't be together without being united, becauſe they are ſoon in love with one another. *Philocles* beg'd of the King that he might retire

retire to ſome Solitude near *Salenta*, where he continu'd to ſpend his days in Poverty, as he had liv'd in *Samos*. The King and *Mentor* went daily to ſee him in his ſolitary Retreat; where they conſulted the Means to ſtrengthen the Laws, and to lay a ſolid Foundation of Government for the Publick Good. The two firſt and principal things they conſidered, were the Education of Children, who belong leſs to their own Parents than to the Common-wealth, ſaid *Mentor*: They are the Children of the People, whoſe Hope and Strength they are; and 'tis too late to Correct 'em when they are corrupted; 'tis too little to exclude 'em from Employments, when they have made themſelves unworthy of 'em; 'tis therefore much better to prevent the Miſchief, than to be forc'd to puniſh it. The King, added he, who is the Father of all his People, is yet more particularly the Father of all the *Youth*, who are the Flower of the Nation. 'Tis the Bloſſom that prepares the Fruit; let not the King diſdain to watch over 'em, and ſet Officers to mind the Education of theſe

Children: Let him ſee that the Laws of *Minos* be put in Force, which command, That Children be brought up in a contempt of Pain and Death; That Honour be plac'd in a neglect of Pleaſure and Riches; That Injuſtice, Lying and Effeminacy be accounted Infamous; That from their tender Infancy they be taught to ſing the Praiſes of the Hero's belov'd of the Gods, who have bravely merited of their Country, and who have ſignaliz'd their Courage in Battels: Let the Charms of Muſick affect their Souls, to ſoften and purifie their Manners: Let 'em learn to be Affectionate to their Friends, faithful to their Allies, reſpectful to the Nobility, and juſt even to their Enemies: Let 'em be taught to fear Death and Torments leſs than the leaſt thing of their Conſcience! If Children are betimes inſpir'd with theſe great Principles, and if they are ſweetly inſinuated into 'em, they will, doubtleſs, be inflam'd with the Love of Honour and Virtue.

Mentor added, That it was abſolutely neceſſary to inſtitute Schools to accuſtom the Youth to hard Exerciſes of the

the Body, that they may not learn to grow tender and lazy, which debauches the beſt Conſtitution: He farther advis'd, That there ſhould be Plays and Shews frequently to animate the People; but above all, that they ſhould exerciſe their Bodies, to make 'em active, ſupple, and vigorous, adding a Reward to excite Emulation. But what he moſt deſir'd, and tended chiefly to the incouraging of good Manners, was that the People ſhould marry betimes; and their Parents, without any Proſpect of Intereſt, ſhould leave 'em to chuſe their Wives, ſuitable to 'em both in Body and Mind, with whom they might live continually happy.

The End of the Third Volume.

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THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES

PART IV.

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PART. IV.

BUT while they were thus laying down the moſt probable Means to keep their Youth Chaſt, Innocent, Laborious, Tractable, and Ambitious of Renown; *Philocles*, who chiefly delighted in War, ſaid, O *Mentor*: In

vain do you employ Youth in all thoſe Exerciſes, if you ſuffer 'em to languiſh in continual Peace; where they ſhall neither have experience in War, nor occaſion to ſhew their Valour; by this, you will inſenſibly weaken the Nation, and ſoften their Courage: Pleaſures will corrupt their Manners, and other Warlike Nations will find it no hard matter to vanquiſh them; and by endeavouring to ſhun the Evil of War, they will fall into a miſerable Servitude.

Mentor reply'd, The Evils of War never fail to drain a Nation, and put it in danger of Ruin, even while it is moſt Victorious: With how great advantage ſoever they begin it; they are never ſure to end it, without being expoſed to the moſt tragical Chances of Fortune. Suppoſe you engage with never ſo great a ſuperiority of Force; the ſmalleſt miſtake, a panick Fear, a nothing, ſnatches away the Victory that was already in your hands, and puts it into thoſe of your Enemies: And tho' you ſhould hold Victory chain'd in your Camp, you deſtroy your ſelf in deſtroying your Enemies. You diſ-

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people your Country, leave your ground uncultivated, interrupt Commerce; nay, which is far worſe, you weaken your Laws, and ſuffer Manners to be corrupted. The Youth do not any more apply themſelves to Learning; preſſing Wants make you give way to a pernicious licentiouſneſs among your Troops; Juſtice and Order, every thing ſuffers in this confuſion. A King who ſpills the Blood of ſo many Men, and is the cauſe of ſo many Miſeries to acquire a little Glory, or to extend the Limits of his Kingdom, is unworthy of the Glory he hunts after, and deſerves to loſe that he poſſeſſes, by endeavouring to uſurp what belongs to another.

But after this manner you muſt exerciſe the Courage of a Nation in time of *Peace*. You have already ſeen the Exerciſes of the Body that we have Eſtabliſhed; the Prize that excites Emulation, the Maxims of Honour and Virtue, with which we ſeaſon the Minds of Children, almoſt from their Cradle, by Songs full of the greateſt Actions of Heroes; add to thoſe Aids that of a ſo-

ber and laborious Life. But this is not all: As ſoon as any of your Allies ſhall be in War, you muſt ſend thither the flower of your Youth, chiefly thoſe in whom you ſhall obſerve a Warlike Genius, and who are the moſt likely to profit by experience: By this means, you ſhall preſerve a high eſteem amongſt your Allies; your Friendſhip ſhall be courted, and they ſhall be afraid to loſe it: And without having a War at Home, and at your own Charge, you ſhall always be provided with a martial and intrepid Youth. And altho' you your ſelves enjoy Peace, ceaſe not to treat reſpectfully thoſe that are Maſters of the Art of War; for the true way to avoid it, and preſerve a laſting Peace, is to Cultivate Arms, to Honour Men excellent in that Profeſſion, and to entertain thoſe that are train'd up to it in Foreign Parts, and who know the Force, Diſcipline, and manner of War in Neighbouring Countries. You ſhall be equally uncapable of making War to gratify your Ambition, and of being afraid of it through Effeminacy: And being in a readineſs to undertake

take it when Neceſſity obliges, you can eaſily find means to prevent it. When your Allies make War upon one another, 'twill be your part to become Mediator: And thus you will acquire a Glory far more ſolid and ſure than that of the Conquerors. You ſhall gain the love and eſteem of Strangers, they will all of them ſtand in need of you; you will ſtrengthen your Authority over your Subjects: You ſhall become the Confident of their Secrets, the Umpire of Treaties, and Maſter of their Affections. Your Fame ſhall fly through the moſt diſtant Countries, and your Name ſhall be like a moſt delicious Perfume, that diffuſes it ſelf on every ſide. In ſuch a happy State, let a Neighbouring People unjuſtly attack you, they ſhall always find you ready to receive them; And what ſtrengthens you ſtill more, they ſhall find you beloved by all, and ſuccour'd by your Neigbours, who will chearfully Arm themſelves for you; being fully perſuaded, that the publick Security depends on the Preſervation of you. This is a Rampart more ſecure than the ſtrongeſt Walls,

Walls, and moſt regular Fortifications. This is true Glory.

But how few Kings are there that purſue it? nay rather, how few are there that don't avoid it? They run after a deceitful Shadow, and leave true Honour behind them, becauſe they do not knowit. *Mentor* having thus ſpoke, *Philocles* look'd upon him with Aſtoniſhment; then caſt his Eyes on the King: He was charm'd to ſee how greedily *Idomeneus* ſuckt into his very Soul, the Stream of Wiſdom which flow'd from theMouth of thatStranger. *Minerva*, in the Shape of *Mentor*, did thus eſtabliſh in *Salentum*, the beſt Laws, and moſt uſeful Maxims of Government; not ſo much for the Proſperity of the Kingdom of *Idomeneus*, as to give *Telemachus* a ſenſible Example of what a Wiſe Government may do, to make People Happy, and to ſecure to a good King a laſting Reputation.

In the mean time, *Telemachus* gave Proof of his Courage in the Perils of War: And parting from *Salentum*, made it his chief Care to gain the Affection of the Old Captains, who were

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Men of tried Experience, and eſtabliſh-ed Reputation. *Neſtor*, who had for-merly ſeen him at *Pylos*, and had al-ways loved *Ulyſſes*, treated him as his own Son: He gave him Inſtructions, enforc'd with divers Illuſtrious Exam-ples: He related to him the Adventures of his Youth, and the moſt remarkable things he had ſeen performed by the Hero's of the laſt Age. The Memory of this ſage Old Man, who had now ſeen Three Ages, reſembled an Hiſtory of Ancient Times, deeply engraved on laſting Marble or Braſs. *Philoctetes*, at firſt, had not the ſame Affection for *Telemachus*; the inveterate Hatred which he bore in his Heart againſt *Ulyſſes*, gave him an Averſion to his Son; and it was ſome uneaſineſs to per-ceive how much this Youth ſeem'd to be the Darling of the Gods, who de-ſign'd to make him equal to thoſe He-ro's which had laid *Troy* in Aſhes: But the obliging Behaviour of *Telemachus*, ſoon overcame the Reſentments of *Phi-loctetes*, and irreſiſtibly forc'd him to love one who was poſſeſs'd with ſo much Sweetneſs and Modeſty. He

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often took *Telemachus* in his Arms, and ſaid to him: My Son, (for I cannot henceforth forbear calling you ſo) I muſt own your Father and I did bear a mutual Hatred for a long time againſt one another; and even after we had brought proud *Troy* to its fatal Period, my Anger was not aſſwag'd; and though at firſt ſight, I found it hard for me to love you; yet that Sweet and Innocent Virtue, and unaffected Modeſty with which you are endued, are not to be reſiſted. Afterwards *Philoctetes* told him that he would relate to him what it was that had firſt kindled his Hatred againſt *Ulyſſes*.

To begin, ſays he, my Story a little higher; I accompanied in all his Travels, the great *Hercules*, who deliver'd the Earth from ſo many Monſters; who in reſpect of other Hero's, was as the lofty Oak amidſt the tender Roſes, or the Eagle among the little Birds. Both that Hero's Misfortunes and my own, proceeded from a Paſſion which is the Cauſe of the moſt terrible Diſaſters, Unhappy Love. *Hercules* was ſubdued by that ſhameful Paſſion, and

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became the Sport of the cruel Boy, *Cupid.* He could not remember, without Bluſhing, that formerly forgetting all his Glory, he had been brought even to handle the Diſtaff with *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, as if he had been the Weakeſt and moſt Effeminate of all Men. While he was under the Dominion of his blind Paſſion, a Hundred times has he owned to me, that this Action had quite tainted his Virtue, and almoſt defaced the Glory of all his Labours. Nevertheleſs he was caught a ſecond time in the very ſame Snares that he ſo much ſtudied to avoid. Had he been conſtant, he was once too happy in the love of *Deianira*, his Wife; but too ſoon the Young *Iola*, in whoſe Face the Graces themſelves were painted, did rob him of his Heart. *Deianira*, burning with Jealouſy, bethought her of the fatal Garment that the Centaur *Neſſus* had left her at his Death, as an infallible way to awaken the Affection of *Hercules*, when he ſeem'd to neglect her, and love another. But alas! this Garment was full of the venomous Blood of the Centaur, and of

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the Darts which had pierc'd him; for you know that the Arrows with which *Hercules* kill'd the perfidious Monſter; had been dipp'd in the Blood of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, whence they had drawn ſo ſtrong a Poiſon, that the Wounds they gave were incurable.

Hercules having put on this Coat, was quickly ſenſible of the devouring Fire which penetrated into the Marrow of his Bones. Mount *Oeta* ſhook, and the deepeſt Valleys reſounded; the Sea it ſelf ſeem'd troubled at his Groans; which far ſurpaſs'd the Bellowings of the moſt furious Bulls, in their dreadful Combats. The unhappy *Lychas*, who had brought him the Garment from *Deianira*, venturing to approach him; *Hercules* in the extremity of his Pain, whirl'd him round, as one does a Stone in a Sling, which he is to throw a great diſtance. Thus *Lychas* being hurl'd from the top of the Mountain by the powerful Arm of *Hercules*, fell amongſt the Waves of the Sea, where he was immediately chang'd into a Rock, which ſtill retains its Humane ſhape, and againſt which the angry Billows beating, frighten from a far

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the wary Pilot. After the Misfortune of *Lychas*, I judg'd it not ſafe to truſt my ſelf to *Hercules*: I began to think now of hiding my ſelf in the deepeſt Caverns of the Earth: I obſerv'd how eaſily with one hand he pluck'd up by the Roots the lofty Furs and firm-rooted Oaks; which ſo many Years had deſpis'd the moſt impetuous Storms; and with the other, how he endeavour'd to pull off the fatal Garment, but to no purpoſe; for it was glu'd to his Skin, and as it were, incorporated with his Members, and whilſt he rent it he tore his Fleſh: His Blood flow'd in Streams and moiſten'd the Earth till at laſt his Virtue overcoming his Pain, he cry'd out, Thou ſeeſt, my dear *Philoctetes*, the Evils which the Gods inflict upon me! they are the juſt Puniſhment of my Offences: I have violated my Conjugal Love: After having ſubdu'd ſo many Enemies, I have baſely ſuffer'd my ſelf to be overcome by the Love of a beautiful Stranger. I periſh, and am pleas'd that my Ruin will appeaſe the Wrath of the Gods. But alas! my dear Friend, whither doſt

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thou fly? 'Tis true, the extremity of my Pain has made me commit an Act of Cruelty upon the unhappy *Lychas*, for which I abhor my self. He was ignorant of the Poiſon which he brought me, and therefore did not deſerve what he ſuffer'd; But couldſt thou believe that I ſhould forget the Friendſhip I owe thee, or that I would take away thy Life? No ſure, I ſhall never ceaſe to love *Philoctetes*: I will breath into his Boſom my departing Soul, and he ſhall gather my Aſhes. Where art thou, then my dear *Philoctetes*, thou only Hope that is left me here below? At theſe words I ran towards him, whilſt he held out his Arms to embrace me; but he drew them back, for fear he ſhould kindle in my Breaſt the ſame raging Flame, with which himſelf was burnt up. Alas! ſays he, I dare not embrace thee; the laſt Conſolation is denied me. While he thus ſpoke, he gather'd together the Trees that he had pluck'd up, and erected them into a Funeral Pile, upon the top of the Mountain, which he calmly aſcended; he ſpreads the Skin of the *Nemean* Lion, which had ſo long

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ſerv'd him for a Mantle, whilſt he travell'd from one end of the Earth to the other, to deſtroy Monſters, and free the Unfortunate: And leaning upon his Club, he deſired me to ſet Fire to the Pile. My trembling Hand could not refuſe him this cruel Piece of Service; for his Life was now ſo miſerable, that it could not any more be reckoned the Gift of the Gods: Yea, I was not even without Apprehenſion, but that the exceſs of his Pain might tranſport him to do ſome Action unworthy of that Virtue which had been hitherto the Admiration of all the World. When he ſaw the Flame begin to Catch, he cry'd out, Now it is, my dear *Philoctetes*, that thou haſt given me a Proof of thy ſincere Friendſhip; for thou lov'ſt my Honour more than my Life, and may the Gods reward thee. I bequeath thee what I have moſt valuable on Earth; Theſe Arrows which were dipp'd in the Blood of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*: Thou know'ſt that the Wounds they give are incurable; by theſe thou ſhalt be invincible, as I have been; nor ſhall any Mortal ever dare

dare to encounter thee. Remember I Die thy faithful Friend; and if thou art mov'd at my Misfortunes, thou mayst give me the last Consolation, by promising never to discover my Death, nor the Place where thou hidest my Ashes. I promised him, yea I swore it. Whilst I water'd the funeral Pile with my Tears, a Beam of Joy appeared darting from his Eyes; but on a sudden he was involv'd in a touring Flame, which stifled his Voice, and rob'd me of the Sight of him: Afterwards I saw him through the Flames, amidst which he appear'd with a Countenance as serene, as if he had been crown'd with Garlands, and cover'd with delicious and festival Perfumes in the Company of his Friends. The Fire quickly consumed all that in him was earthly and mortal; so that there remained nothing of what he had received in his Birth from his Mother *Alcmena*; but by the command of *Jupiter*, it left untouch'd that subtile and immortal Substance, that celestial Flame, which is the true principle of Life, and which he had received from the Father of the Gods

Gods; with whom he walk'd along under the gilded Arches of the glittering *Olympus*, to drink Nectar: Where they gave him to Wife the lovely *Hebe*, the Goddeſs of Youth, who uſed to fill Nectar to *Jupiter*, before *Ganimede* was promoted to that Honour. As for the Arrows he left me, with a Deſign to raiſe me above all the Hero's, they have been an inexhauſtible Fountain of Miſchief; for ſhortly after this, the confederated Kings had undertaken to revenge *Menelaus* upon the infamous *Paris*, for the Rape of *Helena*; and to overturn the Empire of *Priamus*. They were inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, that they were not to expect a happy Iſſue of the War, unleſs they got the Arrows of *Hercules*. *Ulyſſes*, your Father, who was always the moſt clear-ſighted and induſtrious in the Management of all their Deſigns, took upon him to perſuade me to go along with them to the Siege of *Troy*, and to bring along with me thoſe Arrows, which he believed were in my Poſſeſſion. 'Twas now a long time ſince *Hercules* had diſappear'd, neither did they talk of any

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new Exploit of that Hero: Monſters and Villains began now to ſhew their Heads; the *Greeks* were uncertain what to believe: Some ſaid he was Dead, others, that he was gone under the Northern Bear, to ſubdue the *Segtes*; but *Ulyſſes* affirm'd he was Dead, and undertook to make me own it. He found me out, when as yet I could not comfort my ſelf for the loſs of the great *Alcides*: It was not an eaſie matter to come at me, for I could not any more endure the Company of Mankind: I would not ſuffer my ſelf to be torn from the Deſarts of Mount *Oeta*, where I had beheld the laſt Fate of my dear Friend: There I entertained my ſelf with the Image of that Hero, which was ſo deeply imprinted on my Mind and with weeping at the ſight of that melancholy Place, which had been the laſt Scene of his Life. But ſoft and powerful Eloquence ſat brooding on your Father's Lips; he ſeem'd almoſt as much afflicted as my ſelf; he ſhed Tears; he knew how to gain my Heart inſenſibly, and engage me to confide in him; he begat in me a concern for

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the *Grecian* Kings, who were going to fight in a juſt Cauſe, and whole Succeſs depended on me. Yet he could never tear from my Breaſt the Secret of the Death of *Hercules*, which I had ſworn never to reveal; but taking it for granted, he preſs'd me to ſhew him the Place where I had hid his Aſhes. I was ſeiz'd with horror at the Thoughts of ſuch Perjury, in revealing a Secret which I had promiſed to the Gods to conceal for ever. But what I durſt not violate, I was tempted to elude; for which the Gods have puniſh'd me: I ſtampt on the ground with my Foot in the Place where I had hid the Aſhes of *Hercules*. Afterwards I went to join the confederated Kings; who receiv'd me with as much Joy as if I had been *Hercules* himſelf. Paſſing through the Iſle of *Lemnos*, I had a mind to ſhew the *Greeks* an Experiment of what my Arrows could do, and preparing to pierce a Doe, that was skipping through the Foreſt, heedleſsly I dropt the Arrow, which lighting on my Foot, gave me a Wound which pains me ſtill. Immediately I felt the ſame Torments which

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Hercules had ſuffer'd: Night and Day I fill'd the Iſland with my Groans. Black and corrupted Gore iſſuing from my Wound, infected the Air, and ſpread thro' the *Grecian* Camp ſuch a Stench as was enough to ſtifle Men of the moſt vigorous Conſtitutions. All the Army were ſeiz'd with Horror at the ſight of me, and concluded that it was a Puniſhment inflicted on me by the Juſtice of the Gods. *Ulyſſes*, who engag'd me in this War, was the firſt that abandon'd me: I have been inform'd ſince that he did ſo, becauſe he preferr'd the common Intereſt of *Greece* and the Victory they ſo much ſought after, to all the Titles of Friendſhip and private Concerns. It was impoſſible to Sacrifice in the Camp; ſo much did the horrour and infection of my Wound, and the loudneſs of my Groans diſturb the whole Army: But as ſoon as I found the *Greeks* had forſook me, and that even by the advice of *Ulyſſes*; this Artifice ſeem'd to me full of the moſt barbarous Cruelty and blackeſt Treachery. Alas, I was blind and did not ſee that I had deſerved to be hated by wiſe and good Men, as much

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as by the Gods, whom I had offended. I continu'd, during this whole Siege of *Troy*, without help, without hope, or any thing to eaſe my Pain: Exceſſively tormented, in a deſert and ſavage Iſland, where nothing was to be heard but the noiſe of Billows breaking upon the Rocks. In this Retirement, I found a hollow Cave within a Rock, which pointed with a double Head towards the Heavens, and afforded a clear and pleaſant Spring. This Cave was the uſual retreat of wild Beaſts, to whoſe Fury I was expos'd Night and Day: My Bed was of Leaves which I had gather'd together: All my Utenſils were a Wooden-box, courſely wrought; and ſome tatter'd Cloaths, with which I bound up my Wound to ſtop the Blood, and which I us'd likewiſe to clean it: In this Place forſaken of Mankind, and deliver'd over to the Anger of the Gods, I ſpent my ſolitary Hours in darting the Pigeons and other Birds that flew about the Rock: And when I had kill'd any to ſatisfie my Hunger, I was forc'd to crawl along the Ground, with extremity of Pain to take up my

Prey, and with my own Hands to dreſs it at a Fire I had lighted with a Flint; for the Proviſions which the *Greeks* had left me did not laſt long. This ſolitary Life, dreadful as 'twas, had ſeem'd pleaſant, inſomuch as it remov'd me from the Company of baſe and deceitful Mankind, if I had not been quite overcome with the extremity of my Pain, and the continual remembrance of my laſt ſad Adventure. How! ſaid I, to entice a Man from his Native Country, as the only Perſon that was capable to revenge the Quarrel of *Greece*, and then to leave him in a deſart Iſland aſleep; for ſo I was when the *Greeks* went away. And you may judge of my Surprize when I awak'd, how I wept when I ſaw their Fleet plough the Deep! Looking about on all hands, I found nothing but Sorrow in this horrid and deſart Iſland, where there are neither Harbour, Commerce nor Hoſpitality, nor any in that Land, but who are driven upon it by Storm: You can hope for no Company but by Shipwreck; and even ſuch durſt not carry me along with them, being afraid both of the Anger of the

Gods

Gods, and of the *Greeks*. Thus ten Years I did ſuffer Pain and Hunger, feeding a Wound which devour'd me; ſo that Hope itſelf was quite extinguiſh'd in my Breaſt. One day having been in queſt of Medicinal Plants for my Wound, on a ſudden I perceiv'd in my Cave a young Man, handſom, of a graceful, but haughty Mien, and heroick Stature: Methought I ſaw *Achilles*; ſo much did he reſemble him in his Features, Look and Gate; only the difference of Age made me underſtand it could not be he. I obſerv'd in his Countenance both Pity and Confuſion: He was mov'd with Compaſſion to ſee with what trouble and ſlowneſs I crawled along: My piercing and doleful Shrieks, which made all the Eccho's along the Coaſt to ring, melted his very Heart. Seeing him at a diſtance, O Stranger! ſaid I, what Misfortune has brought thee into this Iſland? I know that *Grecian* Habit, ſtill ſo dear to me: O how I long to hear thy Voice, and that Language that drops from thy Lips, which I learn'd in my Childhood; and for ſo long a time never could talk

to any in this Desart. Be not afraid at the sight of so miserable a Creature, whom thou oughtst rather to pity.

Neoptolemus had hardly pronounced these words, I am a *Greek*, when I cry'd out, O sweet Word, after so many Years of Silence and Sorrow; O my Son, what Misfortune? What Storm, or rather what favourable Wind has brought thee hither, to put an end to my Misery? He answer'd, I am of the Island of *Sciros*, whither I am returning; they say I am the Son of *Achilles*; thou know'st whether it be so or not.

So short an Account did not satisfie my Curiosity. O Son, said I, of a Father whom I so much lov'd, the dear Charge of *Lycomedes*: How comest thou hither, and from whence? He answered me, that he came from the Siege of *Troy*: Thou wert not, said I, in the first Expedition. Then, said he, where wert thou? I answer'd him, I see thou art ignorant both of the Name, and Misfortunes of *Philoctetes*: Alas how unhappy am I, my Persecutors insult over me in my Affliction! It increases my Sorrow to think that *Greece* is ignorant

rant of that which I ſuffer. The *Atrides* have brought me into this Condition, and may the Gods repay them. Afterwards I gave him an Account how the *Greeks* had left me: As ſoon as he had heard the Relation of my Misfortunes, he thus began his own. After the death of *Achilles*, ſaid he, (immediately I ſtopt him, What! *Achilles* dead? Pardon me my Son, if I interrupt your Relation with the Tears I owe your Father.) *Neoptolemus* anſwers, In ſo doing you oblige me: How I am pleas'd to ſee *Philoctetes* bewail my Father! and thus he proceeded: After the death of *Achilles*, *Ulyſſes* and *Phenix* ſought me out, aſſuring me, that without me they could not overthrow the City of *Troy*. 'Twas no hard task to perſuade me to follow them in this famous War, in which my Grief for the death of *Achilles*, and a deſire to inherit his Glory, did naturally engage me. I no ſooner arriv'd at the Camp, than the Army gather'd round about me; every one could have ſworn that he had ſeen *Achilles*; but, alas, he was no more: Young and without Experi-

ence, I thought I could promiſe my ſelf any thing from thoſe who had beſtow'd on me ſuch large Commendations. Immediately I demanded of the *Atrides* my Father's Armour; to which they made me this barbarous Reply, Thou ſhalt have all that belong'd to thy Father, except his Armour, which are deſtin'd for *Ulyſſes*. At this I fell into a moſt extravagant Paſſion, my Grief and Anger knew no Bounds; but *Ulyſſes* calmly told me, Young Man, thou haſt had no ſhare in the Perils of this long Siege, and ſo canſt not deſerve ſuch a Reward; thou begin'ſt too ſoon to talk haughtily; reſt ſatisfy'd, thou ſhalt never have the Armour of *Achilles*. Thus robb'd unjuſtly by *Ulyſſes*, I return'd to the Iſle of *Sciros*, leſs incens'd againſt him than the *Atrides*. O *Philoctetes*, I ſhall ſay no more, but may the Gods always befriend their Enemies.

Then I ask'd him, how it came that *Telemonian Ajax* did not hinder ſuch a Piece of Injuſtice? He is dead, anſwer'd he. Dead, ſaid I, and *Ulyſſes* lives and proſpers! Then I ask'd him News of

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Antilochus, the Son of ſage *Neſtor*, and *Patrocles* the Favourite of *Achilles*; they are dead too, ſaid he. Then I cry'd out, alas, What do'ſt thou tell me? Cruel War, it ſeems, mows down the Good and lets the Bad ſtand: *Ulyſſes* lives, and *Therſytes* likewiſe, no doubt. Is this the Juſtice of the Gods? And muſt we ſtill continue to praiſe them? Whilſt I fell out in this Paſſion againſt your Father, *Neoptolemus* continu'd to deceive me, and added theſe melancholy Words; I am going, ſays he, to live contented in the deſart Iſland of *Scires*, far from the *Grecian* Army, where Evil prevails above Good: Adieu, I muſt be gone, may the Gods reſtore you your Health. Then ſaid I, O my Son, I conjure you by the Ghoſt of your Father, by your Mother, and by all you hold deareſt in this World, not to leave me alone in this miſerable Condition. I am not ignorant how troubleſome I ſhall be; but it will be a ſhameful thing to forſake me: Tie me to the Prow, or the Stern of your Ship; throw me into the Pump, or where I ſhall incommode you the leaſt. None but

great Souls know the Pleaſure of being good; don't leave me in a Deſart, where there is not the Footſtep of a Man; carry me either to your own Country or to *Lybia*, which is not far from Mount *Oeta*, and *Trachynium*, and the agreeable Banks of *Sperchius*. Bring me to my Father; Alas! I fear he's dead, I deſir'd him to ſend me a Ship; either he's dead, or thoſe that carry'd the Meſſage have not deliver'd it: O my Son, thou art my only Relief; remember the Inſtability of humane Affairs: the Happy ought to ſuccour the Unfortunate, and be afraid to abuſe the Proſperity they enjoy. This was the Subſtance of what the exceſs of my Grief made me to ſay to *Neoptolemus*; which made him promiſe to carry me along with him: Then I cry'd out, O happy Day; O dear *Neoptolemus*, worthy of the Glory of ſuch a Father: Dear Companions of my happy Voyage, allow me to bid adieu to this melancholy Abode: See where I have liv'd, and imagine what I have ſuffer'd: I am ſure it is what none elſe could have endur'd: But Neceſſity inſtructed me;

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Neceſſity, that teaches Mankind what they would never learn without her. Thoſe that have never ſuffer'd, know nothing: They are ignorant both of Good and Evil: They are Strangers to Mankind, and Strangers to themſelves. When I had thus ſpoke, I took my Bow and Arrows; which *Neoptolemus* deſir'd to kiſs, being the famous and ſacred Arms of the invincible *Hercules*. I can deny thee nothing, ſaid I; 'tis thou, my Son, that reſtoreſt to me my Life, my Country, my decrepit Father, my Friends and my Self: freely touch theſe Arms, and boaſt, That thou art the only *Greek* that ever had that Honour. Whilſt *Neoptolemus* enter'd my Grotto to look on my Arms, I was ſeiz'd with a cruel Pain; I was quite diſtracted, and did not know what I did: I ask'd for a Knife to cut off my Foot; I cry'd out, O Death, ſo much long'd for, Why doſt thou not come? O dear Youth, burn me to Aſhes, as I did the Son of *Jupiter*. O Earth, open and receive a dying Wretch, that cannot any more raiſe himſelf from thee. Then, on a ſudden, as I us'd to do, I

fell into a deep Swoon: I was relieved by the Sweat that begun to break out upon me; whilſt black and corrupted Gore iſſu'd from my Wound. During my Sleep, it had been eaſie for *Neoptolemus* to have carry'd off my Arms; but he was the Son of *Achilles*, and not born to cheat. When I awak'd, I perceiv'd the Confuſion he was in; he ſigh'd like one that was not us'd to diſſemble or act againſt his Conſcience. Wilt thou then ſurprize me? ſaid I. What is the matter, ſaid he, thou muſt follow me to the Siege of *Troy*. Then anſwer'd I, what doſt thou ſay? my Son, I am betray'd: Reſtore me my Bow, don't rob me of that which is dearer to me than my very Life. He made me no return, but look'd on me calmly and unconcern'd. O ye Banks and Promontories of this deſart Iſland! O ye wild Beaſts, and ſteep Rocks, to you only I can complain; to you, who are accuſtom'd to my Groans: Muſt I be betray'd by the Son of *Achilles*? Who robs me of the ſacred Bow of *Hercules*, and would drag me along with him to the *Grecian* Camp; and does not ſee

that

that this is only to triumph over a dead Corps, a Ghoſt, a Fantom. Would he had attack'd me in my Vigour, as now he does baſely and by ſurprize! O Son, ſhew thy ſelf like thy Father, like thy Self. What ſay'ſt thou? Nothing! O deareſt Rock, to thee I return, naked, miſerable, forſaken, famiſh'd; in this Cave I muſt pine away, wanting my Bow to kill the wild Beaſts for my Food, or to defend me from their Fury. What then? But thou, my Son, who doſt not appear to be ſo wicked, tell me what puſhes thee on to ſo black a Villany! Reſtore me my Arms, and get thee gone! Then *Neoptolemus*, with Tears in his Eyes, was muttering to himſelf, Would to God I had not departed from *Sciros*! In the mean time I cry'd out in a ſurprize, What is it I ſee! Is not this *Ulyſſes*? I knew his Voice. He anſwer'd, it is I. If the dark Regions of *Pluto* had opened, and I had ſeen the black *Tartarus*, which the Gods themſelves are afraid to behold, I could not have been ſeiz'd with a greater Horror: I cry'd out, Witneſs thou Iſland of *Lemnos*! O Son!

do'ſt

do'ſt thou look on and ſuffer this? *Ulyſſes* calmy anſwer'd, I execute the Will of *Jupiter*. Do'ſt thou, ſaid I, name *Jupiter*? Seeſt thou there that Youth, who was not born to deceive, and to whom 'tis painful to execute thy perfidious Deſigns? 'Tis neither to cheat nor hurt thee, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, that we come hither; 'tis to deliver thee, to heal thy Wounds, to give thee the Honour of deſtroying the City of *Troy*, and to bring thee back to thy own Country; 'tis thy Self, and not I, that art the Enemy of *Philoctetes*. Then did I breath out againſt your Father all that my Paſſion could inſpire me with: Since thou left'ſt me forſaken upon this Shoar, ſaid I, why wilt thou not ſuffer me to live here in Peace! Go, ſeek Renown in Battle, and enjoy the Pleaſures of Life; thy good Fortune in the company of thy Companions the *Atrides*: Don't envy me my Miſery and Pain, why would you carry me off? I am nothing, I am already dead. Haſt thou not as much reaſon to believe now as well as formerly, that my Shrieks, and the Infection of my Wound will diſturb

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the Sacrifices? O *Ulyſſes*! Author of all my Miſeries, May the Gods——But the Gods are deaf; nay, they ſtir up my Enemy againſt me. O my Country, which I ſhall never ſee again! O ye Gods, if there be any juſt enough to pity me! Puniſh *Ulyſſes*: Then I ſhall believe my ſelf Cured of all my Maladies.

While I thus ſpoke, your Father calmly look'd on me with an Air of Compaſſion, far from being provok'd; he ſeem'd like a Rock upon the top of a Mountain, which ſports it ſelf with the Fury of the Winds; and lets them ſpend their rage, while it continues immoveable. So your Father kept ſilence till my Rage ſhould be exhauſted; for he well knew, that to reduce Men to Reaſon, we muſt not attack their Paſſion, but ſtay till they are weaken'd thro' wearineſs. O *Philoctetes*, ſaid he, what has become of your Reaſon and Courage? Now is the occaſion to uſe it; If you refuſe to go along with us, to fulfil the great purpoſes of *Jupiter* concerning your ſelf, farewell; You are unworthy to be the deliverer of

Greece,

Greece, and the Ruin of *Troy*: Continue at *Lemnos*: Theſe Arms which I carry off ſhall give me the Renown that was deſtin'd for you. *Neoptolemus*, let us be gone, 'tis in vain to ſpeak to him; our Compaſſion for one ſingle Man, muſt not make us neglect the ſafety of all *Greece*.

Then methought I was like a Lioneſs about to be robb'd of her Young; who, with her roaring, makes the Foreſts to tremble. O Cave, ſaid I, I ſhall never quit thee, thou ſhalt be my Grave! O thou ſorrowful Abode! I have now no hope left me, nor means of Subſiſtence; Who will give me a Sword to ſtab my ſelf? O! if the Birds of Prey would devour me, they need not any more dread my Arrows! Oh precious Bow, conſecrated by the Hands of the Son of *Jupiter*! O dear *Hercules*! Art not thou ſenſible of this Indignity? thy Bow is not any more in the Hands of thy faithful Friend, but in the impure and treacherous Hands of *Ulyſſes*. Birds of Prey and wild Beaſts, flie no more from this Cave, my Arrows cannot hurt you; come and devour me! Or thou

thou mercileſs *Jupiter*, cruſh me with thy Thunder!

Your Father having try'd all other means of perſuaſion, at laſt thought it better to reſtore me my Arms, and made a Sign to *Neoptolemus*, to give them back. Then, ſaid I to him, thou ſheweſt thy ſelf to be the Son of *Achilles*. Suffer me to pierce my Enemy to the Heart. And drawing an Arrow againſt your Father, *Neoptolemus* ſtopped my Hand, ſaying, Anger clouds your Reaſon, and hinders you from ſeeing the unworthy action you are going to commit: As for *Ulyſſes*, he appear'd as unconcern'd at my Arrows as at my Reproaches. I was ſenſibly mov'd with his Courage and Patience, and aſham'd for endeavouring, in the tranſport of my Paſſion, to kill him with the Weapons which he had caus'd to be reſtor'd. But as my reſentment was not as yet appeas'd, I was ſorry that I muſt owe ſuch a Favour to my Enemy. Know, ſaid *Neoptolemus*, that the Divine *Helenus*, the Son of *Priamus*, having come out of the City of *Troy*, by the Order and Inſpiration of the Gods

Gods, hath unriddled the Myſteries of future times. The unhappy *Troy*, ſaid he, ſhall fall; but not before it is attack'd by him, who keeps the Arrows of *Hercules*; nor ſhall that Man ever be heal'd till he come before its Walls, where the Sons of *Eſculapius* ſhall cure him. At that inſtant I was divided in my Thoughts; I was mov'd with the Ingenuity of *Neoptolemus*, and his honeſty in reſtoring my Bow; but I could not think of ſubmitting to *Ulyſſes*; the diſgrace of which, kept me in ſuſpence. Muſt I ever be ſeen again in the Company of *Ulyſſes*, and the *Atrides*? What will the World ſay of me? Whilſt I continu'd in this uncertainty, on a ſudden I heard a more than Humane Voice; I ſaw *Hercules* in a bright Cloud, encircled with Rays of Glory. I eaſily knew his Maſculine Features, his robuſt Limbs, and his plain manner; but he appear'd with a Stature and Majeſty beyond what he had, when he was Conquering Monſters upon the Earth. He ſaid to me, 'Tis *Hercules* whom thou ſeeſt and heareſt: I have quitted the high *Olympus*, to make known to

thee

thee the Command of *Jupiter*: Thou know'ſt by what Labours I acquir'd Immortality: Thou muſt likewiſe go with the Son of *Achilles*, to trace my Foot-ſteps in the Path of Renown: Thou ſhalt be cur'd, and with my Arrows thou ſhalt pierce *Paris*, the Author of ſo much Miſchief. Thou ſhalt ſend the rich ſpoils of *Troy* to thy Father, on Mount *Oeta*; there they ſhall be plac'd upon my Tomb, as a Monument of the Victory owing to my Arrows: And thou, O Son of *Achilles!* I tell thee, that thou canſt not be victorious without *Philoctetes*, nor *Philoctetes* without thee: Go then like two Lions who ſeek their Prey together. I will ſend *Eſculapius* to *Troy* to cure *Philoctetes*. Above all, Love, and obſerve Religion; all other things are mortal, but the Fruits of this endure for ever. When I had heard theſe Words, I cry'd out, O happy Day! O ſweet Light! that after ſo many Years doſt ſhew thy ſelf at laſt. I obey; let me ſalute the Place, and be gone. Adieu, dear Cave, adieu ye Nymphs of theſe watry Meadows; I ſhall hear no more the hollow

noiſe

noiſe of the Billows; adieu thou Shoar, where I have ſo often endur'd the Injuries of the Weather; adieu ye Hills, where the Eccho has ſo often repeated my Groans; adieu ſweet Fountains, yet who to me have been ſo bitter; adieu *Lemnos*, favour my Departure, ſince I go by the will of the Gods, and my Friends. So we departed and arriv'd at the Siege of *Troy*; where *Machaon* and *Podalyrus*, by the Divine Art of their Father *Eſculapius*, did cure me; or at leaſt put me in the condition you now ſee me, having recover'd my Vigour, tho' I am ſomewhat lame. *Paris* fell by my Hand, as a fearful Fawn pierc'd with the Arrows of the Hunter. *Ilium* was reduc'd to Aſhes: I need ſay no more, you know the reſt. Nevertheleſs, I retain'd ſtill ſome averſion to the ſage *Ulyſſes*, occaſion'd by the remembrance of the Ills that I had endur'd; and tho' his Virtue could not appeaſe my reſentment, yet the ſight of a Son, who reſembles him ſo much, and whom I am forc'd to love, ſoftens my Heart towards the Father himſelf.

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During the Relation of the Adventures of *Philoctetes*, *Telemachus* continu'd immoveable; and as 'twere in ſuſpence, with his Eyes fix'd on the great Man that ſpoke: All the different Paſſions that mov'd *Hercules*, *Philoctetes*, *Ulyſſes*, *Neoptolemus*, as they were preſented, appear'd each in their turn, upon the innocent Countenance of *Telemachus*: During the Relation, he would ſometimes cry out, and interrupt *Philoctetes*, without thinking, ſometimes he would ſeem thoughtful, and like one concern'd for the ſequel of ſome important Affair; whilſt *Philoctetes* was deſcribing the Confuſion of *Neoptolemus*, who could not diſſemble; *Telemachus* ſeem'd to be in the ſame diſorder: And at that Moment you would have took him for *Neoptolemus*.

In the mean while, the Confederate Army march'd in good Order againſt *Adraſtus*, King of the *Daunians*, an impious Fellow deſpis'd of the Gods, and a deceiver of Men. *Telemachus* found ſome difficulty how to behave himſelf among ſo many Kings, jealous of one another; it behoved him to give none

none of 'em ground of ſuſpicion, but to gain the Favour of 'em all: He was of a good and generous Temper, but not very complaiſant: He did not trouble himſelf much with obliging others: And tho' he was not covetous of Riches, yet did he not care to part with them. Thus with a Noble and Honeſt Mind, he ſeem'd neither obliging, nor very ſenſible of Friendſhip, or the concern others had for him, nor careful to diſtinguiſh Merit. He follow'd his Humours without reflection; in ſpite of *Mentor*, his Mother *Penelope* had brought him up in Pride and Haughtineſs of temper, that tainted all his good Qualities. He look'd upon himſelf as made of other Metal than the reſt of Mankind, who ſeem'd to him to be ſent by the Gods, only for his Pleaſure and Service, and to make every thing ſubſervient to him as a Deity. The Happineſs of ſerving him was a ſufficient Reward. Where his Pleaſures were concern'd, nothing muſt be impoſſible; the moſt trivial delays did Irritate his eager Temper. Had any one ſeen him in his natural diſpoſition, they

they would have thought him incapable of loving any thing beſides himſelf, being only mov'd by his own vain-glory, and pleaſure: But this indifference for others, and regard for himſelf proceeded from nothing but the continual tranſport and violence of his Paſſions; which his Mother had humour'd from his Cradle. He was a remarkable Inſtance of the unhappineſs of thoſe who are High-born: The Severities of Fortune which he felt in his early Youth, had not moderated the impetuoſity and haughtineſs of his Temper: Tho' deſtitute, forſaken, and expos'd to ſo many Miſeries, yet he abated nothing of his Pride. It would raiſe it ſelf like a ſupple Palm, after all Attempts to preſs it down. Theſe Faults did not ſhew themſelves in *Mentor*'s Company, but daily decreas'd; as a fiery Courſer, who friſking through the ſpacious Fields, whom neither Rocks nor Precipices, nor Torrents can ſtop, is obedient only to the Voice and Hand of one Man, who knows how to tame him: So *Telemachus*, full of Noble Ardour, could be kept in by none but the wiſe

Mentor;

Mentor; one of his Frowns would immediately ſtop him in his moſt impetuous Career: He knew the meaning of each Look, and at that Moment would ſummon all his virtuous reſolutions. Wiſdom in an inſtant, would render his Countenance ſmooth and ſerene. *Neptune* does not more quickly appeaſe the hideous Tempeſts, when with his Trident he threatens the proud Billows.

When *Telemachus* was alone, all his Paſſions, that ſeem'd only ſuſpended for a time, like a Torrent damn'd in, would take their natural Courſe. He could not endure the Arrogance of the *Lacedemonians*, nor of *Phalanthus*, who was at their Head. This Colony, which came with a deſign to Found the City of *Tarentum*, was compos'd of young Men, who through the want of Education, the Illegitimacy of their Birth, irregularity of their Manners, and the Licentiouſneſs in which they had been brought up, and ſomething about them that was wild and barbarous reſembled more a Company of Robbers than a *Grecian* Colony. *Phalanthus* would ſeek out all occaſions to contradict *Telema-*

chus

chus, deſpiſing his Counſels, as thoſe of a Young man without Experience; and would make him the Subject of his Raillery; treating him as if he had been puſillanimous and effeminate. He expos'd his ſmalleſt Failings to the Chief Officers of the Army, endeavouring to ſow Jealouſie, and to make the haughtineſs of *Telemachus* odious to all the Confederate Princes. One day *Telemachus* having taken ſome *Daunian* Priſoners, *Phalanthus* pretended that they belong'd to him, alledging it was he that defeated that Party of the Enemies: And that *Telemachus* having found the *Daunians* already beat and put to flight, had nothing to do but give them Quarter, and carry them along to the Camp. *Telemachus* on the other hand maintain'd, that he had ſaved *Phalanthus* from being beat, and obtain'd this Victory over the *Daunians*. Both of 'em pleaded their Cauſe before the Confederate Kings; where *Telemachus* was ſo much tranſported with his Paſſion, that he gave *Phalanthus* threatning Language, ſo that they had gone to Blows, if the By-ſtanders had

had not interpos'd. *Phalanthus* had a Brother whose Name was *Hippias*, famous through all the Army for his Valour, Strength and Conduct: *Pollux*, as the *Tarentines* alledge, was not a better Champion, and he surpass'd *Castor* himself in managing a Horse. He had almost the Stature and Strength of *Hercules*, and was fear'd by all the Army, for he was more qnarrelsome and brutal than Brave and Valiant. *Hippias*, when he saw with what height of Spirit *Telemachus* had treated his Brother, goes in hast to carry off the Prisoners to *Tarentum*, without waiting for the Sentence of the Assembly; which somebody having whisper'd to *Telemachus*, out he went in a rage, foaming like a Bear, that pursues the Huntsman that had wounded him. You might see him wandering through the Camp, endeavouring to spy out his Enemy, and shaking the Dart, with which he resolv'd to pierce him: At last, meeting him, the Sight redoubled his Rage; he was now no more the wise *Telemachus*, instructed by *Minerva* in the shape of *Mentor*, but a Mad-man, a furious Lion.

Lion. Immediately he call'd out, Stay, *Hippias!* Thou baſeſt of Mortals! I will try if thou dar'ſt rob me of the ſpoils of my Victory: Thou ſhalt not carry theſe Priſoners to *Tarentum*; I'll ſend thee down to the gloomy Banks of *Styx*. This ſaid, he flung his Dart, but with ſo much Fury, that he could not meaſure his Stroke, and the Dart miſs'd *Hippias*. Immediately he puts his Hand to his Sword, whoſe Handle was of Gold, and which *Laertes* had given him when he parted from *Ithaca*, as a Pledge of his Love. This Sword had won *Laertes* much Honour in his Youth, and was ſtain'd with the Blood of many famous Captains of the *Epirots*, in a War wherein *Laertes* was Victorious. *Telemachus* had ſcarce drawn his Sword, when *Hippias*, taking the Advantage of his own Strength, falls upon him, endeavouring to ſnatch it out of his Hand. The Sword was broke betwixt 'em, ſo they grapled and clos'd. They ſeem'd like two young Lions tearing one another to Pieces; they dart Fire from their Eyes, they contract themſelves, then they

ſtretch, they ſtoop, they riſe again, they fly one upon another, and are all over beſmear'd with Blood. Now they come to Handy-blows, Foot to Foot, Hand to Hand, with their two Bodies ſo twiſted together, that they ſeem'd but one. *Hippias*, who was already arriv'd at Manhood, ſeem'd able to cruſh the weaker and more tender Youth of *Telemachus*, who already found himſelf out of Breath, and his Legs begin to fail. *Hippias* finding him in a ſtaggering condition, doubled his Force. There had been an end of the Son of *Ulyſſes*, and he had receiv'd the juſt Puniſhment of his Raſhneſs and Paſſion, if *Minerva*, who in her abſence watch'd over him, and left him in this danger only for his Inſtruction, had not determin'd the Victory in his Favour. She did not leave her Palace of *Salenta* her ſelf, but ſent *Iris*, the ſwift Meſſenger of the Gods; who with nimble Wing, cutting the ſpacious Air, and leaving behind her a Track of Light, which painted the Clouds with a Thouſand different Colours; reſted at laſt upon the Shoar, where

where the numerous Army of the Confederates was Encamp'd. She beheld from afar the Strife and Ardor of the two Combatants; ſhe trembled at the ſight of the Danger to which the young *Telemachus* was expos'd: And approaching towards him, involv'd in a bright Cloud, form'd of ſubtle Vapours, in the very nick of time, when *Hippias* redoubling his Force, believed himſelf Victorious, ſhe covered the young charge of *Minerva*, with the Shield with which the ſage Goddeſs had entruſted her. Immediately *Telemachus*, whoſe Force was quite ſpent, began to recover new Vigour, and the more he reviv'd, the more *Hippias* was diſorder'd: He felt ſomething, as 'twere Divine, that cruſh'd and confounded him. *Telemachus* preſſes him hard, aſſaults him ſometime in one Poſture, ſometimes in another: He makes him ſtagger, leaving him no time to recover himſelf; at laſt he throws him, and falls upon him. A lofty Oak of Mount *Ida*, fell'd with a Thouſand Blows, which make all the Foreſt ring, does not make a more terrible Noiſe in fal-

ling: The Earth groan'd, and all Things around him Trembled at his Fall. In the mean time *Telemachus*, who had recover'd his Wiſdom with his Strength, had ſcarce thrown *Hippias*, when he began to be ſenſible of his Fault, in attacking thus the Brother of one of the Confederate Kings, whom he came to Succour. He call'd to mind, with confuſion, the wiſe Counſels of *Mentor*; he was aſham'd of the Victory, which he well knew he did not deſerve. In the mean time *Phalanthus* tranſported with Rage, ran to ſuccour his Brother: He had pierc'd *Telemachus* with the Dart which he held, if he had not been afraid at the ſame time to wound *Hippias*, whom *Telemachus* kept down. In this condition, the Son of *Ulyſſes* might have eaſily took away the Life of his Enemy, but his Wrath was aſſwag'd: He thought of nothing now but repairing his Fault, by ſhewing his Moderation: Up he gets, uttering theſe Words. Oh *Hippias!* I am ſatisfied I have Taught thee not to deſpiſe my Youth. Live; I admire thy Force, thy Strength and Cour-

Courage: Yeild to the Power of the Gods that have protected me, and let us think of nothing now but of uniting our Force againſt the *Daunians*. Whilſt *Telemachus* thus ſpoke, *Hippias* roſe up, beſmear'd with Dirt and Blood, and full of Shame and Rage. *Phalanthus* who could not take the Life of him who had juſt now ſo generouſly given it to his Brother, was quite beſide himſelf, and knew not what to do. All the Confederate Kings ran to the Place: On one ſide they carry'd off *Telemachus*, and on the other *Phalanthus*, and *Hippias*, who having now loſt all his Courage, durſt not ſhew his Face. The Army could not enough admire how *Telemachus*, at ſo tender an Age (wherein Men uſually do not attain to their full Strength) was able to throw *Hippias*; who ſeem'd in Strength and Bulk like to thoſe Sons of the Earth, who in former times durſt drive the immortal Gods from *Olympus*.

But the Son of *Ulyſſes* was very far from enjoying any Pleaſure in his Victory, and whilſt others could not enough admire him, he retir'd into his

Tent, aſham'd of his Fault, and unable to brook himſelf. He bewail'd his Raſhneſs: He was ſenſible how unjuſt and unreaſonable he was in his Paſſion: He found ſomething vain, weak, and mean in his exceſſive Pride: He knew that trueGreatneſs was only to befound in Moderation, Juſtice, Modeſty and Humanity. This he ſaw clearly, but durſt not hope that everhe ſhouldamend after ſo many Relapſes: He was combating with himſelf, and you might hear him roar like a furious Lion: Two days he continu'd ſhut up in his Tent, unable to endure any Company, and tormenting himſelf. Alas, ſaid he, dare I ever to look *Mentor* in the Face? Am I the Son of *Ulyſſes*, the wiſeſt and moſt patient of Men? did I come hither to create Diviſion and Diſorder in the Confederate Army? Is it their Blood or that of the *Daunians* that I ought to have ſhed? I have been raſh; and whilſt I lanc'd my Dart unskilfully, put my ſelf upon unequal Terms with *Hippias*, whereby I could expect nothing but a diſhonourable Fate. But what then? I ſhould not have been a-

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ny more the inconſiderate *Telemachus*; that young Coxcomb that does not profit by any Advice; then my Diſgrace ſhould have ended with my Life. Oh, could I hope never to be guilty of that for which I am now ſo Diſconſolate, I ſhould be ſtill too happy; but perhaps before Night I ſhall repeat the ſame Actions, which at this time fill me with ſo much Horrour and Shame. O fatal Victory! Oh, inſufferable Applauſe! Which are nothing but the bitter reproaches of my Folly.

While *Telemachus* was in this diſconſolate Condition, *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* came to wait on him. *Neſtor* had reſolv'd to make him ſenſible of his Fault; but this wiſe old Man finding the Deſpair the Youth was in, chang'd his grave Reproof into Expreſſions of Tenderneſs to mitigate his Grief.

The Confederate Princes were put to a ſtand by this Quarrel: They could not march their Army towards the Enemy, till they had reconcil'd *Telemachus* with *Phalanthus* and *Hippias*: They were afraid every Minute leſt the *Tarentine* Troops ſhould attack the hun-

dred young *Cretans* that follow'd *Telemachus* in this War: All was in Disorder through *Telemachus*'s Fault; and he finding himself the Author of so much Mischief, both present and to come, gave himself up intirely to Grief. The Confederate Princes were in a great strait. They durst not march their Army for fear lest the *Cretans* and *Tarentines* should fall foul of one another; nay, they had much ado to keep them from quarrelling within the Camp, where they were very near one another. *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* went backward and forward incessantly betwixt the Tent of *Telemachus* and that of *Phalanthus*, who breath'd nothing but Revenge. Neither the soft Eloquence of *Nestor*, nor the Authority of *Philoctetes* could prevail upon his implacable Spirit; which was still more provok'd by the irritating Discourse of his Brother *Hippias*. *Telemachus* on the other hand was mild, but quite overwhelm'd with Grief, which refused all manner of Consolation. This Disorder among the Princes, put all the Troops in a Consternation. The Camp appear'd

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like a ſorrowful Houſe, after having loſt the Maſter of the Family, the ſupport of all his Neighbours, and the flattering Hopes of his little Children. During this Diſorder and Conſternation, on a ſudden they heard the terrible Noiſe of Chariots, Arms, the Neighing of Horſes, and Cryings of Men: Some as Conquerors, and hot in the Purſuit; others Flying, Dying or Wounded: A thick Cloud of Duſt cover'd the Sky and overſpread the Camp: To this was joyn'd a ſtifling Smoak, which thicken'd the Air; and all were ſeiz'd with Terror. It ſeems *Adraſtus*, who was Vigilant and Indefatigable, had ſurpriz'd the Allies; having been advis'd of their March, and concealing his own. In two Nights time, with an incredible Expedition, he had march'd round an inacceſſible Mountain, of which the Allies had ſeiz'd all the Avenues: And being Poſſeſs'd of them, thought they were not only in perfect Security themſelves, but pretended, when they ſhould be joyn'd by the reſt of their Troops, by theſe Paſſes, to fall on the Enemy on the other ſide of the

Mountain. *Adraſtus*, who gave Money with both Hands for Intelligence, had been inform'd of this their Reſolution; for *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*, tho' otherwiſe experienc'd and wiſe Captains, were not ſecret enough in their Counſels. *Neſtor* in his old Age was too much taken up with the vain-glory of recounting his former Actions: *Philoctetes* ſpoke leſs, but he was haſty; and if you but rous'd his active Temper, he would blab out all his Deſigns. Cunning People, by this means, found the way to his Heart, and the Key to his moſt important Secrets: Only provoke him, then full of Fire, and beſide himſelf, he would break out in threatning Language; he would brag of ſure Means to accompliſh his Deſigns; if you ſeem'd never ſo little to doubt of them, he would proceed inconſiderately to explain them, and to betray the moſt important Secrets. The Heart of this great Captain was like a Veſſel made of coſtly Metal, but Leaky. Theſe Villains that were brib'd with the Gold of *Adraſtus*, did not fail to take advantage of the Weakneſs of theſe

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two Princes. *Neſtor*, they flatter'd continually with vain Applauſe: They put him in mind of his paſt Victories, admir'd his Foreſight and Conduct: On the other hand, they laid a Trap for the impatient Humour of *Philoctetes*; they talk'd of nothing to him but Difficulties, Unſeaſonableneſs, Dangers, Inconveniences, and remedileſs Faults: When he was once heated, his Prudence forſook him, he was not any more the ſame Man.

Telemachus, notwithſtanding the Faults we have mention'd, was more cloſe: He had been accuſtom'd to Secrecy by his Misfortunes, and the Neceſſity he was in, from his Child-hood, to hide his Deſigns from the Lovers of his Mother *Penelope*. He knew how to keep a Secret without telling a Lie, and was free from that reſerv'd and myſterious Air, that is ſo common to cloſe People. He did not ſeem burthen'd with the Secret which he kept; you found him always eaſie, free and open, as one that had his Heart upon his Lips: He would tell you every thing that was of leſs moment; but knew how to ſtop nicely,

ly, and without affectation, at those things which might give any suspicion or broach his Secret. By this means his Heart was inaccessible, and his best Friends knew but as much as he thought fit to discover in order to have their good Advice. *Mentor* was the only Person for whom he had no Reserve. He had different degrees of Confidence in his other Friends, according as he had experience of their Love and Prudence.

Telemachus had often observ'd that their Counsels were too soon spread over the Camp: He advertiz'd *Nestor* and *Philoctetes* of it; but these two experienc'd Captains did not attend sufficiently to so wholsome an Advice. Age is untractable; Habit holds it, as 'twere in Chains, so that its Faults admit of no Remedy; as full grown Trees, whose rough and knotty Trunks are hardned by Years, cannot any more be strait'ned, so Men at a certain Age cannot be bent from these Customs which are grown up with them, and as 'twere, entred into their very Marrow. They know them, but too late: In vain they lament;

ment; for tender Youth is the only Age wherein Men have the Power of Correcting their vicious Habits.

There was in the Army a *Dolopian*, nam'd *Eurimachus*, an insinuating Flatterer, who knew how to accommodate himself to all the Humours of the Princes, Ingenious and Active to find new ways to please them. Believe him, Nothing was hard. Ask his Advice, he thought upon what would be most grateful: He knew how to break a Jest upon the Weak, but was complaisant to those of whom he stood in awe. He could season his Flattery so nicely, as to make it pass with Persons of the greatest Modesty. He was Grave with the Grave, Cheerful with the Cheerful. It was easie for him to take upon himself all Shapes. Sincere and Virtuous Men, who are always the same, and subject themselves to the strict Rules of Virtue, can never be so agreeable to Princes, as those who humour their predominant Passions.

Eurimachus understood the Art of War, was capable of Business, had follow'd *Nestor* as one that was pushing on

on his Fortune, and had got much into his Favour. He could pump any Secret out of his Heart, which was vain and ſubject to Flattery: And altho' *Philoctetes* was more diffident of him, yet his cholerick and impatient Temper gave him the ſame advantage as his Familiarity with *Neſtor*: *Eurimachus* would contradict him, and ſo by provoking him, would diſcover all. This Fellow had receiv'd great Sums from *Adraſtus*, to inform him of the Deſigns of the Allies; beſides, he had always a certain Number of Deſerters in the Confederate Camp, who were one after another to eſcape from thence, and return to his Army: And when *Eurimachus* had any important Affair to communicate to *Adraſtus*, he ſent off one of theſe Deſerters. The Cheat could not be eaſily diſcover'd, becauſe they carried no Letters; and if they were taken, had nothing about them to make *Eurimachus* ſuſpected. In the mean time *Adraſtus* prevented all the Enterprizes of the Confederates: A Reſolution was no ſooner taken in their Council, than the *Daunians* did that preciſe-

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ly which was neceſſary to hinder the Execution of it. *Telemachus* was very diligent in ſearching out the Cauſe of this, and ſtriving to excite the Jealouſie and Miſtruſt of *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes*; but to no purpoſe; for they were blind. Once they had reſolv'd in Council to wait for the numerous Troops that were to joyn them: and they had cauſed to advance ſecretly in the Night an hundred Veſſels, the ſooner to tranſport theſe Troops from a rugged Coaſt where they were to come, to the Place where the Army was encamp'd. All this while they thought themſelves ſafe, their Troops being poſſeſs'd of the Paſſes of the neighbouring Mountains, which is an almoſt inacceſſible ſide of the *Apennine*. Their Army was encamp'd on the River *Galeſus*, not far from the Sea; in a delicious Country, abounding in Paſturage, and all things neceſſary for the Subſiſtence of an Army. *Adraſtus* was encamp'd behind the Mountain, which they reckon'd he could not paſs; but he underſtanding that the Confederates were weak, and expected a great Reinforcement; that the

the Ships were waiting for their Arrival, and that the Army was divided by *Telemachus*'s Quarrel with *Phalanthus*, he march'd round with great Expedition, Night and Day, till he arrived at the Sea-Coaſt; where at break of Day, he ſurpriz'd theſe hundred Veſſels. They being ill guarded, he ſeiz'd upon them without much Reſiſtance, and made uſe of them to tranſport his own Troops to the Mouth of the River *Galeſus*. Afterwards ſailing up the River, the advanc'd Guards believ'd that theſe were the Ships that had their own Troops on Board; and immediately ſhouted for Joy. So *Adraſtus* and his Soldiers landed before they were known. They fall upon the Allies, who miſtruſted nothing: They found their Camp intirely open, without Order, without a Head, and unarm'd. He made his Attack on the Quarters of the *Tarentines*, where *Phalanthus* commanded: The *Daunians* entred there with ſuch force, that the *Lacedemonian* Youth being ſurpriz'd, were not able to reſiſt: Whilſt they were looking for their Arms, in the Confuſion they hin-

hinder'd one another. *Adraſtus* ſets Fire to the Camp: It ſeizes on their Tents, and mounts up to the Clouds. With its terrible Noiſe it reſembled a Torrent which overſpreads a whole Country, and with its rapid Courſe, carries along with it the lofty Oaks with their deep Roots, the Corn, the Barns, the Flocks and the Stalls. The Wind blows the Flame from Tent to Tent, and in an inſtant, the Camp look'd like an old Foreſt burnt down by a Spark of Fire. *Phalanthus*, tho neareſt the Danger, could not remedy it: He ſaw clearly that all the Troops muſt periſh in this Fire, if they did not make haſt to leave the Camp; but he likewiſe ſaw how dangerous ſuch a diſorderly Retreat muſt be before a victorious Enemy: He began to draw out the *Lacedemonian* Youth half Arm'd; but *Adraſtus* would not give them time to breath. On one Hand, a Troop of cunning Archers let fly a ſhower of Arrows upon the Soldiers of *Phalanthus*; on the other, the Slingers hail'd great Stones. *Adraſtus* himſelf, with Sword in Hand, marching at the Head a of choſen

choſen Company of the braveſt *Dauni-ans*, by the light of the Fire, purſu'd the flying Troops; mowing down with his Sword what had eſcaped the Fire. Tho' he ſwam in Blood, he was not ſatiated with Slaughter: Lions and Tygers, when they worry the Shepherds with their Flocks, fall ſhort of his Fury. The Troops of *Phalanthus* faint, their Courage fails them: Pale Death, led on by an Infernal Fury, with her Head briſled with Serpents, freezes their Blood in their Veins. Their benum'd Members grow ſtiff, and their faint Limbs deprive them even of the Hope of Flight. *Phalanthus*, whoſe Shame and Deſpair had rous'd up his ſmall remainder of Courage and Vigour, lifting his Eyes and Hands towards Heaven, he ſaw his Brother *Hippias* fall at his Feet, under the redoubled ſtrokes of the thundering Hand of *Adraſtus*. There he lay ſtretched out, and grovelling in the Duſt, with black and boiling Blood, guſhing like a Torrent from the deep Wound of his ſide: He ſhuts his Eyes, and his furious Soul ſlies out with the laſt drop of his Blood.

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Phalanthus besmear'd with his Brother's Blood, and unable to help him, finds himself environ'd with a Crowd of his Enemies, who were endeavouring to run him down. His Buckler was pierc'd with a Thousand Darts, and his Body wounded in several Places. He could not rally any more his flying Troops; the Gods look'd down, and did not pity. *Jupiter* amidst the Celestial Deities, beheld from *Olympus*, the slaughter of the Confederates. At the same time he consulted the immutable *Destinies*, and saw all those Captains whose Thread was to be Cut that Day with the fatal Scissars. All the Gods were attentive to discover his Will by his Countenance; but the Father of the Gods and Men, told them with a sweet and majestick Voice: You see to what Extremity the Allies are reduced; you see *Adrastus* routing his Enemies; but this Sight is fallacious. Short is the Glory and Prosperity of the Wicked: The Impious *Adrastus*, and detestable for his Treachery, shall not gain an intire Victory. This Misfortune happens to the Allies, only to teach

teach them to correct their Folly, and keep their Counſels more ſecret. On this occaſion, the Sage *Minerva* is preparing a new Triumph for her young Darling *Telemachus*. Here *Jupiter* having ended, all the Gods in deep ſilence continued to behold the Battle.

In the mean time *Neſtor* and *Philoctetes* were advertis'd, that a part of their Camp was already burnt; that the Flame, puſh'd on by the Wind, was continually advancing; that their Troops were in Diſorder; that *Phalanthus* was not any longer able to ſuſtain the Enemies Attacks. As ſoon as this fatal News had reach'd their Ears, they run to Arms, aſſemble their Captains, and command them to retire immediately out of the Camp to ſhun the Fire.

Telemachus, formerly caſt down, and diſconſolate, now forgets his Grief; he puts on his Armour, the invaluable Preſent of the ſage *Minerva*; who appearing in the ſhape of *Mentor*, made as if ſhe had got them from a curious Workmam at *Salenta*; but in reality, ſhe caus'd them to be made by *Vulcan*, in

in the ſmoking Caverns of Mount *Ætna.* This Armour was as ſmooth as Ice, and bright as the Beams of the Sun. Upon it was grav'd the famous Hiſtory of the Siege of *Thebes*: There you might ſee the unhappy *Laius*; who being inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo*, that his New-born Son ſhould be his Father's Murderer, deliver'd the Child to a Shepherd, to expoſe him to the wild Beaſts, and Birds of Prey. Then you might obſerve the Shepherd carry the Child up the Mountain *Cytheron*, betwixt *Bætica* and *Phocis*, whilſt it ſeem'd to cry, as ſenſible of its deplorable Deſtiny. It had in its Countenance, that native Simplicity and Tenderneſs, which makes Childhood ſo lovely. The Shepherd who carry'd him up the hideous Rocks, ſeem'd to do it with Regret, and being mov'd with Compaſſion, the Tears flow from his Eyes: Irreſolute and perplex'd, he pierces the Child's Feet with his Sword, and thruſting in an Ozier Branch he hangs him to a Tree, neither daring to ſave him againſt his Maſter's Orders, nor to deliver him up to certain Death.

After

After this he leaves him for fear of seeing the little Innocent die, which he lov'd so dearly.

By this time, the Child was ready to perish for want of Nourishment; his Feet by which he was hung, were Black and Swell'd.

Phorbas, a Shepherd of *Polybus* King of *Corinth*, feeding his Master's Flocks in this Desart, heard the Cries of the poor Child: He runs and takes him down, delivers him to another Shepherd to carry him to Queen *Merobe*, who was Childless: She was mov'd with his Beauty, and from his swell'd Feet nam'd him *Oedipus*; nurses him as her own Son, believing him sent from the Gods. All these different Actions were represented in their proper places. Afterwards you saw *Oedipus* now grown up, who being inform'd that *Polybus* was not his Father, travell'd from Country to Country to discover his Nativity. The Oracle told him, that he should find his Father in *Phocis*: Thither he goes: where finding the People in an Uproar, in the Tumult he kill'd his Father *Laius* without knowing him.

After

After that he appears at *Thebes*, he explains the *Ænigma* of *Sphnix*, kills the Monſter, and eſpouſes Queen *Jocaſta*, his Mother, not knowing her, and ſhe believing him to be the Son of *Polybus*. This deteſtable Marriage was follow'd by a dreadful Plague, a manifeſt Sign of the anger of the Gods. Here *Vulcan* had taken Pleaſure to repreſent Infants dying in their Mothers Arms, the People fainting, and Death and Sorrow painted on their Countenance; but that which was moſt frightful, was to ſee *Oedipus*, after having for a long time ſought out the Reaſon of the Wrath of the Gods, diſcover himſelf to be the Cauſe. You might ſee upon the Countenance of *Jocaſta*, Shame and Fear, to unriddle what ſhe was unwilling know: Deſpair and Horrour upon that of *Oedipus*. He plucks out his Eyes, and you ſee him led about Blind by his Daughter *Antigone*. He upbraids the Gods with the Crimes which they had ſuffer'd him to commit: Then you ſee him enrag'd againſt himſelf, and being unable to endure the Company of Mankind any longer, he retires,

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leaving his Kingdom to his two Sons, which he had by *Jocaſta*, *Eteocles*, and *Polynices*, on condition that they ſhould reign each a Year by Turns. But the Diſcord of the Brothers was more terrible ſtill than the Misfortunes of *Oedipus*. *Eteocles* appears upon the Throne, refuſing to come down to let his Brother take his Place: He on the other ſide having recourſe to *Adraſtus*, King of *Argos*, whoſe Daughter he had eſpouſed, advances towards *Thebes* with a numerous Army. Round about all the beſieged Town you might ſee Battels. Here were aſſembled all the Heros of *Greece*; and the Siege of *Troy* did not ſeem more Bloody.

There you might diſcern the Unfortunate Husband of *Eryphile*, the famous diviner *Amphiraus*; who forſaw the Fate which he could not avoid. He abſconds that he might not be carried to the Siege of *Thebes*, knowing he was to engage in a War, from which he ſhould never return. *Eryphile* was the only Perſon he durſt confide in; *Eryphile*, his Spouſe, whom he lov'd ſo dearly, and by whom he believ'd he

was

was ſo tenderly belov'd, betray'd her Husband *Amphiraus*, brib'd with a Neck-lace which *Adraſtus* King of *Argos* gave her. You might ſee her diſcover the Place where her Husband was hid: and *Adraſtus* carrying him to *Thebes* againſt his Will. Quickly after his Arrival, he appears ſwallow'd up by the Earth; which opens on a ſudden to plunge him. Amongſt ſo many Combats where *Mars* exerciſed his Fury, you might obſerve with horror, that of the two Brothers, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. There appear'd ſomething hideous and diſmal in their Looks: Their Criminal Birth ſeem'd written in their Fore-heads, by which you might eaſily judge, that they were abandon'd to the Infernal Furies, and the Vengeance of the Gods, who ſacrific'd them as an Example to all Brethren that ſhould be born in after Ages: And to ſhew the fatal effects of Diſcord, which ſeparates thoſe Hearts that ought to be ſo ſtrictly united; you might ſee thoſe Brothers full of Rage, tearing one another to pieces; each forgetting to defend his own Life, that he might take

away that of his Brother. They were both bloody, dying of mortal Wounds, without the leaſt Abatement of their Fury; both of 'em fallen to the Ground, and ready to breath their laſt; yet would crawl one towards another to have the Pleaſure of dying in the laſt effort of Cruelty and Revenge. All other Combats ſeem'd ſuſpended at the ſight of this. The two Armies were ſeiz'd with Horror and Conſternation at the ſight of theſe two Monſters. *Mars* himſelf turn'd aſide his cruel Eyes from ſuch a hideous ſight. At laſt you might ſee the Flame of the Funeral Pile, on which they placed the Two Bodies of theſe unnatural Brothers. But what was ſtrange to behold! the Flame parts it ſelf in two, and Death it ſelf could not put an end to the implacable Hatred of *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. They would not burn together, and their Aſhes, ſenſible of the Miſchiefs they had done to one another, would never mingle. This was what *Vulcan* with his Divine Art, had repreſented upon the Arms which *Minerva* gave to *Telemachus*.

Agen on his Shield, was repreſented *Ceres* in the fruitful Plains of *Enna* which are ſituated in the middle of *Sicily*. There you might ſee that Goddeſs aſſembling the Inhabitants, who were diſperſed up and down to get wherewithal to ſuſtain Nature, by Hunting, or gathering the wild Fruit, which had fall'n from the Trees. She taught thoſe Savages to till the Ground, and to extract their Food from its plentiful Boſom. She ſhew'd them the Plough, and taught them to yoke the labouring Ox. You might ſee the Ground open in Furrows, cleft by the Plough-ſhare; and afterwards you might perceive the Golden Harveſt, covering the fruitful Plains; and the Reaper with his Sickle cutting down the comfortable Fruits of the Ground, and thereby repaying his Labour. Iron, elſewhere the Inſtrument of deſtruction, was uſed here only to produce Plenty, and all ſorts of Pleaſure.

The Nymphs, crown'd with Garlands, dance together on the Banks of a River, hard by a pleaſant Grove. *Pan* play'd on his Flute; the *Fawns* and

wanton *Satyrs* frisk at a distance by themselves. *Bacchus* was likewise represented, crow'd with Ivy, leaning on his Spear, and holding in his Hand a Vine-branch, adorn'd with Leaves and Clusters of Grapes; his Beauty was fresh, with something in it languishing and passionate. In this manner it was, that he appear'd to the unfortunate *Ariadne*, when he found her alone and forsaken, and overwhelm'd with Grief, on the Banks of a strange River. In fine, you might see on all Hands, a multitude of People; the Old Men carrying the First-fruits of their Harvest into the Temples; the young Men wearied with Toil and Labour, returning home to their Wives, and these going out to meet them, with the young Pledges of their chaste Love in their Hands. There were likewise Shepherds represented; some singing, others dancing to the sound of the Reed; all was Peace, Plenty and Pleasure; and every thing look'd smiling and happy. You might see the Wolves play in the Pastures among the Sheep; and the Lions laying aside their fierce-

neſs, were ſporting among the tender Lambs, and the little Shepherd's Crook equally commanded them all. This lovely piece ſeem'd to bring to mind the Charms of the Golden Age.

Telemachus having put on his Divine Armour, inſtead of his own, took up *Minerva*'s dreadful Shield, which ſhe had ſent him by *Iris*, the ſwift Meſſenger of the Gods; *Iris* having without his Knowledge carried away his own Buckler, and left this in its room, which is formidable to the Gods themſelves. In this condition he ran out of the Camp, to avoid its Flames: He call'd the chief Commanders with a ſtrong Voice, which inſpir'd new Courage in their routed Troops, who had given over all for loſt. The Eyes of the young Warrior ſparkle with a Divine Fire; he gives Orders with as much Caution, as an old Man in ruling his Family and inſtructing his Children, but executes them with all the promptneſs and vigour of Youth; like an impetuous River, that with its rapid Motion rouls along, not only its own frothy Billows, but with them the

Veſſels of greateſt Burthen that float upon it.

Philoctetes, *Neſtor*, and the Commanders of the *Menducians*, and other Nations, found in the Son of *Ulyſſes*, a certain unaccountable Authority, which they all found themſelves irreſiſtibly oblig'd to ſubmit to. The Aged truſt no more to their Experience, and Counſel and Prudence forſook the Commanders: Jealouſy and Emulation, ſo natural to Mankind, are quite extinguiſh'd in their Minds. They all keep ſilence; they all wonder at *Telemachus*, and ſtand ready to obey his Orders implicitly; as if they had been accuſtom'd to do ſo. He advances, and from an Eminence obſerves the poſture of the Enemy; and forthwith judg'd it neceſſary, with the utmoſt expedition to ſurprize them in their preſent Diſorder, while they were burning the Camp of the Confedarates. He fetch'd a compaſs with great expedition, and was followed by the moſt experienc'd Commanders. He attack'd the *Daunians* in the Rear, who did not queſtion but that the Allies were involv'd

volv'd in the Flames of their Camp. this ſurprize put them in great Diſorder, and they fell under *Telemachus*'s Hand, as the autumnal Leaves of the Foreſts, when a bluſt'ring North Wind, bringing back Winter, ſhakes all the Branches, and makes the very Trunks of ancient Trees to groan. The Ground all about was cover'd with the Bodies of thoſe who had fall'n by *Telemachus*'s Hand. With his own Dart, he pierced the Heart of *Iphycles*, the youngeſt Son of *Adraſtus*, who had the boldneſs to offer him Combat, to ſave his Father's Life, who was in danger of being ſurpriz'd by *Telemachus*. Theſe young Combatants were both of them Comely, Vigorous, full of Conduct and Courage; of the ſame Stature, the ſame Age, had the ſame ſweetneſs of Temper, and were equally belov'd by their Parents. But *Iphycles* prov'd like a full blown Flower in a Meadow, cut down by the Sythe of the Mower. Afterwards *Telemachus* overthrew *Euphorion*, the moſt celebrated of all the *Lydians*, that came into *Etruria*. At laſt with his Sword he ſlew *Cleomenes*, who being late-

ly Married, had promiſed his Spouſe, to bring her the rich Spoils of the War, or never to return himſelf. *Adraſtus* foamed with Rage to ſee the Death of his Son, and of many other Commanders, and the Victory ſnatch'd out of his Hands. *Phalanthus* almoſt knock'd down at his Feet, was like a half-ſlain Victim, who had eſcap'd the edge of the ſacred Knife, and had fled from the Altar. *Adraſtus* had well nigh compleated the ruin of *Lacedemonian Phalanthus*, drown'd in his own Blood, and that of the Soldiers that fought with him. When he heard the ſhouting of *Telemachus* coming up to his relief, in that Moment he gets new Life; and the Cloud that had already overſpread his Eyes is diſſipated. The *Daunians* at this unexpected Attack, leave *Phalanthus*, to make head againſt a more formidable Enemy. *Adraſtus* ſeem'd like a Tyger, from whom a Body of Shepherds have ſnatch'd the Prey which he was ready to devour. *Telemachus* ſought him out in the Crowd, endeavouring by one ſtroke to put an end to the War, by delivering the Allies from their implacable

placable Enemy; But *Jupiter* grudged the Son of *Ulysses*, so quick and easy a Victory: And *Minerva* too had a Mind to inure him to Troubles, that he might the better understand how to Reign. Therefore the impious *Adrastus* was preserv'd by the Father of the Gods, that *Telemachus* might have opportunity to acquire more Glory, and exercise his Virtue. A Storm rais'd by *Jupiter*, sav'd the *Daunians*; a terrible Thunder proclaim'd the Will of the Gods. You would have thought that the eternal Vaults of the high *Olympus* had been ready to break down upon the Heads of weak Mortals; the Flashes of Lightning split the Clouds from Pole to Pole; and from the moment that they ceas'd to dazle the Eyes with their darting Flame, all was overspread with Midnight Darkness. The Rain falling in great abundance separated the two Armies. Thus *Adrastus* took advantage of the assistance of the Gods, without being mov'd with a sense of their Power: And for this Ingratitude, deserved to be kept for a more dreadful Vengeance. He made haste to march

his Army between the Camp that was half burnt down, and a Moraſs that reacht as far as the River. The Expedition with which he made his Retreat, ſufficiently demonſtrated his ready Invention and Preſence of Mind. The Allies animated by the Valour of *Telemachus*, would have purſ'd him; but by favour of the Storm he eſcap'd, as a ſwift-wing'd Bird out of the Net of the Fowler. The Allies now thought of nothing but re-poſſeſſing their Camp, and repairing their Damages: In entring it, they ſaw the woful Effects of War; the Sick and the Wounded not being able to crawl out of their Tents, or to ſave themſelves from the Fire, appear'd half burnt, ſending up towards Heaven their doleful Shrieks and dying Groans. It ſtruck *Telemachus* to the Heart, nor was he able to contain his Tears: Oft did he turn aſide his Eyes, being ſeiz'd with Horror and Compaſſion. He could not without groaning, behold thoſe Bodies that remain'd ſtill alive, and deſtin'd to a long and painful Death. They look'd like the Fleſh of Victims, roaſted on Altars, whoſe

whoſe Smell diffuſes it ſelf all a-round. Alas! cry'd *Telemachus*, behold the Miſchiefs that attend War! What blind Fury puſhes on unhappy Mortals? Their Days are ſo ſhort, and the Miſery that attends them ſo great: Why do they haſten the Fate that is already ſo near? Why will they add ſo many Troubles and Afflictions to the Bitterneſs with which the Gods have daſh'd this ſhort Life? Men are all Brethren, and yet they tear one another more cruelly than the ſavage Beaſts. Lions never make War with Lions, nor Tygers with Tygers, but exerciſe their Cruelty upon Creatures of a different Species. Man alone, in deſpite of his Reaſon, does that which Beaſts, that are void of it, would never have done. But ſtill, why ſuch Wars? Is there not Ground in the World enough to employ the Labour of all Mankind? How much of it lies deſert? More than all Mankind is ſufficient to repleniſh. What is it then that makes Princes ſpread the Flames of War over vaſt Kingdoms and Countries? A falſe Idea of Glory, an empty Title of Conque-

ror.

ror. Thus one Man, whom the Gods in their Anger have ſent into the World, renders ſo many Men miſerable: To ſatisfie his Ambition and Vanity, all muſt be ruin'd; all muſt ſwim in Blood, be deſtroy'd by Fire; and thoſe who eſcape the Fire and Sword, muſt periſh by more cruel Want. In a word, one Man ſports himſelf with humane Nature, involves all in univerſal Deſolation, to gratifie his Humour and Vainglory.

What monſtrous Ambition is this? Can we ſufficiently abhor and deteſt ſuch Men, who have forgot all Humanity? No ſure, ſo far are they from being Demi-Gods, that they are not to be reckon'd as Men: Their Memory ought to be accurſed through all thoſe Ages, in which they thought to have been admir'd. Oh! with how much deliberation ought Princes to weigh the Wars they undertake! They ought to be juſt: Nor is that enough, they ought to be Neceſſary. The Blood of the People ought not to be ſpilt, but for their Preſervation, in the greateſt Extremity: But the Counſels of Flatterers,

rers, a false Notion of Greatness, groundless Jealousies, and unreasonable Covetousness, cover'd with specious Pretexts, do insensibly engage Princes in Wars, which render themselves unhappy, make them hazard all when there is no necessity, and in the end prove equally fatal to their Subjects and Enemies. Thus did *Telemachus* reason; but he did not rest content in deploring the Miseries of War, but endeavour'd to mitigate them. You might see him visiting the sick and expiring Soldiers in their Tents, distributing Money and Medicines among them, comforting and encouraging them by his Discourses, which were full of Friendship and Tenderness, and sending others when he could not visit them himself. Among the *Cretans* that were with him, there were two old Men; one of them was call'd *Trausmaphilus*, the other *Nozofugus*: *Trausmaphilus* had been at the Siege of *Troy* with *Idomeneus*, and had learn'd from the Sons of *Esculapius* the Divine Art of curing Wounds: He had an odoriferous Liquor which he injected into the deepest and most envenomed

nomed Wounds, that conſum'd all the rotten and dead Fleſh, without being forc'd to make Inciſions, cauſing new Fleſh to grow, more ſound and more beautiful than the former. As for *Nozofugus*, he had never ſeen the Sons of *Eſculapius*, but by the means of *Merione*, he had procured a ſacred and myſterious Book, which *Eſculapius* had given his Sons: And beſides, *Nozofugus* was a Favourite of the Gods: He had compos'd Hymns in honour of the Children *Latona*: And every day ſacrific'd a white Sheep; without blemiſh to *Apollo*, by whom he was oftentimes inſpir'd: He no ſooner ſaw a ſick Perſon, but he could tell by his Eyes, his Complexion, the Diſpoſition of his Body, and the manner of his Breathing, what the ſource of the Malady was: Sometimes he would give 'em ſudorifick Remedies, which by their powerful Effects did demonſtrate, how much Perſpiration encreas'd or diminiſh'd, diſorder'd or reſtor'd the Machine of our Body. In languiſhing Diſtempers, he gave certain Drinks which by degrees re-eſtabliſh'd the noble Parts,

and

and by ſweetning the Blood, renew'd the Vigour of his Patients; but he often alledg'd, that it was the fault of their Virtue and Courage that made Men ſtand in need ſo often of Medicines. It is a ſhame, ſaid he, for Men to have ſo many Diſeaſes; for good Health is the Product of a Virtuous Life; their Intemperance, ſaid he, chances into deadly Poiſon that wholſome Nouriſhment which was appointed for preſerving their Life. Immoderate Pleaſures do ſhorten Mens Days more than the beſt Remedies can prolong them. The ſhort Allowance of the Poor preſerves their Health, while the Rich deprive themſelves of it by their Exceſs. Theſe Nouriſhments that gratifie the Palate moſt, and which force Appetite, are a poiſoning inſtead of nouriſhing. Medecines in themſelves are really miſcheivous and deſtroy Nature, and ought only to be uſed on preſſing Occaſions; but the Sovereign Remedy that is always harmleſs, always uſeful, is Sobriety, Temperance in all our Pleaſures, Tranquility of Mind, and Exerciſe of the Body: This makes the

Blood

Blood ſweet and temperate, and diſſipates all noxious and ſuperfluous Humours. Thus the ſage *Nozofugus* was leſs admir'd for his Medicines than he was for the Diet he preſcrib'd to prevent Diſeaſes, and render Remedies effective.

Theſe two Men were ſent by *Telemachus* to viſit all the Sick in the Army: They cur'd many by their Remedies, and many more by the care they took to make them ſuccesful; for they took care to keep them clean, and by that cleanlineſs to prevent noiſome Air; and made them obſerve an exact Sobriety, and a regular Diet during their Cure. The Soldiers were all touch'd with a ſenſe of this ſeaſonable Relief, and thank'd the Gods for ſending *Telemachus* into the Confederate Army. This is, ſure, no Mortal, ſay they, but ſome beautiful Deity, in humane Shape; or if he is a Man, he is nearer akin to the Gods than the reſt of Mankind, and is ſent into the World only to do good. He is more to be belov'd for his Sweetneſs and Bounty, than for his Valour. O that we could have ſuch a King! But

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the Gods have reſerv'd him for a People more happy than we; whom they favour, and among whom they will renew the Golden Age. *Telemachus*, while he ſpent the Night in viſiting the ſeveral Quarters of the Army to prevent the Stratagems of *Adraſtus*, heard theſe Commendations, which had not the leaſt Suſpicion of Flattery. As he deſir'd no other, ſo his Heart was moved at theſe, and he found that ſweet and pure Pleaſure, which the Gods have joyn'd to Virtue alone, and which ill Men, becauſe they have never experimented it, can neither conceive nor believe; but he could not remain fix'd in this ſort of Pleaſure; his former Faults came all thronging into his Mind: He did not forget his natural Haughtineſs, nor his indifferent Behaviour towards other Men, and he was ſecretly aſhamed that he was naturally harſh, and yet ſeem'd ſo human. He aſcrib'd all the Glory that was beſtow'd on him, and which he thought was above his Merit, to the Wiſdom of *Minerva*. It is thou, O great Goddeſs, ſaid he, that gave me *Mentor* for an Inſtructor,

and

and a Corrector of my evil Temper: It is thou that haſt bleſſed me with Wiſdom to make advantage of my Faults, and to diſtruſt my ſelf: It is thou that reſtraineſt my imperious Paſſions; and it is thou that makeſt me ſenſible of the Pleaſure of relieving the Unhappy: Without thee I ſhould be hated, and deſervedly too: Without thee I ſhould commit irreparable Faults, and be as a Child, who being inſenſible of its own Weakneſs, lets go the hold it had of its Mother, and falls the very firſt ſtep that it makes.

Neſtor and *Philoctetes* were amaz'd to ſee *Telemachus* become ſo gentle, ſo Courteous, ſo Helpful, and ſo Provident. They could not tell what to think; they ſaw him quite another Man; and that which ſurpriz'd them moſt, was the great care he took about the Funeral of *Hippias*. He went in Perſon to bring his Bloody and diſfigur'd Body from the Place where it lay cover'd under a heap of dead Men: He ſhed pious Tears over him, and ſaid, O Shade, thou know'ſt not how much I eſteem'd thy Valour! 'Tis true, thy Haughti-

Haughtineſs did provoke me; but the heat of thy Youth was to blame for't; and I am not inſenſible how much that Age wants to be excus'd. We had at laſt been united in a ſincere Friendſhip; I was to blame: O ye Gods, wherefore have ye taken him from me!

Telemachus afterwards caus'd the Body to be Waſh'd with an Odoriferous Liquor, and gave Orders concerning the Funeral Pile. The lofty Pines, groaning under the ſtroaks of the Ax, came tumbling down from the tops of the Mountains; the Oaks, thoſe ancient Sons of the Earth, that ſeem'd to threaten Heaven; the tall Poplars, the young Elms with their verdant Tops, and thick leav'd Branches; the Beeches, the Glory of the Foreſt, lay all fell'd on the River *Galeſus*: There were they rais'd into a Pile, reſembling a regular Building. The Flame began to appear, and a Pillar of Smoak mounted up to the Heavens. The *Lacedemonians* march'd with a ſlow and doleful pace, trailing their Pikes, and looking on the Ground; bitter ſorrow ſtood painted on their Warlike Countenances,

ces, and the Tears trickled down in abundance. After the reſt, came the aged *Pherecides*, ſtooping not ſo much under the great number of his Years, as a load of Grief for ſurviving *Hippias*, whom he had brought up from his very Infancy: He rais'd his Hands, and his Eyes that were drown'd in Tears, towards Heaven. After the Death of *Hippias*, he refus'd all manner of Food, nor could Sleep ſhut his Eye-lids, or ſuſpend the ſmartneſs of his pain for a Moment. With a trembling pace he walk'd after the Proceſſion, not knowing whither he went; he was ſpeechleſs, becauſe his Heart was quite oppreſſ'd; his ſilence was the effect of deſpair and dejection. But no ſooner did he ſee the Pile kindled, than he cry'd out in a fury, O *Hippias: Hippias*! I ſhall never ſee thee again! *Hippias* is no more, and yet I live ſtill! O my dear *Hippias*! 'Tis I that am the cauſe of thy death; 'twas I that taught thee to deſpiſe it; I believ'd that thou ſhouldſt have clos'd my Eyes, and ſuck'd my laſt Breath. O ye cruel Gods! Why did ye prolong my days, only that I might

might ſee the death of *Hippias*? O my dear Child, that I have brought up with ſo much care, I ſhall ſee thee no more; But I ſhall ſee thy Mother, whom Grief will kill, and who will reproach me with thy death; I ſhall ſee thy young Spouſe beating her Breaſt, and pulling off her Hair, and I am the unhappy cauſe. O dear Shade, call me to the Banks of *Styx*; for the Light is hateful to me, and 'tis thee only, my dear *Hippias*, that I wiſh to ſee. *Hippias, Hippias*! O my dear *Hippias*! I only live now to pay my laſt duty to thy Aſhes.

In the mean time, you might ſee the Body of young *Hippias* ſtretch'd out in a Coffin adorn'd with Purple, Gold and Silver; Death that had ſhut his Eyes was not able to deface all his Beauty, and the Graces appear'd ſtill in his pale Face: Around his Neck that was whiter than Snow, but now learning on his Shoulder, his long black Hair did wave, finer than thoſe of *Atis* and *Ganimede*; but which were now to be turn'd to Aſhes. You might obſerve in his ſide the deep Wound, through which

which all his Blood had run out, and which had ſent him down into the gloomy Regions of *Pluto*. *Telemachus*, ſad and dejected, follow'd the Corps at a little diſtance, ſtrowing Flowers. When they came to the Pile, the young Son of *Ulyſſes* could not endure to ſee the Flame ſeize on the Cloth in which the Body was wrapt, without ſhedding freſh Tears. Adieu, ſaid he, O magnanimous *Hippias!* For I dare not call thee Friend: Reſt in quiet. O Shade, who haſt merited ſo much renown! If I did not love thee I ſhould envy thy Happineſs, who art free'd from thoſe Miſeries that accompany us, and art retir'd by the Path of Honour. How happy ſhould I be, if my end were the ſame! May *Styx* ne're be able to ſtop thy Ghoſt, may thy Paſſage be eaſie into the *Elyſian Fields*; may Fame preſerve thy name throughout all Ages, and may thy Aſhes reſt in Peace. Scarce had he ſpoke theſe Words, which were interrupted with Sobs, when the Army gave a hideous ſhout; they were mov'd with Grief for the loſs of *Hippias*, they were recounting his great Actions;

ons; and their Grief for his Death, brought to their Minds all his good Qualities, and made them forget all thoſe Failings, which the Heat of his Youth, or his bad Education had occaſion'd. But they were more mov'd with the tender affection that *Telemachus* had for him. Is this, ſaid they, the young *Greek*, that was ſo proud, ſo Haughty, ſo Diſdainful and Untractable? See how Gentle, how Humane, how kind he's now become! *Minerva*, no doubt, who loved his Father ſo dearly, has now the ſame Paſſion for the Son; doubtleſs ſhe has beſtow'd on him the moſt valuable Bleſſing that the Gods can give to Mortals, in affording him, together with Wiſdom, a Heart ſenſible of Frienſhip.

By this time the Flame had conſum'd the Body. *Telemachus*, with his own Hands, beſprinkled the Aſhes that were yet ſmoaking, with a Liquor richly perfum'd; then put them into an Urn of Gold, which he crown'd with Garlands and carried to *Phalanthus*. He lay ſtretch'd out wounded in ſeveral places, and in the extremity of his Weak-

Weakneſs, had a glimpſe of the melancholy gates of Death.

Trauſmaphilus and *Nozofugus*, whom the Son of *Ulyſſes* had ſent to attend him had try'd their utmoſt skill for his Relief. They had by degrees brought back his departing Soul; freſh Spirits began inſenſibly to revive his Heart, and create a penetrating Vigour: The Balſam of Life gliding from Vein to Vein, had reach'd his Heart; a grateful warmth reviv'd his Limbs; but in the very moment that the ſwooning left him, Grief ſucceeded; for he began to be ſenſible of the Loſs of his Brother, which till then he had not been in a condition to think of. Alas! ſaid he, why all this care to ſave my Life? Had I not better dye, and follow my dear *Hippias*? I ſaw him fall hard by me: O *Hippias*! the comfort of my Life, my Brother, my dear Brother, thou art now no more! I can hereafter neither ſee thee, nor hear thee, nor embrace thee, nor comfort thee in thy Troubles, nor complain to thee of my own. O ye Gods, Enemies to Mankind! Muſt I for ever be depriv'd

of

of *Hippias*! Is it poſſible! Is it not a Dream? No, it is real. O *Hippias*, I have left thee, I have ſeen thee die, and I muſt live till I have aveng'd thee; I will ſacrifice to thy Ghoſt the cruel *Adraſtus*, who is ſtain'd with thy Blood.

While *Phalanthus* was thus ſpeaking, the two Divine Men uſed their utmoſt endeavour to appeaſe his Grief, for fear it ſhould increaſe his Diſeaſe, and fruſtrate the Effects of their Medicines. On a ſudden he perceiv'd *Telemachus*, who came to ſee him. At firſt ſight, two contrary Paſſions were ſtrugling in his Breaſt; he harbour'd a Reſentment of what had paſs'd between *Telemachus* and *Hippias*; his Grief for the loſs of *Hippias* gave it an Edge; he could not forget that he owed the preſervation of his Life to *Telemachus*, who reſcu'd him out of the Hands of *Adraſtus*, all bloody, and half Dead. But when he ſaw the Golden Urn which inclos'd the Aſhes of his dear Brother *Hippias*, he diſſolv'd into Tears; he embrac'd *Telemachus*, without being able to ſpeak: At laſt,

with a languiſhing Voice, interrupted with Sighs, he ſaid, O worthy Son of *Ulyſſes*, thy Vertue conſtrains me to love thee; I owe thee the ſmall remainder of my Life, and I owe thee alſo ſomething that's more dear to me: Had it not been for thee, the Body of my Brother had been a Prey to the Vultures: Had it not been for thee, his Ghoſt, depriv'd of a Sepulture, had wander'd in a miſerable Condition, on the Banks of the River *Styx*, continually puſht back by the pitileſs *Charon*. Muſt I be ſo far indebted to one whom I mortally hated? Repay him, O ye Gods, and deliver me from this Miſerable Life. And thou *Telemachus*, pay me the laſt duty that thou haſt paid to my Brother, that thy Glory may be compleat.

With theſe Words, *Phalanthus* was quite ſpent, and overwhelm'd with exceſs of Grief. *Telemachus* ſtaid by him, but durſt not ſpeak, waiting till he ſhould recover a little ſtrength. Preſently *Phalanthus* having come out of his Fit, takes the Urn out of the Hands of *Telemachus*; twenty times he

he kiſs'd it, and water'd it with his Tears, and ſaid, O Dear, O Precious Aſhes! When ſhall mine be enclos'd in the ſame Urn? O thou Ghoſt of *Hippias*! I will follow thee to the Shades below: *Telemachus* ſhall avenge us both.

In the mean time, *Phalanthus* recover'd daily by the watchful Care of theſe two Men, who underſtood the Art of *Eſculapius*. *Telemachus* was always by them to quicken their diligence for haſtening the Cure; and all the Army was ſtruck with admiration at his goodneſs in relieving his greateſt Enemy, more than at the Valour and Conduct which he ſhew'd in Battle, when he ſav'd the Confederate Army. In the mean time *Telemachus* gave Proof how indefatigable he was in the greateſt Hardſhips of War. He ſlept little, and his Sleep was often interrupted, either by the intelligence he receiv'd every Hour of the Night, as well as of the Day; or by viewing all the Quarters of the Army, which he never did twice at the ſame Hours, that he might the better ſurprize thoſe that were neg-

ligent. Oftentimes he returned to his Tent, all over Sweat and Duſt. His Diet was plain, being the ſame with that of the Soldiers, that he might ſet them a Copy of Sobriety and Patience. Proviſions being ſcarce in that Encampment, he judg'd it neceſſary to prevent a Mutiny of the Soldiers, voluntarily to ſhare with them in their Hardſhips. His Body was ſo far from being weakend'd by that toilſom Life, that every Day it became ſtronger and more hardned. He began to loſe the tender Graces of his Face, which are, as 'twere, the bloom of Youth; his Complexion grew Browner and leſs delicate, and his Limbs Rougher and more Nervous.

In the mean time, *Adraſtus*, whoſe Troops had been conſiderably waſted by the Battle, had poſted himſelf behind the Hill *Aulon*, to wait the coming of ſome Reinforcements, and try whether he could once more ſurprize the Enemy; juſt as a famiſh'd Lion, bauk'd of his Prey, returns to the ſhady Foreſt, and reenters his Den, where he whets his Teeth and his Claws,

and

and impatiently waits for a favourable Minute to deſtroy the whole Flock.

Telemachus having made it his chief care to obſerve a ſtrict Diſcipline thro' the whole Army, he thought of nothing now but putting in execution a Deſign which he had already conceiv'd, and which he had conceal'd from all the Commanders in the Army. For a long time, during whole Nights, his Head had been fill'd with Dreams, that repreſented to him his Father *Ulyſſes*. This Image of *Ulyſſes* uſed always to return at the latter end of the Night before *Aurora* began with her dawning Light to chaſe the wandring Stars from the Heavens; and ſoft ſleep attended with fluttering Dreams from the Earth. Sometimes he would fancy that he ſaw him Naked in a fortunate Iſland, on the Banks of a River, in a pleaſant Meadow bedeck'd with Flowers, and environ'd by Nymphs, who threw their Garments on him to cover him. Sometimes he thought he heard him Talking in a Palace, all glittering with Gold and Ivory, where Men, crown'd with Garlands, liſten'd to

him with Pleaſure and Admiration. At other times he would appear to him on a ſudden in thoſe Feaſts, where Joy ſhines bright amidſt delights, and where you might hear the ſoft Harmony of a charming Voice with a Harp, more melodious than the Harp of *Apollo*, or the Voice of all the Muſes.

Telemachus awaking, grew melancholy at his pleaſant Dreams. O my Father! O my dear Father *Ulyſſes*, cry'd he! The moſt frightful Dreams had been more pleaſant to me. Theſe Repreſentations of Happineſs give me reaſon to believe that you are already gone down to the abode of bleſſed Souls, where the Gods reward their Virtue with eternal Tranquility. Methinks I ſee the *Elyſian Fields*. O how hard a thing is it to hope no more! What, O my dear Father! Shall I ſee you no more; ſhall I embrace him no more who lov'd me ſo tenderly, and whom I have ſought after with ſo much Labour and Toil? Shall I never hear Wiſdom it ſelf ſpeak out of that Mouth? Shall I never again kiſs thoſe Hands, thoſe dear, thoſe victorious

Hands,

Hands, by whom ſo many Enemies have fallen? Shall they never puniſh the fooliſh Lovers of *Penelope*, and muſt *Ithaca* for ever be Ruin'd?

O ye Gods, who are Enemies to my Father, ye have ſent me theſe fatal Dreams to deprive me of all Hope; 'tis to deprive me of Life. No, I cannot live longer in this uncertainty. What do I ſay, Alas! Nothing is more certain than that my Father is no more; I'll go find out his Ghoſt in the Shades below. *Theſeus* ſucceeded in this Attempt: The impious *Theſeus*, who durſt offer Violence to the infernal Deities! As for me, a pious Motive carries me thither. *Hercules* hath deſcended thither; I am no *Hercules*; but 'tis glorious to attempt to imitate him. *Orpheus*, by the relation of his Misfortunes, did ſenſibly touch the Heart of the inexorable God, and obtain'd the return of *Eurydice* from thence. I have a juſter Claim to Compaſſion than *Orpheus*, becauſe my Loſs is greater. Who can compare a young Girl, not ſingular for her Beauty, to the ſage *Ulyſſes*, admir'd by all *Greece*? Let us go, let us die, if it muſt be ſo: Why

ſhould Death be ſo formidable, ſince Life is ſo miſerable? O *Pluto!* O *Proſerpine!* I'll try ere it be long whether ye are as pitileſs as ye are ſaid to be. O my Father! After all my fruitleſs Travel over Seas and Land to find you out, if the Gods deny me the Enjoyment of you on Earth, and in the Light of the Sun, I'll go try whether you are gone to the melancholy Abodes of the Dead. Perhaps they will not refuſe me a ſight of your Ghoſt in the Kingdom of Darkneſs. While he was thus Speaking, *Telemachus* watered his Bed with his Tears; then he aroſe, to try whether by the Light he could mitigate the ſharpneſs of his Sorrow that his Dreams had occaſion'd; but this was an Arrow that had pierced his Heart, and which he continually carried about with him. In this Anguiſh, he eſſay'd to deſcend into the infernal Regions, by a famous Place not far remov'd from the Camp: It is call'd *Acheron*, becauſe in this Place there is a dreadful Cave, by which you may go down to the Banks of *Acheron*, a River by which the Gods themſelves are afraid to Swear. The Town ſtood

on

on a Rock, like a Neſt in the top of a Tree. At the foot of the Rock was this Cavern to be ſeen, which fearful Mortals were afraid to approach. The chief care of the Shepherds was to turn away their Flocks from it: The ſulphureous Steams which the *Stygian* Lake inceſſantly caſts forth through this Paſſage infected the Air. Around it grew neither Herb nor Flower: There no gentle *Zephyrs* fann'd the Air: There you could neither ſee the blooming Graces of the Spring, nor the rich bleſſings of Autumn: There the Ground was all dry and languiſhing and there was nothing to be ſeen but a few Shrubs ſtript of their Leaves, and the fatal Cypreſs. All round for a great way, *Ceres* denied the Labourers her Golden Harveſt: In vain did *Bacchus* ſeem to promiſe his pleaſant Fruits; the Grapes wither'd inſtead of ripening. The Sorrowful *Nayades* could not make the Water run pure; their Streams were always bitter and muddy. No warbling of Birds was to be heard in this Deſart, that was all briſled with Briars and Thorns; there was no Grove to

ſhelter them, they went and ſung their Loves in a gentler Air. Nothing was to be heard there but the croaking of Ravens, and the melancholy Voice of the Owl. The very Herbs were bitter, and the Flocks that fed thereon, did not taſte that ſweet Pleaſure which uſed to make them skip: The Bull loath'd the Heifer, and the Shepherds forgot their Pipe and Flute.

Out of this Cavern, oftentimes there iſſu'd forth a dark and thick Smoke, which made a ſort of Night at Mid-day. The neighbouring People redoubled their Sacrifices, to appeaſe the Wrath of the infernal Gods; but oftentimes, Men in the flower of their Age, and in the bloom of their Youth, were the only Victims which theſe cruel Divinities, by a fatal Contagion, took Pleaſure to have ſacrific'd.

It was here that *Telemachus* reſolv'd to find out the way into the black Habitation of *Pluto*. *Minerva*, who always kept a watchful Eye over him, and had cover'd him with her Shield, had beſpoke *Pluto*'s Favour. *Jupiter*, at the Requeſt of *Minerva*, had given Orders

Orders to *Mercury* (who went down every Day to the Regions below, to deliver a certain number of Mortals into the Hands of *Charon*) to desire the King of the Shades that he would allow the Son of *Ulysses* to enter into his Dominions.

Telemachus secretly withdrew out of the Camp by Night; he travel'd by the Light of the Moon, and invok'd that powerful Deity, who in the Heavens appears the bright Planet of the Night, on Earth is the chast *Diana*, and in Hell is the dreadful *Hecate*. This Goddess vouchsafed him a favourable Ear, because his Heart was upright, and because he was guided by the pious Love of a dutiful Son. Scarce had he approach'd the entry of the Cave, when he heard the bellowing of the subterranean Empire. The Earth trembled under his Feet; the Heavens arm'd themselves with Lightning and Fire, that seem'd ready to fall down. The young Son of *Ulysses* was shock'd and his whole Body was bedew'd with a cold Sweat; but his Courage supported him; he rais'd up his

his Eyes and his Hands towards Heaven. Ye great Gods, cry'd he, I accept this happy Omen: Compleat your Work. This ſaid, he redoubled his Pace, and went forward boldly. Preſently the thick Smoke, which rendred the entry to the Cavern fatal to all other Creatures that approach'd it, was diſſipated; the poiſonous Smell ceaſed for a while, and *Telemachus* enter'd alone; for what other Mortal durſt follow him? Two *Cretans* who had accompanied him to a certain diſtance from the Cave, and to whom he had entruſted his Deſign. ſtood Trembling and half Dead a great way from it, in a Temple, making their Vows, and deſpairing of ever ſeeing *Telemachus* again.

In the mean time the Son of *Ulyſſes*, with his Sword in his Hand, pierces thro' this horrible Darkneſs. Preſently he perceiv'd a dim and faint Light, ſuch as we ſee in the Night-time on Earth. He obſerv'd the airy Ghoſts fluttering about him, whom he warded off with his Sword. Not long after, he came in ſight of the melancholy brink

brink of the marſhy River, whoſe muddy and ſtagnant Waters turn in a continual Whirl-pool. He diſcover'd upon the Banks of it an innumerable crowd of departed Souls who had been depriv'd of Sepulture, making their fruitleſs Addreſſes to the pitileſs *Charon*. This Deity, whoſe perpetual old Age made him moroſe and fretful, return'd them nothing but Threats and Refuſals: but at firſt ſight receiv'd the young *Greek* aboard his Boat. *Telemachus* had no ſooner entred but he heard the mournful Groans of a certain diſconſolate Ghoſt. What is the cauſe, pray, ſaid he, of your Miſery; what was you on Earth? I was reply'd the Ghoſt, *Nabopharzan*, King of proud *Babylon*; all the Eaſtern Nations trembled at the ſound of my Name. I made the *Babylonians* pay Divine Honours to me in a Temple of Marble, where I was repreſented by a Statue of Gold; before which, Night and Day, the moſt precious Perfumes of *Ethiopia* were burnt; none ever contradicted me unpuniſh'd; new Pleaſures were daily invented to ſweeten my Life; I

was

was then young and vigorous. What Pleaſure was there that I did not taſte while I ſat on the Throne? But an ungrateful Woman, whom I dearly lov'd, convinc'd me that I was not a God; ſhe has poiſon'd me, and I am no more. Yeſternight my Aſhes were, with great Solemnity, put into an Urn of Gold; they cry'd, they tore off their Hair, and ſeem'd as if they would throw themſelves into the Flames of my Pile, and ſhare in my death: Some are going ſtill to mourn at the Foot of the magnificent Tomb where my Aſhes were laid; but no body does really regret my Loſs: My Memory is abhorr'd by my own Family, and here below I am already expos'd to the moſt dreadful Reproaches.

Telemachus, mov'd at this ſight, ſaid to him: But were you truly happy during your Reign? Were you ſenſible of that calm and gentle Peace, without which the Heart remains always, as 'twere, wither'd and ſhrunk up amidſt the greateſt Pleaſures? No, reply'd the *Babylonian*, I don't ſo much as know what you mean. The Sages

boaſt

boaſt of this Peace, as the only Good; but for my part, I never felt it: My Soul was inceſſantly agitated with new deſires, with Fear and with Hope: I endeavour'd to intoxicate my ſelf with the tumultuous Motion of my Paſſions; I was careful to entertain this Frenzy, to make it laſting; the ſhorteſt interval of calm Reaſon had been bitter. Behold, this was the Peace that I enjoy'd; all other ſeem'd a meer Trifle and a Dream; theſe are the Bleſſings that I regret. While the *Babylonian* was thus ſpeaking, he wept like one of a mean Spirit, ſoften'd by Proſperity, and who had never been accuſtom'd to bear Misfortunes with Conſtancy. There were hard by him certain Slaves, who had been ſlain to grace his Funeral. *Mercury* had deliver'd them to *Charon* with their King, and had given them abſolute Power over him whom they had ſerv'd on Earth. The Ghoſts of theſe Slaves ſtood now no more in awe of the Ghoſt of *Nabopharzan*; they kept him in Chains, offering him the moſt cruel Indignities. One would ſay to him, Were not we Men as well as you?

How

How cameſt thou to be ſo ſtupid as to fancy thy ſelf a God, and not rather remember that thou wert Caſt in the ſame Mould with other Men? Another inſultingly would tell him, Thou had'ſt reaſon not to paſs for a Man, being a Monſter, void of all Humanity. Another would ſay to him, Well, where are all thy Flatterers now? Thou haſt now nothing to beſtow, poor Wretch; 'tis not in thy Power to do any more Miſchief; behold thou art now become a Slave to thy own Slaves. The Gods are ſlow in executing Juſtice, but at length they have done it. At theſe hard words he fell flat on his Face, tearing his Hair, in an exceſs of Rage and Deſpair. But *Charon* call'd to the Slaves; pull him by his Chain, raiſe him up in ſpite of his Teeth; he ſhan't ſo much as have the comfort to hide his Shame: All the Ghoſts about *Styx* muſt bear witneſs to juſtifie the Gods who ſuffer'd this impious Wretch to Reign ſo long upon Earth. This is, O *Babylonian*, but the beginning of thy Sorrow; prepare thy ſelf to be judg'd by the inflexible *Minos*. Before dread-

ful

ful *Charon* had well ended his Diſcourſe, his Boat had touch'd the Borders of *Pluto*'s Empire. The Ghoſts came all flocking together to view this living Man, that appear'd among the dead in the Boat; but no ſooner had the Foot of *Telemachus* touch'd the Land, but they all fled; juſt as the Shades of Night are diſſipated by the firſt glimpſe of the Day. *Charon* looking on the young *Greek* with a ſmooth Face, and leſs fierceneſs in his Eyes than uſual, ſaid, O Mortal! belov'd by the Gods, ſince thou art allow'd to enter the Kingdom of Night, inacceſſible to all living, make haſte to go where the Deſtinies call thee; go through this gloomy Path to the Palace of *Pluto*, whom you will find on his Throne; he will permit you to enter thoſe Places, the Secrets of which he will not allow me to diſcover. *Telemachus* forthwith advancing with a ſwift Pace, was ſurrounded by multitudes of fluttering Ghoſts, innumerable as the Sands on the Shoar; and amidſt the hurry of this numberleſs Multitude, he was ſeiz'd with a Divine

vine Horrour, obſerving the profound Silence of theſe vaſt Places. His Hair ſtood on end, ſo ſoon as he approach'd the gloomy Abode of the pitileſs *Pluto*; his Knees trembled, his Voice fail'd him, and it was with much ado that he could utter theſe Words: You ſee, O terrible Divinity! The Son of the unhappy *Ulyſſes!* I come to enquire of you, whether my Father is deſcended into your Dominions, or if he is wandring ſtill on Earth.

Pluto was ſeated on a Throne of Ebony; his Countenance look'd pale and ſevere, his Eyes were hollow and ſparkling, his Face wrinkled and threatning: The Sight of a living Man was as odious to him, as the Light is offenſive to the Eyes of thoſe Creatures that are accuſtom'd to lurk in their Retreats till the approach of Night. By his ſide appear'd *Proſerpine*, who was his only pleaſing Object, and who ſeem'd in ſome meaſure to ſoften his Heart: She enjoy'd a Beauty that was always freſh; but her Divine Graces ſeem'd ſullied a little by ſomething harſh and cruel that was borrowed from her Spouſe. At

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the Foot of the Throne was pale and devouring Death, with his ſharp-edg'd Sithe, which he whetted inceſſantly. About him flew black Cares, cruel Jealouſies, Revenges, glutted with Blood, and full of Wounds; unjuſt Hatreds, Covetouſneſs gnawing it ſelf; Deſpair, tearing it ſelf with its own Hands; furious Ambition, that puts all in Confuſion; Treaſon, that feeds upon Blood, and cannot enjoy the Fruits of its Wickedneſs; Envy, that darts her deadly Venom all round her, and who frets and rages when ſhe's unable to hurt; Impiety, that has digg'd a bottomleſs Pit, and deſperately thrown her ſelf head-long into it; the hideous Spectres; the Phantomes, that aſſume the ſhape of the Dead to frighten the Living; the frightful Dreams and Watchings that are as tormenting as thoſe. With all theſe dire Spectres was the haughty *Plato* environ'd, and with theſe were his Palace fill'd. He anſwer'd *Telemachus*, with a hollow Voice, that made the bottom of *Hebrus* roar: Young Mortal, ſaid he, thy Deſtiny hath made thee violate this

ſacred

ſacred Refuge of the Ghoſts; follow thy Deſtiny; for me, thou ſhalt never know where thy Father is; 'tis enough thou art free to go look for him; ſince he has been a King upon Earth, thou haſt no more to do but to traverſe one part of dark *Tartarus*, where the wicked Kings are puniſh'd; and on the other, the *Elyſian* Fields where the good Ones are rewarded. But you cannot paſs from hence to the *Elyſian* Fields, till you have gone through *Tartarus*; make haſte thither, and get ye out of my Dominion.

Forthwith *Telemachus* ſeem'd to fly through thoſe empty and immenſe Spaces; he was ſo eager to know if he ſhould ſee his Father, and to remove himſelf from the Preſence of that horrible Tyrant, dreadful both to the Living and Dead. He quickly found himſelf on the Borders of gloomy *Tartarus*; from which there aroſe a black and thick Smoke, whoſe infectious Stink would have brought preſent Death with it, if it had reach'd the Abodes of the Living. This Smoke cover'd a River of flaming Fire; the noiſe

noiſe of which, reſembling that of the moſt impetuous Torrents, when they throw themſelves down the higheſt Mountains into the bottom of a Gulf, ſtruck thoſe almoſt deaf that entred thoſe diſmal Places.

Telemachus, ſecretly animated by *Minerva*, undauntedly enter'd this Abyſs; at firſt ſight he perceiv'd a great number of Men, who had liv'd in a very mean Condition, and who were puniſh'd for having heap'd up Riches by Fraud, Treachery and Cruelty. He obſerv'd there Swarms of impious Hypocrites, who made a ſhew of Religion to ſerve them for a pretext to cover their Ambition, and to impoſe upon the Credulous. Theſe Men who had abus'd Virtue it ſelf, (the greateſt Bleſſing that the Gods can beſtow) were puniſh'd as the moſt execrable of all Mankind. The Children who had kill'd their Fathers or Mothers; the Wives who had embrued their Hands in the Blood of their Husbands; the Traitors who had abandon'd their Party, after they had violated their moſt ſolemn Oaths,

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underwent a more gentle Puniſhment than thoſe Hypocrites. Such was the Sentence of the three Infernal Judges, and this was their Reaſon: It was becauſe the Hypocrites, not thinking it enough to be ill, as the reſt of the wicked, would paſs for good Men, and by their counterfeit Virtue, make People afraid to truſt thoſe that were really ſo. The Gods, whom they mock'd, and made deſpicable in the Eyes of Men, take Pleaſure to exerciſe their Power in revenging this Affront.

Near to theſe, appear'd another ſort of Men, whom the Vulgar do not believe very culpable, but whom the Divine Vengeance puniſhes without Mercy. Theſe are the Ungrateful, the Lyars, the Flatterers, who commend Vice; the malicious Cenſurers, who endeavour to ſully the brighteſt Virtue; in fine, thoſe who have raſhly paſt Sentence, before they conſider'd things to the bottom, and by that means wrong'd the Reputation of the Innocent; but of all Ingratitudes, that which is puniſh'd as the blackeſt is that

which

which is committed againſt the Gods. What, ſays *Minos*, one is reputed a Monſter, that fails in his acknowledgments to his Father, or to his Friend, from whom he has receiv'd aſſiſtance; and yet Men glory in their Ingratitude towards the Gods, of whom they hold Life, and all the Bleſſings that attend it. Do not we owe our Being to them more than to our Parents, of whom we are Born? And the more ſuch Crimes go unpuniſh'd upon Earth, the more they become the object of implacable Vengeance here below.

Telemachus ſeeing the three Judges ſitting to paſs Sentence upon a Man, took the boldneſs to ask, what were his Crimes. Immediately the Criminal taking upon him to anſwer, cry'd out, I never did any Evil; on the contrary, I placed my greateſt Happineſs in doing good: I have always been Generous, Liberal, Juſt, Complaiſant, what have they then to object? To which *Minos* anſwer'd, we have nothing to reproach thee with, in reſpect of Men; but didſt not thou owe them far leſs than to the Gods?

Where

Where is then that Juſtice of which thou brag'ſt ſo much? Thou haſt fail'd in nothing towards Men, who are indeed nothing themſelves: Thou haſt been Virtuous, but thou mad'ſt thy Virtue ſubſervient only to thy ſelf, and not to the Gods who gave it thee: Thou hadſt a mind to enjoy alone, the Fruits of thy Virtue, and mad'ſt it center in thy ſelf; thou haſt been thy own Divinity; but the Gods, who made all things for themſelves, could not renounce their Right; and as thou didſt forget them, they will forget thee, and deliver thee over to thy ſelf: Since for thy ſelf thou livedſt and not for them. Find therefore, if thou canſt at preſent, Conſolation in thy own Mind: Lo! thou art now for ever ſeparated from the Company of Men, whom thou ſtudiedſt ſo much to pleaſe; thou art now alone with thy ſelf, thy own Idol. Learn, that there is no true Virtue, without the Reverence and Love of the Gods, to whom we owe all: Thy counterfeit Virtue, which for ſo long has blinded the Eyes of credulous Mankind, ſhall be now ex-

expos'd: Men judging of Virtue or Vice only with reſpect to their own conveniency, are blind both as to Good and Evil. But here a Divine Light repeals their raſh Sentences; condemning what they have admir'd, and juſtifying what they have condemn'd.

At theſe Words, the Philoſopher, as 'twere, Thunder-ſtruck, could not now be reconcil'd to himſelf: The Pleaſure which he took formerly in contemplating his Moderation, Courage, and generous Inclinations, was now turn'd into Deſpair. The ſight of his own Heart, ſo treacherous to the Gods, was now puniſh'd enough: He ſaw himſelf, nor could he refrain from the odious ſight: He ſaw the vanity of the opinion of Men, whom in all his Actions, he ſtudied ſo much to pleaſe. There was a compleat Revolution of every thing within him, as if all his Bowels had been turn'd topſyturvey. He was no more the ſame Man; his Heart fail'd him; his Conſcience, formerly ſo peaceable, riſes up againſt him, and outragiouſly reproaches him with his ſham Virtues, which had not

either for their beginning or end the Worſhip of the Gods. He is in Confuſion, Conſternation, full of Shame, Remorſe, and Deſpair. The Furies did not torment him, becauſe it ſufficed to let him alone to himſelf; his own Heart ſufficiently aveng'd the Gods whom he had contemn'd: Since he could not ſhun himſelf, he ſought the obſcureſt Places to hide himſelf from others: He courted Darkneſs, but could not find it; officious Light purſues him every where. Every where the piercing Rays of Truth revenge his Contempt of her. What he lov'd formerly, now becomes hateful, as being the ſource of all his endleſs Miſeries. He ſaid within himſelf, O Fool that I am, I have neither known the Gods nor my ſelf; no, I have been ignorant of every thing, ſince I never lov'd the only and true Good: All my ſteps have been out of the Way; my Wiſdom was Folly, my Virtue was nothing but an Impious and Fooliſh Pride, for I was always my own Idol.

At laſt *Telemachus* obſerv'd thoſe Kings that were puniſh'd for having abus'd their Power; on one hand, a Revengeful Fury, preſented a Mirrour, which ſhew'd them the Deformity of their Vices. There they ſaw, and could not hinder themſelves from ſeeing their undiſguis'd Vanity, greedy of filthy Flattery; their hard-heartedneſs towards Men, for whoſe Happineſs they were made; their inſenſibility of Virtue, their fear of Truth, and Inclination for baſe Men and Flatterers; their want of Application, their Effeminacy, their Lazineſs, their Jealouſy, their Pride, their exceſſive Magnificence, founded upon the Ruins of their Subjects; their Ambition to purchaſe Vain-glory with the Blood of their People. In fine, their Cruelty, which ſeeks out new Pleaſures, amidſt the Tears and Deſpair of ſo many unhappy Wretches.

In this Mirrour, they ſaw themſelves continually, more terrible and monſtrous than the *Chimera* that was vanquiſh'd by *Bellerophon*, , or the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, that was deſtroy'd by

Hercules; yea, than *Cerberus* himſelf, though he Vomits from his Three gaping Throats black and poiſonous Blood, capable to infect the whole Race of Mortals living upon Earth.

At the ſame time, on the other hand, another Fury did inſultingly repeat the nauſeous Praiſes that their Flatterers had beſtow'd upon them while alive, and preſented another Mirror, where they appear'd ſuch as they were Painted by Flattery. The oppoſition of theſe Portraits ſo contrary, was the Puniſhment of their Vanity: It was obſervable that the moſt wicked of theſe Kings, were ſuch as during their Life had receiv'd the moſt magnificent Praiſes, becauſe the Evil are more dreaded than the Good; and they exact without ſhame, the baſe Flatteries of the Poets and Orators of their time. You might hear them groan in their profound Darkneſs, where they can ſee nothing but the Inſults and Deriſions which they are deſtin'd to ſuffer. They have none about them, but ſuch as oppoſe, contradict, and expoſe them. Whereas on Earth they ſported themſelves

ſelves with the Lives of Men, and pretended that all was made for their Service; in *Tartarus*, they are deliver'd over to the Caprice of certain Slaves, who make them feel in their turn, the Miſery of cruel Bondage. Their Slavery is painful, and there remains no hope of ever being able to mitigate their Captivity: Under the laſh of their Slaves, now become their mercileſs Tyrants, they ſeem'd like the Anvil under the Hammer of the *Cyclops*, when *Vulcan* makes them work in the burning Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*,

There *Telemachus* perceiv'd pale, hideous and melancholy Countenances ariſing from black Grief, that gnaws theſe Criminals: They abhor themſelves, and yet they can no more deliver themſelves from this Horror than their very Nature; they want no other Chaſtiſement of their Crimes, than their Crimes themſelves; which they inceſſantly contemplate with their moſt aggravating Circumſtances: They preſent themſelves to them like horrible Spectres purſuing them; to defend themſelves from them, they call for a

Death more powerful than that which ſeparated them from their Bodies; a Death that can extinguiſh in them all Senſe and Thought. They call to the Deeps to ſwallow them, that they may be ſnatch'd from the revenging Beams of tormenting Truth. But in vain, for they are reſerved for vengeance, that drops upon them leiſurely, and will never be exhauſted. The Truth which they were afraid to ſee, now becomes their Puniſhment; they ſee it, but whilſt it flies in their Faces, the ſight of it puts them beſide themſelves: 'Tis like the Thunder, which without hurting the outſide, penetrates into the inmoſt Parts of the Bowels. The Soul melts in this Revenging Fire, as Metal in a burning Furnace. Its Texture is deſtroy'd, and yet there is nothing conſum'd: It diſſolves it to the very firſt Principles of Life, and yet it can never die. They are tied to themſelves, and can find neither Eaſe nor comfort for the leaſt Minute. They ſubſiſt only by their Revenge upon themſelves, and Deſpair, which makes them Furious. Among ſo many

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ny Objects which made his Hair ſtand. *Telemachus* ſaw ſeveral of the Ancient Kings of *Lydia* Puniſh'd, for having preferr'd the Pleaſures of a Voluptuous Life to that of Application; which ought to be inſeparable from Royalty in order to procure the Eaſe of their People.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES

PART V.

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MDCCIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF *TELEMACHUS* The Son of ULYSSES.

PART. V.

THESE Kings reproached one another of Folly and Stupidity: Says one to another who had been his Son; did not I, when I was Old, and near my Death, often recommend to your Care the reparation of thoſe Miſchiefs

chiefs which my own negligence had occaſion'd? The Son repli'd, O unhappy Father! 'Tis you that have ruin'd me; 'twas your Example that habituated me to Pride, Arrrogancy and Cruelty to Mankind. While I ſaw you Reign in ſo effeminate a manner, ſurrounded with ſervile Paraſites; I addicted my ſelf to the Love of Flattery and Pleaſures; I thought the reſt of Men were in reſpect of Kings, what other Animals are in regard of Men; I ſay I thought 'em no better than Beaſts, and that no other account was to be made of 'em, but only what Service they could render, and what advantage might be expected from 'em. This I believed, and 'twas you that made me believe it, and now I endure all theſe Miſeries for imitating your Example. To theſe Reproaches they added the moſt dreadful Curſes, and were irritated with ſo much Rage, that they ſeem'd ready to tear one another in Pieces. Beſides, round about theſe Kings, there hover'd (like ſo many Owls in the Shades of Night) cruel Suſpicions, vain Allarms and Diffidences

dences, which revenge Subjects on their Kings for their Severity. The unſatiable thirſt of Riches, that falſe kind of Glory which is always Tyrannical, and vile Effeminacy, which redoubles all the Evils they ſuffer, without being able to give any true and ſolid Pleaſure. Many of theſe Kings were ſeverely puniſhed, not for the Evils they had done, but for neglecting the Good they ought to have done. All the Crimes of the People, which proceed from Negligence in the execution of the Laws, were imputed to their Kings; and on them were all thoſe Diſorders charg'd which ſpring from Pride, Luxury, and all other Exceſſes which throw Men into a violent State, and tempt 'em to contemn the Laws in acquiring Wealth. Above all, thoſe Kings were treated with extreme Rigour, who inſtead of acting the part of good and vigilant Shepherds towards the People, thought of nothing but how to ravage their Flocks, like ſo many voracious Wolves. But that which rais'd the Conſternation of *Telemachus* to the higheſt Degree, was

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to ſee in this Abyſs of Darkneſs and Miſery, a great number of Kings, who had paſt upon Earth for tolerably good Princes, now abandon'd to the Pains of *Tartarus*, for having ſuffer'd themſelves to be govern'd by wicked and deſigning Men. Theſe were puniſh'd for the Evils they had ſuffer'd to be committed by their Authority. Indeed the greateſt part of theſe Kings were neither Good nor Bad; their Weakneſs was ſo great, that they never had been afraid of being kept in ignorance of the Truth, nor ever had a true reliſh of Virtue, nor took Pleaſure in doing Good.

No ſooner was *Telemachus* got out of theſe dark Regions, but he felt himſelf as much eas'd as if one had remov'd a Mountain off his Breaſt; The ſenſe of this made him comprehend the Miſery of thoſe that were ſhut up in this diſmal Place, without hope of being ever releas'd. It fill'd him with Horrour to obſerve how many Kings were more rigorouſly Tormented than other Criminals. What, ſaid he, ſo many Duties, ſo many Dangers, ſo many

Snares,

Snares, ſo many Difficulties in coming at the Truth, ſo as to be able to defend ones ſelf againſt others, and againſt ones ſelf, and at laſt ſo many horrible Torments in Hell, after ſuch Agitations, ſuch Aſſaults of Envy, and ſo many Croſſes in a ſhort courſe of Life! O unthinking Man who is deſirous of Reigning! And happy he who limits his Deſires to a private and peaceable manner of Life, wherein 'tis leſs difficult to be Vertuous. In making theſe Reflections his Mind was fill'd with Trouble and Horror, inſomuch, that he fell into a kind of Conſternation, which made him feel ſomething of that Deſpair, which racks thoſe miſerable Princes whoſe wretched Condition he had been conſidering. But in proportion to the degrees of diſtance he gain'd in retiring from theſe ſad Territories of Darkneſs, Horror and Deſpair, his Courage began gradually to revive; he regain'd his Breath as he went forward, and ſoon was entertain'd with a diſtant view of the mild and pure Rays of Light that darted from thoſe bleſſed Regions where the Heroes reſide.

Here

Here dwelt all thoſe vertuous Kings, who had prudently govern'd Men till that time. They were ſeparated from other good Men; for as wicked Princes ſuffer'd Torments in *Tartarus* infinitely more violent than thoſe of other Criminals of a low and private Condition; ſo theſe goods Kings enjoy'd a Happineſs in *Elyſium*, infinitely exceeding that of the reſt of Mankind, who had devoted themſelves to Vertue, when upon Earth. Towards theſe Kings *Telemachus* advanc'd. They were in odoriferous Groves, on Meadows cover'd with immortal Green, and always deck'd with Flowers; a Thouſand little Rivulets water'd this happy Place with their limpid Streams, which refreſh'd it after a moſt agreeable manner; an infinite number of pretty Birds made theſe Groves reſound with their ſweet Harmony. Here they ſee at once the beautiful Flowers of the Spring growing on the Turf, under their Feet; and the pleaſant Fruits of Autumn hanging on the Trees, over their Heads. Heer the parching Heat of the furious Dog-ſtar is never felt; here the rough North-

North-wind never dares to Blow, to make 'em feel the rigours of Winter. Neither War, that thirſts for Blood, nor cruel Envy, that bites with invenom'd Teeth, having twiſted Vipers in her Boſom, and wreath'd about her Arms; nor Jealouſies, Diſtruſts, Fears, nor vain Deſires, ever approach this bleſſed Region of Peace. In this happy Place, the Day ne'er knows an End; and the Night with her gloomy Vail is utterly a Stranger here. A pure and inſinuating Light ſpreads it ſelf round the Bodies of theſe juſt Men, and encompaſſes them with its own Rays like a Garment. 'Tis not like that which illuminates the Eyes of miſerable Mortals, which in compariſon of this is little better than Darkneſs. 'Tis rather a celeſtial Glory than Light; for it penetrates the thickeſt Bodies, after a more ſubtile manner, than the Beams of the Sun can pierce the pureſt Cryſtal: Yet it never Dazles, but on the contrary, fortifies the Eyes, and produces an unſpeakable ſerenity in the inmoſt receſſes of the Soul. 'Tis this alone that nouriſhes thoſe bleſſed Men;

it penetrates 'em, and incorporates it ſelf with 'em: They ſee it, they feel it, they breath it; it cauſes an inexhauſtible Fountain of Peace and Joy to ſpring up in their Souls. In this Abyſs of Joy they plunge themſelves, and live in it, as Fiſhes do in the Sea; they deſire nothing, they have every thing without having any thing; for the reliſh of this pure Light appeaſes the Hunger of their Souls, all their Wiſhes are ſatisfied, and their fulneſs raiſes them above all that which Men with empty and hungry Minds ſo earneſtly ſeek upon Earth. All the Pleaſures that ſurround 'em, are nothing to 'em, becauſe their conſummate Happineſs which proceeds from within 'em, leaves 'em void of ſenſation, for every the moſt delicious thing they ſee without 'em. Juſt as the Gods who are ſatiated with Nectar and Ambroſia, would diſdain to feed on thoſe groſs Meats which would be preſented them at the moſt exquiſite Treat that Mortals could make 'em. All manner of Evils fly far away from this Place of Tranquility. Death, Sickneſs, Poverty, Pain, Regrets, Remorſes, Fears, and

and Hopes too (which often coſt us as much as our very Fears) vain Imaginations, Diſguſts, and Vexations can none of 'em find entrance here. The lofty Mountains of *Thrace* that thruſt their Brows (which have been cover'd with Snow and Ice from the very beginning of the World) into the Clouds of Heaven, might ſooner be overturned from their Foundation, which is fix'd in the Center of the Earth, than the Hearts of theſe righteous Men be mov'd in the leaſt degree; only they pity the Inhabitants of this World for the Miſeries that oppreſs 'em, yet 'tis ſuch a ſweet and calm kind of Compaſſion as can't in the leaſt alter their immutable Felicity: An everlaſting Youth, an endleſs Happineſs, and a Glory altogether Divine, is conſpicuous in their Countenances; but their Joy has nothing in it that is frothy and uncomely. 'Tis a noble Alacrity, ſweet and full of Majeſty. 'Tis a ſublime Guſt of Truth and Vertue that tranſports 'em. They are every moment, without Interruption, in ſuch a kind of extaſie of Mind, as that which ſeizes

zes a tender Mother at the ſight of her beloved Son, whom after a long abſence ſhe had given over for dead. But this Rapture which ſoon retires from ſuch a Mother's Heart, never forſakes the Souls of theſe Men; it never languiſhes for ſo much as an Inſtant, but always continues freſh and new: They have the Tranſports of Inebriation, without the diſturbance and folly of it: They entertain one another with Diſcourſes on what they ſee and taſte: They trample under their Feet the ſweet Delights, and vain Pomps of their former Condition, which they in ſome ſort bewail: They reflect with Pleaſure on thoſe ſad, but ſhort Years, wherein they were oblig'd to oppoſe their own Inclinations; and to ſtem the Impetuous Torrent of the Perſuaſions of corrupt Men, to become Vertuous: They admire the Aſſiſtance which was given 'em by the Gods, who conducted 'em as it were, by the hand in the Paths of Virtue, through a multitude or Perils. There is ſomething Divine, which I know not how to expreſs, that runs inceſſantly through

their Hearts like a Stream of the Divine Nature it ſelf, and unites it ſelf to 'em; they ſee, they taſte, they are happy, and feel they ſhall always be ſo; they all ſing together the Praiſes of the Gods, and all of 'em together make but one Voice, but one Thought, but one Heart, but one Felicity, which conſtantly ebbs and flows, as it were, in theſe united Souls. While they enjoy theſe Divine Raptures, whole Ages glide away more ſwiftly than Hours do among Mortals here on Earth; and yet a thouſand & a thouſand Ages when elaps'd, don't in the leaſt diminiſh their Happineſs, which is always new and always entire. They all Reign together; not on ſuch Thrones as may be overturn'd by the Hands of Men, but in themſelves with a Power that can never be ſhaken. For now they have no more need to render themſelves formidable by a Power borrow'd from a vile and miſerable People; they no more wear thoſe vain Diadems, under whoſe dazling Luſtre ſo many Fears and melancholy Cares lie hid. The Gods themſelves have with their own Hands

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plac'd Crowns of Glory on their Heads, the beauty of which nothing can ever Tarniſh.

Telemachus, who was ſeeking his Father, and was once afraid of finding him in theſe Regions, was ſo raviſh'd with this Taſt he had of Peace, Joy, and Happineſs, that he could have wiſh'd to have met him here; and could not chuſe but be troubled to think of being conſtrain'd himſelf to return again into the Society of Mortals. This is the Place, ſaid he, where true Life is to be found, and as for ours 'tis but a kind of Death: But that which ſurpriz'd him with wonder was, that he had ſeen ſo many Kings puniſh'd in *Tartarus*, and ſo few in the *Elyſian* Fields: He learn'd from this, that there are few Kings whoſe Minds are firm and courageous enough, to reſiſt their own Power, and to reject the Flattery of ſo many Perſons, who make it their Buſineſs to excite all their Paſſions; ſo that good Kings muſt needs be very rare; and the greateſt part of 'em are ſo wicked, that the Gods would not be Juſt, if after having

ing ſuffer'd them to abuſe their Power during their Life, they ſhould not puniſh them ſeverely after their Death.

Telemachus not finding his Father *Ulyſſes* among theſe Kings, caſt his Eyes about to ſeek at leaſt the Divine *Laertes* his Grand-father. While he was looking round for him in vain, an old Man, venerable, and full of Majeſty, advanc'd toward him. His old Age did not reſemble that of Men on Earth, when oppreſs'd with the weight of numerous Years; it only ſignify'd that he had been old before his death; it was a mixture of all the Gravity of old Age, with all the Graces of Youth; for thoſe Graces revive even in the moſt decrepid old Men at the very moment of their entrance into the *Elyſian* Fields. This Perſon advanc'd with ſpeed, and look'd upon *Telemachus* with Complacency, as one that was very dear to him. *Telemachus*, who did not know him, was in pain, and his Thoughts held him in ſuſpence: I forgive thee, O my Son, ſaid the old Man, that thou doſt not know me; I am *Arceſius*, the Father of

of *Laertes*; I finiſh'd my Days a little before *Ulyſſes* my Grandſon went to the Siege of *Troy*, and thou waſt then a little Infant in thy Nurſe's Arms. I even then conceiv'd great hopes of thee, and thou haſt not diſappointed my Expectation; ſince I ſee thou art come down into the Kingdom of *Pluto* to ſeek thy Father, and the Gods ſupport thee in this Enterprize. O happy Child, thou art belov'd of the Gods, who prepare for thee a Glory like that of thy Father! And O how happy am I to ſee thee again! Leave off looking after thy Father *Ulſſyes* in theſe Regions; he is yet alive; he is reſerv'd to advance our Family in the Iſle of *Ithaca*; and *Laertes* himſelf, tho' he ſtoops under the burden of Age, yet ſees the Light, and lives in hope to ſee his Son return to cloſe his Eyes; Thus Men fade away like Flowers, which in the Morning blow and diſplay their Beauty, and in the Evening are wither'd and trampled under Foot. The Generations of Mortals ſlide away like the Waters of a rapid River; and nothing can ſtop the Courſe of Time, which

which draws after it even thoſe things that ſeem the moſt immoveable. Thy ſelf, O my dear Son, thy ſelf, who now enjoy'ſt a Youth ſo vigoros and capable of Pleaſures, thou wilt do well to remember that this gay part of thy Age is but a Flower that will be almoſt as ſoon wither'd as blown; thou wilt ſee thy ſelf inſenſibly chang'd; theſe ſmiling Graces, and ſweet Pleaſures, this Strength, Health and Gaiety, will vaniſh like a pleaſant Dream, and will only leave the ſad Remembrance of 'em behind. Languiſhing old Age, that Enemy of Pleaſures, will bend thy Body double; infeeble thy trembling Limbs, and dry up that Spring of Joy which now riſes in thy Soul, make thee diſreliſh what is preſent, and fear what is to come, and render thee inſenſible of every thing but Pain and Sorrow. This Time to thee ſeems diſtant; but alas! my Son, thou art miſtaken; it advances apace, and will ſoon arrive; that which approaches with ſo much rapidity, can't be far from thee; the preſent time flies away, and is remote already, ſince it vaniſhes

in the moment we ſpeak of it, and can come near us no more. Therefore, my Son, ne'er reckon on the preſent, but bear up in the rough and difficult Path of Virtue in Proſpect of the future. Prepare thy ſelf by a virtuous Courſe of Life, and the love of Juſtice, for a place in the happy Regions of Peace. Thou art born to Reign after thy Father *Ulyſſes*, whom thou ſhalt at laſt ſee Maſter of *Ithaca* in a little time: Thou art born to Reign; but alas! my Son, how deluding a thing is Regal Power? If you look upon it at a diſtance, you ſee nothing but Authority, Pomp and Pleaſure; but take a nearer Proſpect, and it appears full of thorny Cares and Difficulties. A private Man may without diſhonouring himſelf, lead a pleaſant and obſcure Life, but a King degrades himſelf if he prefers an eaſie and unactive Life to the painful Offices of Government; he owes himſelf to all the People he Governs, and he is never permitted to be his own: His leaſt Faults are of infinite Conſequence, becauſe they occaſion national Miſeries, and that ſometimes

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for ſeveral Ages: He ought to ſuppreſs the Preſumption of ill Men, to ſupport Innocence, and diſſipate Calumny. 'Tis not enough for him to do no Miſchief, but he muſt do all the Good that is poſſible for him to do according to the Neceſſity of the State. 'Tis not enough for him to do Good for his own part; he muſt beſides this, hinder all the Miſchief others would do if not reſtrained. Fear therefore, O my Son, fear a Condition ſo perilous; arm with Courage againſt thy Self, againſt thy Paſſions, and againſt Flatterers. In ſpeaking theſe words, *Arceſius* ſeem'd animated with a Divine Flame, and ſhew'd *Telemachus* a Countenance full of Compaſſion for the Miſeries that accompany a Royal State; when 'tis aſſum'd, ſaid he, to ſatisfie ones ſelf, 'tis a monſtrous Tyranny; when 'tis taken up, to fulfil the Duties that belong to it, and to guide innumerable Multitudes, as a Father governs his Children, 'tis a preſſing Servitude, which requires an Heroick Courage and Patience. On the other hand, 'tis as certain that ſuch as have reign'd with un-

corrupted Virtue, poſſeſs here all that the Power of the Gods can give, to render their Happineſs compleat.

While *Arceſius* expreſs'd himſelf after this manner, his words enter'd into the very Soul of *Telemachus*, and were deeply impreſs'd on his Heart, like thoſe indelible Characters which an expert Artiſt engraves on Braſs, with a deſign to have them expos'd to the View of all Poſterity: His ſage Advice paſs'd like a ſubtile Flame, and penetrated into the Heart of *Telemachus*, ſo that he felt himſelf ſtrangly mov'd and inflam'd. Something Divine, which I know not how to deſcribe, ſeem'd to melt his Heart within him. That which he carried in the inmoſt Apartments of his Soul, ſecretly conſum'd him; he knew not how either to contain it or endure it, or to reſiſt ſo violent an Impreſſion; it was a ſweet and calm kind of Sorrow; a lively and delightful Sentiment, mix'd with a ſort of Torment capable of depriving one of Life.

At length *Telemachus* began to recover himſelf, and to breath more freely; he

he discern'd in the Countenance of *Arceſius*, a great Reſemblance of *Laertes*; he thought too he had a ſort of a confus'd Remembrance, that he had ſeen in his Father *Ulyſſes*, the ſame kind of Lineaments, when he parted for the Siege of *Troy*. Theſe Reflections melted his tender Heart, ſo that Tears mix'd with Joy, gently trickled from his Eyes; he would fain have embrac'd a Perſon ſo dear to him; he attempted it ſeveral times, but all in vain; the empty Shadow ſtill eſcap'd his Embraces; as a deluſive Dream flies from a Man, when he imagines he is poſſeſs'd of a real Enjoyment: One while his thirſty Mouth purſues a Stream that ſlides away from him; Another while his Lips move to form Words which his faltering Tongue cannot utter; he earneſtly ſtretches out his Hands, and can take hold of nothing. Juſt ſo it was with *Telemachus*, who could not ſatisfie the tender ſentiments of his Soul; he ſees *Arceſius*, hears him, ſpeaks to him, but cannot touch him. In fine, he ask'd him, who thoſe Men were, that were round about him. Thou ſeeſt,

my Son, reply'd this Grave Old Man, thoſe Perſons who have been the Ornament of the Ages wherein they liv'd, the Glory and Happineſs of Mankind; thou ſeeſt the ſmall number of Kings, who have been truly worthy of Royalty, and have faithfully perform'd the Function of Gods upon Earth. Theſe others whom thou ſeeſt not far from 'em, but ſeparated by the little Cloud, have a Glory too, but nothing near ſo great. Theſe indeed are Hero's, but the Recompence of their Valour and Military Expeditions, is not to be compar'd with that of Wiſe, Juſt, and Beneficent Kings: Among thoſe Hero's, thou ſeeſt *Theſeus*, whoſe Countenance is ſomewhat dejected; he has felt the Unhappineſs of having too much Credulity for an intriguing Wife; and is ſtill afflicted for having ſo unjuſtly deſir'd of *Neptune*, the Death of his Son *Hippolitus*: Happy had he been, if he had not ſo eaſily and readily given way to the Paſſion of Anger. Thou alſo ſeeſt *Achilles* leaning on his Spear, becauſe of the Wound the diſſolute *Paris* gave him on the Heel, which put an

end

end to his Days. If he had been as Wiſe, Juſt, and Moderate, as he was Intrepid, the Gods would have granted him a long Reign; but they had pity on the *Phitiotes* and *Dolopes*, over whom, according to the ordinary Courſe of Nature, he was to have reign'd after his Father *Peleus*; and they were not willing to leave ſo many People at the mercy of a violent and furious Man, more eaſie to be provok'd, than the moſt unquiet Sea is to be mov'd by a ſudden Storm. The fatal Siſters have cut off the Thread of his Life; he was like a Flower ſcarce fully Blown, that is cut down by the rude Plow-man, and falls before the end of the Day that gave it Birth. The Gods were willing to uſe him only as they do Floods and Tempeſts, to puniſh Men for their Crimes: They employ'd *Achilles* to beat down the Walls of *Troy*, to revenge the Perjury of *Laomedon*, and the unjuſt Amours of *Paris*: And after having us'd him as the Inſtrument of their Vengeance, they are appeas'd; and have refus'd to the Tears of *Thetis*, to ſuffer this young

Hero any longer upon Earth, who was fit for nothing but to disturb the World, and to overthrow Cities and Kingdoms. But dost thou observe that other Person who looks so fiercely? 'Tis *Ajax* the Son of *Telemon*, and Cousin to *Achilles*; to be sure thou art not ignorant what Glory he acquir'd in Battel; after the Death of *Achilles*, he pretended his Armour ought not to be given to any but himself; but thy Father did not think fit to give him the precedency; and the *Greeks* gave Judgment in favour of *Ulysses*. *Ajax* upon this, kill'd himself in Despair: Indignation and Despair are still painted on his Countenance. My Son, forbear to approach him, for he would think thou hadst a mind to insult over him, on the account of his Misfortune, which ought to be bewail'd. Dost thou not see that he looks upon us with Pain, and rushes hastily into the dark Grove, because he hates to see us? On the other side thou seest *Hector*, who had been Invincible, if the Son of *Thetis* had not been in the World. But take notice how *Agamemnon* passes along,

still

ſtill carrying the Marks of *Clytemneſtra*'s Perfidiouſneſs. O my Son, I tremble to think of the Misfortunes of that Family, of the Impious *Tantalus*; the Contention of the two Brothers *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*, fill'd that Houſe with Horror and Blood. Alas! how one Crime draws a multitude of others after it? *Agamemnon* when he return'd at the head of the *Greeks*, from the Siege of *Troy*, had not time to enjoy in Peace the Glory he had acquir'd in War; and this is the Deſtiny of almoſt all Conquerors. All thoſe Men whom thou ſeeſt there, have been formidable in War; but have not been of an Amiable and Vertuous Diſpoſition, therefore are only admitted into the ſecond Manſion of the *Elyſian* Fields.

As for theſe others, who have reign'd with Juſtice, and had a tender Affection for their People, they are the intimate Friends of the Gods. While *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their Quarrels and Battels, ſtill retain their Diſquietments and natural Defects; while they in vain regret the Life which they have loſt, and afflict them-

ſelves with the Thoughts of being now Impotent and Vain Shadows; theſe Juſt Men, who are refin'd by that Divine Light which nouriſhes 'em, having nothing more to deſire to make 'em happy, Behold with Compaſſion the uneaſineſſes of poor Mortals; and the greateſt Affairs that agitate the Minds of Ambitious Men, appear to them like the trifling Play of Children; their Hearts are repleniſh'd with Truth and Vertue, which they draw at the Fountain Head. They have now nothing more to ſuffer either from others or from themſelves; no more Wiſhes, no more Neceſſities, no more Fears; all is at an end with them except their Joy which can never end. Conſider, my Son, this Ancient King *Inachus*, who founded the Kingdom of *Argos*; thou ſeeſt how full of Sweetneſs and Majeſty his Old Age appears; the Flowers grow under his Steps; he treads ſo lightly, that his walking reſembles the flying of a Bird; he holds a Golden Book in his Hand, and in an Eternal Tranſport, ſings the wonderful Works of the Gods; from his Heart

and

and Mouth, he breaths exquiſite Odors; the Harmony of his Lyre and Voice together is capable of Raviſhing the Gods, as well as Men. He is thus rewarded for the Love he bore to the People he aſſembled within the compaſs of his New Walls, to whom he gave excellent Laws. On the other ſide, thou mayſt ſee amongſt thoſe Myrtles, *Cecrops* the Egyptian, who was the firſt King of *Athens*, a City conſecrated to that wiſe Goddeſs, whoſe Name it bears: This *Cecrops* brought wholeſome Laws from *Egypt* (a Country which has been to *Greece* the Source both of Learning and Morality;) by this means he poliſh'd the rough Tempers of the Towns of *Attica*, and united them by the Bands of Civil Society. He was eminent for Juſtice, Humanity and Compaſſion; he left his People in great Proſperity, and his Family but in a middle ſtate; he was not willing to have his Children ſucceed him in his Authority; becauſe he judg'd there were others more worthy of that Truſt. I muſt likewiſe needs ſhew thee *Erictho*, in this little Valley, who in-

invented the uſe of Silver for Money; this he did with a Deſign to facilitate Commerce among the Cities of *Greece*; but he foreſaw the Inconvenience attending this Invention. Apply your ſelves, (ſaid he, to all thoſe People) to multiply natural and true Riches in your Dwellings. Cultivate the Earth, that you may have great plenty of Corn, Wine, Oyl, and other Fruits. Get innumerable Flocks, that may nouriſh you with their Milk, and Cloath you with their Wooll. Hereby you will put your ſelves in a Condition never to be afraid of Poverty: The more Children you have, the Richer you'll be, provided you inure 'em to Labour and Induſtry; for the Earth is inexhauſtible, and augments her Fruitfulneſs in proportion to the Number of her Inhabitants, who take care to manure her. She liberally rewards the Labour of 'em all; whereas ſhe is tenacious and reſerved to them that Cultivate her after a negligent manner. Endeavour therefore principally to acquire this real Wealth, which Anſwers the real Neceſſities of Mankind: As for Money, no

Ac-

Account ought to be made of it any farther than it is neceſſary, either to carry on ſuch Wars as you are unavoidably engag'd in abroad, or in the way of Commerce, for ſuch neceſſary Commodities as are wanting in your own Country; and it were to be wiſh'd that Traffick were ſuffer'd to fall to the Ground, of all ſuch Things as ſerve only to maintain Luxury, Vanity, and Effeminacy. The wiſe *Erictho* would often ſay, my dear Children, I am much afraid I have made you a fatal Preſent, in giving you the Invention of Money: I foreſee it will excite Ambition, Avarice, and Pride; that it will ſupport an infinite number of pernicious Arts, which only tend to debaſe and corrupt the Manners of Men; that it will make you diſreliſh that happy Simplicity which makes your Lives ſo very quiet and ſecure: In fine, That it will make you deſpiſe Agriculture, which is the ſupport of human Life, and the ſource of all ſolid Riches; but the Gods are my Witneſſes, that my Heart was upright, when I imparted this Invention to you, which indeed is

uſeful

uſeful in it ſelf. But at length when *Erictho* found that Money, as he had foreſeen, corrupted the People, he for Grief retired into a ſolitary Mountain, where he liv'd in Poverty, at a diſtance from Mankind, 'till he became extreme Old, without being willing to meddle with the Government of Cities. Not long after him appear'd in *Greece*, the famous *Triptolemus*, whom *Ceres* had taught the Art of Tilling the Ground, and covering it every Year with a Gilded Harveſt. Not that Men were 'till then ignorant of Corn, and the manner of multiplying it by ſowing; but they knew not the Art of Husbandry to that Perfection, till *Triptolemus*, ſent by *Ceres*, came with the Plough in his Hand to offer the Favours of this Goddeſs to all thoſe Nations who had Courage enough to overcome this natural Lazineſs, and to addict themſelves to aſſiduous Labour. *Triptolemus* ſoon taught the *Greeks* the way of cleaving the Ground into Furrows, and of rendring her fertile in tearing up her Boſom. The ſweating and indefatigable Reapers ſoon made the Ripe ſtanding Corn

Corn that cover'd the Fields, fall under their ſharp Sicles; even the Wild and Barbarous People that were ſcatter'd up and down in the Foreſts of *Epirus* and *Ætolia*, ſeeking Acorns for their Food, became civiliz'd, and ſubmitted to the Laws, when they had learn'd the way of making Corn grow, and of Baking Bread. *Triptolemus* made the *Greeks* know the Pleaſure of owing their Riches to nothing but their Labour, and of finding in their own Fields whatever was neceſſary to render their Lives commodious and Happy. This ſimple and innocent Plenty, entail'd on Agriculture, made them remember *Erictho*n's Counſel, ſo that they ſlighted Mony, and all Artificial Riches, that become ſo only by the Fancy of Men, which tempts them to ſeek after dangerous Pleaſures, and divert 'em from Labour, in which they would find all real Wealth, with Purity of Manners, in the full Enjoyment of Liberty. They were then convinc'd, that a Fruitful and well Cultivated Field, was the True Treaſure of a Family, that was wiſe enough to be

be content to live frugally, as their Fathers had done before 'em. And happy had the *Greeks* been, if they had continu'd firm and ſteady in embracing Maxims ſo proper to render 'em powerful: Happy Lovers of Liberty and Vertue! But alas! they begin to admire falſe Riches, and gradually neglect the true; they degenerate from their once admir'd Simplicity. O my Son, thou ſhalt one Day Reign; and then remember to bring Men back to the Exerciſe of Husbandry, to Honour that Art, to ſupport thoſe that apply themſelves to it, and neither to ſuffer the People to live in Idleneſs, nor to employ their Time in thoſe ſoft Arts that uphold Luxury and Vanity. Theſe two Men that were ſo wiſe, when upon Earth, are here cheriſh'd by the Gods themſelves. Obſerve it well, my Son, their Glory as far ſurpaſſes that of *Achilles* and other Hero's, who have only excell'd in Battel, as the agreeable Spring exceeds the frozen Winter, and as the Luſtre of the Sun out-ſhines the feebler Light of the Moon.

While *Arceſius* was thus ſpeaking, he perceiv'd *Telemachus* had his Eyes continually fix'd on the ſide of a little Wood of Laurel, by a little River, the Banks of which were painted with Violets, Roſes, Lillies, and many other ſorts of odoriferous Flowers, whoſe lively Colours reſembled thoſe that inveſt *Iris*, when ſhe deſcends from Heaven to bring ſome Meſſage from the Gods to mortal Men. 'Twas the great King *Seſoſtris* that *Telemachus* ſaw in this lovely Place; he was a thouſand times more full of Majeſty, than he had ever been when upon the Throne of *Egypt*; his Eyes emitted wild Rays of Light, which dazled thoſe of *Telemachus*; any one that ſaw him would think he was overcharg'd with Nectar, the Spirit of the Gods had put him into ſuch a Tranſport above the reach of human Reaſon, to recompence his Virtues. Said *Telemachus* to *Arceſius*, O my Father, I know *Seſoſtris* that wiſe King of *Egypt*, whom I ſaw not long ago. Ay, there he is, reply'd *Arceſius*, and thou ſeeſt by his Example how magnificent the Gods are in rewarding Vertuous Princes:

Princes: But you ought to know, that all this Felicity is nothing in Comparison of what was design'd for him, if too great Prosperity had not made him forget the Rules of Moderation and Justice. The passionate desire he had to abase the Pride and Insolence of the *Tyrians*, engag'd him to take their City. This Conquest gave him the Ambition to attempt the making of others; so that he suffer'd himself to be seduced by the vain-glory of Conquerors. He subjugated, or, to speak more properly, ravag'd all *Asia*. At his return into *Egypt* he found his Brother Possess'd of the Throne, who by an unjust Government, had alter'd the best Laws of the Country. These are the Mischiefs Conquerors bring upon their own States, while they seek to usurp those of their Neighbours. This is the Injury, a King otherwise so Just and Beneficent, did to the Laws; and 'tis this that diminishes the Glory which the Gods had prepar'd for him. Dost thou not see that other Person, my Son, Whose Wound appears so bright and glorious; 'tis a King of *Caria*, nam'd

Dio-

Dioclides, who devoted himſelf to die in Battle for his People, becauſe the Oracle had predicted that in the War of the *Carians* and *Licians*, that Nation whoſe King ſhould periſh, ſhould be Victorious. Here is another I would have thee conſider; 'tis a wiſe Legiſlaror, who having given Laws to the Nation under his Conduct, proper to make 'em Vertuous and Happy, made 'em Swear they would never violate any of thoſe Laws during his Abſence; after which he left his Country Voluntarily, exiling himſelf, and died Poor in a ſtrange Land, by this means to oblige his People always to obſerve theſe uſeful Laws according to their Oath. That other Prince thou ſeeſt, is the eleventh King of the *Pylians*, and one of the Anceſtors of wiſe *Neſtor*: When the Earth was ravag'd by a Peſtilence, which cover'd the Banks of *Acheron* with a multitude of new Ghoſts, he requeſted of the Gods that they would ſuffer him to appeaſe their Anger, in ſatisfying by his Death for ſo many Thouſands of innocent Men. The Gods heard his Petition, and gave him here a royal

royal Grandeur, in compariſon of which all the Pomps of the Earth are but ſo many vain Shadows.

That old Man, whom thou ſeeſt crown'd with Flowers, is the famous *Belus*; he reign'd in *Egypt*, and Married *Anchinoe*, the Daughter of the God *Nilus*, who hides the Source of his Streams, and enriches the Countries which he Waters by his fruitful Inundations; he had two Sons, *Danaus*, of whoſe Hiſtory thou art not Ignorant, and *Egyptus*, who gives his Name to that conſiderable Kingdom. *Belus* thought himſelf Richer, by the Proſperity he gave his People, and the Love his Subjects bear to him, than by all the Tributes he could have exacted of 'em. Theſe Men, my Son, whom thou ſuppoſeſt to be dead, are alive; and that Life which Men lead amidſt many Miſeries on Earth, is no better than Death, only the Names of Things are chang'd. May it pleaſe the Gods to render thee Virtuous enough to merit this bleſſed Life, which nothing can ever either end or diſturb. Haſte away, 'tis time to go and ſeek thy Father; before thou

ſhalt

ſhalt find him, alas, how much Blood-ſhed ſhalt thou ſee? But yet what glory waits for thee in the Fields of *Heſperia*! Remember the Counſels of the wiſe *Mentor*; if thou follow'ſt them, thy Name ſhall be great among the Nations, and in all Ages.

Having ſaid this, he preſently conducted *Telemachus* toward the Gate of Ivory, which leads out of the gloomy Empire of *Pluto*. *Telemachus* parted from him with Tears in his Eyes, without being able to embrace him: Being come out of theſe Dark Regions, he made what haſte he could to return to the Camp of the Allies, after he had again joyn'd the two young *Cretans* on the Way, who had accompanied him very near the Cavern, and had loſt their hope of ever ſeeing him again. In the mean time the chief Commanders of the Army met together, to deliberate whether they ſhould poſſeſs themſelves of *Venuſia*. It was an old Fort which *Adraſtus* had heretofore uſurp'd from his Neighbours the *Apulians*. Theſe were enter'd into the Confederacy againſt him, to demand

Satis-

Satisfaction for this piece of Injuſtice. *Adraſtus*, to appeaſe 'em, had put this City by way of Caution, into the Hands of the *Lucanians*, but had by Money corrupted both the *Lucanian* Gariſon, and the Perſon that commanded it; ſo that the *Lucanians* had in reality no more Authority than he in *Venuſia*: And thus the *Apulians*, who had conſented that the *Lucanian* Garriſon ſhould keep *Venuſia*, were trick'd in this Negotiation: A Citizen of *Venuſia*, nam'd *Demophantes*, had made a private Offer to the Allies, to deliver up one of the Gates of the City in the Night. This Advantage was ſo much the greater, in that *Adraſtus* had ſent all the Ammunition and Proviſions to a Caſtle near *Venuſia*, which could not defend it ſelf if *Venuſia* were taken. *Philoctetes* and *Neſtor* had already given their Opinion, that ſuch a happy Opportunity ought to be improv'd; all the Principal Commanders, ſway'd by their Authority, and attracted by the Advantage of ſo eaſy an Enterprize, applauded their Sentiment. But *Telemachus* at his return, made his utmoſt

Efforts

Efforts to divert 'em from it. I am not ignorant, ſaid he, that if ever any Man deſerv'd to be ſurpriz'd and deceiv'd, *Adraſtus* does, who has ſo often dealt fraudulenty with every body elſe. I ſee very well, that in ſurprizing *Venuſia*, you'll only put your ſelves in poſſeſſing of a City that belongs to you, ſince it pertains to the *Apulians*, who are one of your Confederate Parties: I confeſs you may do it with the better colour of Juſtice, in as much as *Adraſtus*, who has put this City as a Pledge in the Hands of others, has corrupted the Commander and the Garriſon, that he may enter it when he thinks fit: In fine, I underſtand as well as you, that if you take *Venuſia*, you'll next Day be Maſters of the Caſtle, where all *Adraſtus* his Proviſions are laid up, and ſo may end this ſo formidable a War in to Days time. But is it not much better to Periſh, than Conquer by ſuch means as theſe? Is Fraud to be repell'd by Fraud? Shall it be ſaid, that ſo many Kings who enter'd into a Confederacy, to puniſh the Impious *Adraſtus* for his Guile, are become

become fraudulent like him? If 'tis lawful for us to do as *Adraſtus* has done, he is not Guilty, and we are to be blam'd to go about to puniſh him. What has all *Heſperia*, which is ſupported by ſo many *Greek* Colonies, and by ſo many Heros return'd from the Siege of *Troy*? Has *Heſperia* no other Arms againſt the Perfidiouſneſs and Perjury of *Adraſtus*, than the Practice of the ſame Vices? You have ſworn by the moſt ſacred Things, that you would leave *Venuſia* in Truſt, in the Hands of the *Lucanians*: The *Lucanian* Gariſon you ſay is corruped with *Adraſtus* his Money; I believe it as well as you, but this Garriſon is paid by the *Lucanians*, and has not refus'd to obey 'em; it has kept, at leaſt in appearance, a Neutrality. Neither *Adraſtus* nor any of his Men have ever enter'd into *Venuſia*; the Treaty ſubſiſts; your Oath is not forgotten by the Gods; ſhall we not keep the Promiſes we have given, but only when we want plauſible pretexts to violate 'em? Shall we not be faithful, and religiouſly regard our Oaths, but only when

when there is nothing to be got in breaking them? If the Love of Virtue, and the Fear of the Gods don't move you, be concern'd at leaſt for your Reputation, and for your Intereſt. If you ſhew the World this pernicious Example of violating your Faith, and breaking your Oaths to terminate a War, what Wars will you not ſtir up by your Impious Conduct? which of your Neighbours will not find themſelves conſtrain'd to be jealous of you on all occaſions, and utterly to deteſt you? Who will for the future confide in you in the moſt preſſing Exigencies? What Security will you be able to give, if you ſhould have a mind to be ſincere, and when it would be of great Conſequence to you to perſuade your Neighbours of your ſincerity? Shall it be a ſolemn Treaty? when you have trampled ſuch a one under your Feet. Shall it be an Oath? when it is known you make no account of the Gods, if you have any hope of gaining an Advantage by Perjury. Peace will give no more Security, in reſpect of you, than War; all that comes from you will be receiv'd as

War, either ſecret and diſſembled, or open and declar'd, You'll be look'd upon as their perpetual Enemies, by all who have the misfortune to be your Neighbours; all Affairs that require Reputation, Probity and Confidence, will become impoſſible to you. You will have no Means left to make your Promiſes believ'd: Beſides all this, ſaid *Telemachus*, there is a more preſſing Intereſt that ought to touch you very ſenſiby: If you have any Senſe and Foreſight left, and that is, that ſo deceitful a Conduct inwardly attacks the League in which you are engag'd, and will ſoon ruin it; and thus by your Perjury you will open a way for a Triumph to *Adraſtus*. At theſe words the whole Aſſembly was mov'd, and ask'd him, how he durſt affirm, that an Action which would certainly give the Confederates a Victory, could ruin the Confederacy? How, reply'd he, will you be able to truſt one another, if you once break the only Bond of Society, and mutual Confidence, which is Faith and Sincerity? After you have once eſtabliſhed it for a Maxim, that the Rules of Probity and Fi-

Fidelity may be broken in Proſpect of ſome great Advantage; How can any one of yon put Confidence in any of the reſt? For when this laſt ſhall find it very Commodious for his Intereſt to falſifie his Word, and impoſe on you, how will you help your ſelves? Which of you will not endeavour to prevent the Artifices of his Neighbour by Tricks of his own? And what will become of the Confederacy, when by a common deliberation, 'tis agreed among 'em, that 'tis lawful to ſurprize a Neighbour by ſuch Wiles, and to violate the moſt ſolemn Engagements? What mutual Diſtruſt and Diviſions will be among you? And what violent Efforts to deſtroy each other? *Adraſtus* will have no need then to deſtroy you; you will do your own Buſineſs ſufficiently, in juſtifying ſuch Perfidiouſneſs. O wiſe and magnanimous Princes! who Command with ſo much Prudence ſuch innumerable Multitudes of People, do not diſdain to hearken to the Counſel of a young Man: If you ſhould fall into the moſt terrible Extremities, into which War ſometimes precipitates Men, you might be reliev'd

by the Vigilance, and the Efforts of your Virtue; for true Courage never ſuffers it ſelf to be entirely depreſs'd; but if ever you break the Barrier of Honour and Fidelity, your Loſs will become irreparable; you will never be able to reeſtabliſh either that Confidence among you, which is neceſſary to the ſucceſs of all important Affairs; or bring Men back to the Principles of Virtue, after you have taught them to deſpiſe them. Again, what is it you are afraid of? Ha'n't you Courage enough to Conquer without uſing Deceit? Is not your Virtue in Conjunction with the Forces of ſo many Nations ſufficient to ſupport you? Let us Fight and Die, if it muſt be ſo, rather than Conquer by ſuch unworthy means. *Adraſtus*, the impious *Adraſtus* is in our Hands, provided we abhor to imitate his Baſeneſs and Infidelity.

When *Telemachus* had finiſh'd this Diſcourſe, he found that the charming Eloquence which had flow'd from his Lips, had pierc'd their very Souls. He obſerv'd a profound Silence in the Aſſembly: Every ones Thoughts were engag'd in conſidering, not ſo much his Perſon

Perſon, and the Graces of his Speech, as the Force of Truth that diſplay'd it ſelf ſo evidently in the train of his Reaſonings. Aſtoniſhment was drawn on their Countenances: At laſt a low Murmur was heard to ſpread it ſelf by little and little among 'em; they look'd one upon another, and every one was loath to ſpeak firſt: 'Twas expected that the chief Commanders would declare themſelves, and each of 'em felt an uneaſineſs in retaining his ſentiments. In fine, the grave *Neſtor* deliver'd himſelf in theſe Words: O worthy Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*! The Gods have taught you to ſpeak; and *Minerva*, who has ſo often inſpir'd your Father, has infus'd into your Soul that wiſe and generous Advice you have imparted to us. I don't mind your Youth; I only conſider *Minerva* in all you have been ſaying: You have ſpoken on the behalf of Virtue; without which the greateſt Advantages are real Loſſes; without which we may draw upon our ſelves the revenge of our Enemies, the Diſtruſt of our Allies, the Horror of all good Men, and the juſt Diſpleaſure of the Gods; I am therefore

for leaving *Venuſia* in the Hands of the *Lucanians*, and for thinking of no other way of Conquering *Adraſtus*, but by our Courage. No ſooner had he ſpoken, but the whole Aſſembly applauded the Wiſdom of his Words; but in giving this Applauſe, every one turn'd his Eyes with wonder towards the Son of *Ulyſſes*; and all thought they ſaw that Wiſdom of *Minerva* which inſpir'd him, caſt a ſparkling Glory upon his Countenance.

There was ſoon rais'd in this Council of the King's, another Queſtion, in reſolving which, he acquir'd no leſs Glory. *Adraſtus*, who was always cruel and Perfidious, ſent into the Camp a Deſerter nam'd *Acanthus*, who was to Poiſon the principal Commanders of the Army. Above all he had order to ſpare nothing to bring about the Death of young *Telemachus*, who was already become the Terror of the *Daunians*. *Telemachus*, who had too much Courage and Candor to be inclin'd to ſuſpicion, without difficulty, kindly receiv'd this Villain, who had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in *Sicily*, and gave him an account of the Adventures

tures of that Hero. He maintain'd him, and endeavour'd to encourage him under his Misfortune; for *Acanthus* complain'd, that he was deluded and treated unworthily by *Adraſtus*; but this was to cheriſh and warm in his Boſom a Viper full of Venom, that was ready to give him a mortal Wound. Another Deſerter was taken, call'd *Arion*, whom *Acanthus* had ſent back to *Adraſtus*, to acquaint him with the ſtate of the Confederate Camp, and to aſſure him that the following Day he would Poiſon the Principal Kings, together with *Telemachus*, at the Feaſt which this laſt was to make on his Account. *Arion* being ſurpriz'd, confeſs'd his Treaſon; he was ſuſpected to have Intelligence with *Acanthus*, becauſe they were intimate Friends; but *Acanthus*, being a profound Hypocrite, and intrepid, made his Defence with ſo much Art, that he could not be convicted, nor the bottom of the Conſpiracy diſcover'd. Divers of the Kings were for ſacrificing *Acanthus* at a venture, for the Publick Safety. He ought to die, ſaid they; the Life of one Man ought not to ſtand in

competition with the ſecurity of the Lives of ſo many Kings. What if one innocent Man periſh, when his Death is deſign'd for the Preſervation of ſuch as repreſent the Gods among Men? What inhuman Maxim, reply'd *Telemachus*, what barbarous Policy is this? Are you then ſo prodigal of human Blood? O you that are eſtabliſh'd the Shepherds of Mankind, and only rule over 'em to preſerve 'em, as Shepherds do their Flocks. You, it ſeems, then are become cruel Wolves inſtead of being careful Shepherds; at leaſt, you are only ſuch Shepherds as cut the Throats of their Sheep inſtead of leading 'em into good Paſture. According to you a Man becomes Guilty as ſoon as he is accus'd, and Suſpicion makes him deſerve Death; the Innocent lie at the mercy of Envy and Calumny, and according to the encreaſe of this Tyrannical Jealouſie in your Minds, we muſt have more ſuch Victims Sacrific'd. *Telemachus* utter'd theſe Words with ſuch Authority and Vehemence as captivated their Hearts, and cover'd the Authors of this ſo unmanly Advice with Shame and Confuſion

fuſion. In fine, he ſoften'd his Words: For my part, ſaid he, I am not ſo much in love with Life, as to ſecure it at tha rate; I had rather *Acanthus* ſhould be Vile and Wicked than my ſelf; and would ſooner chuſe to die by his Treachery, than put him to death by any unjuſt Sentence, only founded upon Suſpicion. But have a little Patience, O you, who being eſtabliſh'd Kings, that is, Judges of the People under your Charge, ought to know how to diſcharge your Function with Juſtice, Prudence and Moderation; let me examine *Acanthus* in your Preſence. Immediately he interrogated this Man about his Correſpondence with *Arion*; he preſs'd him with an infinite number of Circumſtances; he often made him believe he would ſend him back to *Adraſtus* as a Deſerter that deſerv'd to be puniſh'd; that he might the better make his obſervation, whether he were afraid to be ſent back or not; but the Countenance of *Acanthus* ſtill remain'd calm and even: From which *Telemachus* concluded that *Acanthus* might not be Guilty: In fine, perceiving he could not thus draw the

Truth out of his Breaſt, ſays he to him, Give me your Ring, for I'll ſend it to *Adraſtus*: No ſooner was the Ring demanded, but *Acanthus* turn'd Pale, and was much embarraſs'd. *Telemachus*, whoſe Eyes were continually fix'd on him, diſcern'd it; he took the Ring; I'll immediately ſend this, ſaid he, to *Adraſtus*, by the Hand of an intriguing *Lucanian*, nam'd *Polytropus*, with whom you are acquainted; he ſhall pretend to be come ſecretly from you; if we can by this means diſcover your private Intelligence with *Adraſtus*, you ſhall without Mercy be put to Death by the moſt cruel Torments; if on the contrary you now confeſs your Fault, you ſhall be pardon'd, and we'll content our ſelves only in ſending you into an Iſland, where you ſhall want nothing. Upon this *Acanthus* confeſs'd all, and *Telemachus* obtain'd of the Kings, that his Life might be ſpar'd, becauſe he had given him the promiſe of it; and he was ſent to one of the Iſlands call'd *Echinades*, where he liv'd in Peace. Not long after this a *Daunian* of obſcure Birth, but of a violent and daring Temper, nam'd *Dioſcorus*,

rus came in the Night into the confederate Camp, to make an offer to 'em to kill King *Adraſtus* in his Tent. He was capable of this Attempt; for that Man is Maſter of the Life of another, who puts no value upon his own. This Perſon breath'd nothing but Revenge, becauſe *Adraſtus* had taken away his Wife, whom he paſſionately Lov'd, and whoſe Beauty did not come behind that of *Venus* her ſelf. He had ſecret Intelligence whereby he could find a way into the King's Tent in the Night, and could be favour'd in this Enterprize by ſeveral *Daunian* Captains; but he thought it neceſſary for the Confederate Princes to attack *Adraſtus* his Camp at the ſame time, that in the Noiſe and hurry of Action, he might with greater Facility make his Eſcape, and carry away his Wife too; and if he could not compaſs this laſt thing, after he had kill'd the King, he was content to Die. As ſoon as *Dioſcorus* had open'd his Deſign to the Kings, they all turn'd themſelves towards *Telemachus*, thereby ſignifying they deſir'd direction in this matter from him. The Gods, ſaid he, who have

have preſerv'd us from Traitors, forbid us to make uſe of 'em; and if we had not Virtue enough to deteſt the Treaſon, our Intereſt alone would be ſufficient to make us reject it; when we have once authoriz'd it by our Example, we ſhall deſerve to have it turn'd againſt us; and who among us from that Moment will be ſafe? 'Tis poſſible *Adraſtus* may eſcape the Blow that threatens him, and may make it fall upon the Confederate Princes; and then War will become quite another Thing. Wiſdom and Virtue will be of no manner of uſe, and nothing will be ſeen but Frauds, Treaſons and Aſſaſſinations; I therefore conclude we ought to ſend this Traitor back to *Adraſtus*; I confeſs that King does not deſerve it, but all *Heſperia*, and all *Greece*, who have their Eyes upon us deſerve, that we would conduct our ſelves, ſo as to gain their eſteem; we owe our ſelves, and in ſhort we owe the Juſt Gods ſuch a Teſtimony as this of our Horror of Treachery. *Dioſcorus* was immediately ſent to *Adraſtus*, who trembled to think of the Danger he had been in, and mightily wondred at the

the Generosity of his Enemies; for ill Men know not how to comprehend what pure Virtue is. *Adrastus* was oblig'd whether he would or no to admire what he saw, but durst not commend it. This noble Action of the Allies, recalled the shameful remembrance, both of all his Treacheries, and all his Cruelties; he would feign have extenuated the Generosity of his Enemies, yet was asham'd to appear ungrateful, while he ow'd 'em his Life; but Men that are corrupted soon harden themselves against every Thing that touches 'em. *Adrastus* observing, that the Reputation of the Allies daily augmented, thought himself oblig'd to perform some Action against 'em that might make a Noise in the World; and since he could not do a Virtuous one, he was desirous at least of obtaining some great Advantage over 'em by Arms, and therefore made what haste he could to Fight.

The Day of Battle being come, scarce had *Aurora* open'd the oriental Gates to the Sun in a Path strow'd with Roses, when the young *Telemachus*, by his early Care out-stript the Vigilance of the oldest

oldeſt Captains, by throwing off the ſoft embraces of Sleep, and putting all the Officers in Motion; already his Helmet cover'd with his floating Hair glitter'd on his Head; and his Curiaſs dazled the Eyes of the whole Army; it was the Work of *Vulcan*, and had beſides its natural Beauty, the Luſtre of a ſhining Breaſt-plate that was plac'd under it: He held a Spear in one Hand, and pointed with the other to the divers Poſts that 'twas neceſſary to poſſeſs. *Minerva* had fill'd his Eyes with a divine Fire, and his Countenance with an awful Majeſty, which began already to promiſe Victory. He march'd, and all the Kings forgetting their Age and Dignity, found themſelves attracted by a ſuperior Power, which oblig'd 'em to follow his Steps. Weak Jealouſie could enter their Breaſts no more. Every thing gives way to him whom *Minerva* inſenſibly leads by the Hand. His Action had nothing in it that was Impetuous or Precipitant; he was Mild, Calm, Patient, always ready to hear others, and to profit by their Advice; but Active, Sagacious, Attentive to the remoteſt Exi-

gencies

gencies, diſpoſing all Things to the beſt Advantage; not embarraſſing himſelf with any Thing, nor perplexing others; excuſing Faults, rectifying Miſtakes, preventing Difficulties, never requiring too much of any one, and every where inſpiring Freedom and Confidence; if he gave an Order, it was in the moſt ſimple and plain Terms; he repeated it, the better to inform the Mind of him that was to put it in Execution. He ſaw by his Eyes whether he comprehended it aright. He afterwards made him familiarly expreſs how he underſtood his Words, and what was the Principal Scope of the Attempt. When he had thus made proof of the good ſenſe of the Perſon he ſent, and had made him enter into his Deſigns, he never let him go, till he had given him ſome Mark of his Eſteem and Confidence, to encourage him; ſo that all he ſent from him, were full of Zeal to pleaſe him, and a fervent Deſire to ſucceed in their Undertakings: But they were not tormented with Fear that he would impute to them their ill Succeſs; for he

excuſed all Faults that did not ariſe from an ill diſpoſition of Mind.

The Horizon appear'd Red, and inflam'd with the Sun's Morning-Rays; the Sea was fill'd with the bright reflection of the riſing Day; all the Coaſt was cover'd with Men, Horſes and Chariots, all in Motion; which made a confus'd Noiſe, like that of the angry Waves, when *Neptune* ſtirs up diſmal Tempeſts at the bottom of his deep Territories. Thus *Mars* began by the Noiſe of Arms, and the dreadful Preparations of War, to ſow Rage in every Heart. The Field was full of briſtling Pikes, thick ſet like a Crop of Corn that covers a fruitful Field at the time of Harveſt; there ſoon aroſe a Cloud of Duſt, which vail'd both Heaven and Earth from the Eyes of Men; Darkneſs, Blood-ſhed, Horror and mercileſs Death advanc'd apace. Scarce were the firſt Arrows Shot, when *Telemachus* with his Eyes and Hands towards Heaven, pronounced theſe Words. O *Jupiter*, Father of the Gods and Men! Behold, behold on our ſide Juſtice and Peace, which we have not been aſham'd to purſue: 'Tis

with

with regret we Fight; we would willingly be ſparing of human Blood; we do not hate even ſuch an Enemy as this, tho' he is Cruel, Perfidious and Sacrilegious; Behold, and give a deciſion between him and us. If we muſt die, our Lives are in thy Hands. If we muſt deliver *Heſperia*, and humble this Tyrant, it will be thy Power, and the Wiſdom of *Minerva*, thy Daughter, that will give us the Victory; and the Glory of it will be due to you. 'Tis you that hold the Ballance, and regulate the Fate of Battles; we Fight for you, and ſeeing you are Juſt, *Adraſtus* is more your Enemy than ours. If your Cauſe prove Victorious, before the end of the day, the Blood of a whole Hecatomb ſhall flow upon your Altars. No ſooner had he thus ſpoken, but he puſh'd on his fiery and foaming Courſers into the cloſeſt Ranks of the Enemy. He preſetnly met with *Periander* the *Locrian*, cover'd with the Skin of a Lion which he had kill'd in *Sicily*, when he travell'd thither. He was arm'd like *Hercules*, with a prodigious Club; in Strength and Stature he was like the ancient Gyants.

ants. When he ſaw *Telemachus*, he deſpis'd his Youth, and the Beauty of his Countenance. Is it not, ſays he, a pretty Buſineſs for thee, thou young effeminate Spark, to diſpute with us the Glory of Battle? Go Child, get thee among the Shades, to ſeek thy Father: in ſpeaking which Words, he lifted up his heavy Club, which was full of Knots, and arm'd with Iron Spikes; it was ſo big and long, that it look'd like the Maſt of a Ship: Every one near was afraid of being cruſh'd by the fall of it. It moſt threaten'd *Telemachus* his Head. but he avoided the Stroke, and flew upon *Periander* as ſwiftly as an Eagle cuts through the Air. The Club fell upon the Wheel of a Chariot, near that of *Telemachus*, and broke it; in the mean time the young *Greek* ſtruck a Dart in *Periander*'s Throat.

The Blood that ran bubling out in abundance from the wide Wound, ſoon ſuffocated his Voice; his furious Horſes no longer felt any reſtraint from his fainting Hand, but ran madly up and down with the Reins hanging looſe upon their Necks; he ſoon fell from his Chariot,

Chariot, with his Eyes already clos'd from the Light, and pale Death was already painted on his deform'd Viſage: *Telemachus* mov'd with pity towards him, immediately gave his Body to his Domeſticks; and kept the Lion's Skin together with his Club, as a Mark of his Victory. After this he ſought for *Adraſtus* in the Body of the Army, and in his way precipitated into Hell a Multitude of Warriours. *Hileus*, who had his Chariot drawn by two Courſers, like thoſe of the Sun, which were fed in thoſe vaſt Meadows which *Aufidus* Waters. *Dimoleon*, who formerly in *Sicily* had almoſt equal'd *Erix* in Combat for the embroider'd Girdle. *Cranter*, who had been the Hoſt and Friend of *Hercules*, when this Son of *Jupiter* was going into *Heſperia*, where he kill'd the infamous *Cacus*. *Menecrates*, who was ſaid to reſemble *Pollux* in Wreſtling. *Hippocon* the *Salapian*, who imitated the graceful Addreſs of *Caſtor* in the management of a Horſe. The famous Hunter *Eurimedes*, who was always ſtain'd with the Blood of Beaſts and wild Boars, which he Kill'd on the Ridges

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Ridges

Ridges of the cold *Appenine*, which are cover'd with Snow; who is ſaid to have been ſo dear to *Diana*, that ſhe taught him her ſelf to handle the Bow. *Nicoſtraſtus* who had conquer'd a Gyant, that vomited Fire, in the Rocks of Mount *Gargan*. *Eleanthus*, who was to eſpouſe the Young *Pholoe*, Daughter of the River *Lyris*. She had been promiſed by her Father, to the Perſon that ſhould deliver her from a Winged Serpent, that was bred on the Banks of the River, and would have devour'd her in a few Days, according to the Prediction of an Oracle. This young Man prompted by an extraordinary love to her, ventur'd his Life to kill this Monſter; he ſuceeded in the Attempt, but could not taſte the Fruit of his Victory; for while *Pholoe* was preparing for the Rights of Charming *Hymen*, and expected *Eleanthus* with impatience; ſhe was inform'd that he follow'd *Adraſtus* into the Wars, and that the Deſtinies had cruelly cut off his Days. This News made her fill the Woods and Mountains near the River with her Groans; ſhe drowned her Eyes

in

in Tears, and tore off her lovely Hair. She forgot the Garlands of Flowers she was wont to gather, and accus'd Heaven of Injustice. Whereas she incessantly wept Day and Night; the Gods touch'd with her Complaints, and moved by the Prayers of the River, put an end to her Sorrow; for she pour'd out such abundance of Tears, that she was instantly turn'd into a Fountain, which running into the Bosom of the River, seeks to joyn her Waters with those of the God her Father; but the Water of this Fountain is still bitter; Grass never grows upon the Banks of it, nor is any Shade to be found on the sides of it, but that of mournful Cypress Trees.

But to return: *Adrastus* perceiving that *Telemachus* spread Terror on every side, sought after him with the utmost diligence, hoping easily to Conquer the Son of *Ulysses*, in an Age as yet so tender. He was attended with Thirty *Daunians*, of extraordinary Strength, Dexterity, and Boldness, to whom he promis'd very great Rewards, if they could any way in the World kill *Telemachus*

machus in Battle. And if they had met him juſt at this time of the Fight, without doubt theſe Thirty Men, by ſurrounding his Chariot, while *Adraſtus* would have attack'd him in the Front, would have found no great Difficulty in diſpatching him. But *Minerva* turn'd 'em out of their way. *Adraſtus* thought he ſaw, and heard *Telemachus* in a low part of the Plain, at the foot of a Hill, where a great number of Soldiers were cloſely engag'd. Hither he runs, or rather flies, with an eager Deſire to ſatiate himſelf with Blood; but inſtead of *Telemachus*, he finds the Aged *Neſtor*, who with his trembling Hand, was throwing Darts at a venture, tho' he did little or no Execution: *Adraſtus* in his fury would have run him through, had not a Troop of *Pylians* thrown themſelves round about *Neſtor*: A Cloud of Darts then ſoon obſcur'd the Air, and cover'd all the Combatants; nothing was to be heard but the Woful Cries of dying Men, and the claſhing of the Arms of thoſe that fell in among the Crowd; the Earth groan'd under Heaps of dead Bodies; Torrents of Blood ran

on

on all ſides; *Bellona* and *Mars* together with the Infernal Furies, cloath'd with Robes all over-running down with Blood, glutted their Hollow Eyes with this Spectacle, and inceſſantly renew'd a Martial Rage in the Hearts of the Combatants; theſe Deities, who are the Enemies of Men, chaſed far away from both Parties, generous Pity, moderated Valour, and ſweet Humanity. There was nothing among theſe confus'd Heaps of Men enrag'd one againſt another, but Slaughter, Revenge, Deſpair and Brutal Fury. The Wiſe and Invincible *Pallas* her ſelf, trembled at the ſight, and ſtarted back with Horror. In the mean time *Philoctetes* march'd on by degrees, with the Arrows of *Hercules* in his Hands, endeavouring to come to the Relief of *Neſtor*. *Adraſtus* not able to reach the Divine Old Man, had pierc'd ſeveral *Pylians* with his Darts, and made 'em lick the Duſt. He overthrew *Euſilas*, who was ſo ſwift a Runner, that he ſcarce left the print of his Steps upon the Sand, and in his own Country, outſtript the moſt rapid Streams of the *Eurotas*, and the *Alpheus*.

At

At his Feet fell *Entiphon*, who was more Beautiful than *Hylas*, and as violent a Hunter as *Hyppolitus*; *Petrelas*, who had follow'd *Neſtor* to the Siege of *Troy*, and whom *Achilles* himſelf lov'd for his Courage and Strength. *Ariſtogiton*, who by bathing in the Waters of the River *Achelous*, had ſecretly receiv'd of this God the power of aſſuming all ſorts of Forms; in ſhort, he was ſo ſupple and nimble in all his Motions, that he eſcap'd the Hands of the ſtrongeſt Warriours; but *Adraſtus* with one thruſt of his Spear, depriv'd him of all Motion, and ſoon let out his Blood and Soul together.

Neſtor ſeeing his moſt Valiant Captains fall by the Hand of *Adraſtus*, as the gilded Ears of Corn in time of Harveſt, fall under the keen Sickle of the Indefatigable Reaper, forgot his own Danger, and needleſly expos'd himſelf. He threw away his old Age, and thought of nothing but how to follow his Son *Piſiſtratus*, in keeping his Eyes intent on him, who on his ſide was very warmly engag'd, to keep off Danger from his Father. But the fatal Moment

was

was come, in which *Piſiſtratus* was to make *Neſtor* feel how unfortunate a Man may be in living too long. *Piſiſtratus* puſh'd his Spear with ſuch violence againſt *Adraſtus*, that the *Daunian* Prince muſt needs have fallen, but that he avoided the Stroke; and while *Piſiſtratus* who was ſomewhat diſcompos'd by the falſe Thruſt he had made was recovering his Spear, *Adraſtus* pierc'd him with a Javelin into the middle of his Belly. His Bowels immediately began to come out with a Torrent of Blood. His lively Colour vaniſh'd like that of a Flower, after the Hand of ſome Nymph has gather'd it in the Meadow; his Eyes were already almoſt extinguiſh'd, and his Speech falter'd when *Alicius* his Governour, who was near him, ſupported him juſt as he was falling, and had only time to carry him to his Father, and throw him into his Arms; then he would fain have ſpoken, and have given him the laſt marks of his tender Affection, but as he open'd his Mouth to ſpeak, he expir'd.

While *Philoctetes* ſpread Slaughter and Horror round him, in repulſing the

Efforts of *Adraſtus*, *Neſtor* held the Body of his Son cloſely graſp'd in his Arms, and fill'd the Air with lamentable Cries, not being able to endure the Light any longer. Ah unfortunate Wretch that I am, ſaid he, that I have been a Father, and liv'd ſo long! Alas! ye cruel Deſtinies, why did you not end my Life, either in Hunting the *Calydonian* Boar, or in my *Ætolian* Voyage, or at the firſt Siege of *Troy*? Then I ſhould have died with Glory, and without Bitterneſs and Sorrow. Now I carry with me a miſerable, deſpis'd, and impotent Old Age; I now live only to ſuffer Calamities; and have no other Sentiment left me, but that of Sorrow. O my Son! my Son! O my dear Son *Piſiſtratus!* When I loſt thy Brother *Antilochus*, ſtill thou waſt my Comfort; but now I have nothing left; nothing can yield me Conſolation more: All is at an End with me. Hope, the only mitigation of Human Troubles, is an Advantage in which I have no Intereſt. O *Antilochus*, O *Piſiſtratus*, my dear Children, this ſeems to me the fatal Day wherein I loſe you both. The Death of one opens again the Wound which

which that of the other had made in the bottom of my Heart. I ſhall never ſee either of you again: Who now ſhall cloſe my Eyes? Who ſhall gather up my Aſhes? O *Piſiſtratus*, thou didſt die as well as thy Brother like a Valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot tell how to die. In uttering theſe Words he would have pierc'd himſelf with a Dart which he held in his Hand, if he had not been prevented by thoſe that were about him; after which they took from him the Body of his Son; and this unfortunate Old Man falling into a Swoon, they carried him into his Tent, where after he had a little recover'd his Spirits, he would have return'd into the Battle, which they would by no means ſuffer him to do.

In the mean time *Adraſtus* and *Philoctetes* were ſearching for each other. Their Eyes ſparkled like thoſe of a Lion and a Leopard, that are ſeeking to devour one another in thoſe Fields which *Cocytus* waters. Menaces, warlike Rage, and cruel Revenge glitter in their furious Eyes; they bring certain Death wherever they throw their Darts. All

Efforts of *Adraſtus*, *Neſtor* held the Body of his Son cloſely graſp'd in his Arms, and fill'd the Air with lamentable Cries, not being able to endure the Light any longer. Ah unfortunate Wretch that I am, ſaid he, that I have been a Father, and liv'd ſo long! Alas! ye cruel Deſtinies, why did you not end my Life, either in Hunting the *Calydonian* Boar, or in my *Ætolian* Voyage, or at the firſt Siege of *Troy*? Then I ſhould have died with Glory, and without Bitterneſs and Sorrow. Now I carry with me a miſerable, deſpis'd, and impotent Old Age; I now live only to ſuffer Calamities; and have no other Sentiment left me, but that of Sorrow. O my Son! my Son! O my dear Son *Piſiſtratus!* When I loſt thy Brother *Antilochus*, ſtill thou waſt my Comfort; but now I have nothing left; nothing can yield me Conſolation more: All is at an End with me. Hope, the only mitigation of Human Troubles, is an Advantage in which I have no Intereſt. O *Antilochus*, O *Piſiſtratus*, my dear Children, this ſeems to me the fatal Day wherein I loſe you both. The Death of one opens again the Wound which

which that of the other had made in the bottom of my Heart. I ſhall never ſee either of you again: Who now ſhall cloſe my Eyes? Who ſhall gather up my Aſhes? O *Piſiſtratus*, thou didſt die as well as thy Brother like a Valiant Man; 'tis only I that cannot tell how to die. In uttering theſe Words he would have pierc'd himſelf with a Dart which he held in his Hand, if he had not been prevented by thoſe that were about him; after which they took from him the Body of his Son; and this unfortunate Old Man falling into a Swoon, they carried him into his Tent, where after he had a little recover'd his Spirits, he would have return'd into the Battle, which they would by no means ſuffer him to do.

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the Soldiers beheld 'em with Terror: And now they ſee one another: *Philoctetes* held in his Hand, one of thoſe terrible Arrows, which never fail'd to do execution in his Hands, and made Wounds that were incurable. But *Mars* who favour'd the Cruel and Intrepid *Adraſtus*, would not ſuffer him to die ſo ſoon; having a Deſire, by his means, to prolong the Horrors of War, and multiply Slaughter and Cruelty. *Adraſtus* his Life was yet owing to the Juſtice of the Gods, as their Scourge to puniſh Men, and ſhed their Blood. In the very Moment *Philoctetes* deſign'd to attack him, he was himſelf Wounded by the thruſt of a Spear, given him by *Amphymachus*, a young *Lucanian*, whoſe Beauty exceeded the famous *Niceus*, as the Beauty of this latter gave place to none, but that of *Achilles* among all the *Greeks* that fought at the Siege of *Troy*. *Philoctetes* had no ſooner receiv'd this Wound, but he drew his Bow againſt *Amphymachus*, and ſent an Arrow to him that pierc'd his Heart. The Luſtre of his lovely blackEyes was inſtantly extinguiſh'd and cover'd with the Shades of Death;

Death; his Vermilion Lips whoſe Colour excell'd that of the Roſes, which riſing Aurora ſtrows along the Horizon, grew Wan, and a dreadful Paleneſs tarniſh'd his lovely Cheeks: In a Word; his tender and delicate Countenance was all on a ſudden disfigur'd. *Philoctetes* himſelf could not forbear to pity him. And all the Soldiers that obſerv'd him, could not chuſe but ſigh to ſee this Young Man fall, and roul in his own Blood; his Head of Hair, which for Beauty, might vie with that of *Apollo*, all diſhevel'd and defil'd in the Duſt. *Philoctetes* having Conquer'd *Amphymachus*, was conſtrain'd to retire from the Battle; he loſt his Blood and Strength, and even his Ancient Wound, ſeem'd in the heat of Action, ready to open again, and renew his Pain; for the Sons of *Eſculapius*, with all their Divine Art, could not entirely cure it. And now he was juſt ready to fall among the Heap of bleeding Bodies, that were round about him; when *Archidamus*, the boldeſt and moſt dextrous of all the *Thebalians* that he had brought with him to Found *Philelia*, carried him out of the Battle,

in the very moment when *Adraſtus* would have laid him at his Feet with eaſe: And now *Adraſtus* finds no farther Obſtacle, none daring to reſiſt or retard his Victory. All fall or fly before him; and he becomes like a Torrent, which having overflown its Banks, ſweeps away with its furious Waves, Corn and Cattle, Shepherds and their Cottages together.

Telemachus hears from far the ſhouts of the Conquerors, and ſees the Diſorders of his Men, who fled before *Adraſtus*, as a Company of timerous Deer traverſe the vaſt Plains, Woods, Mountains, and even the ſwifteſt Rivers, when purſued by the Hunters.

Telemachus ſigh'd; Indignation ſparkles in his Eyes; he quits the Place where he had been ſo long fighting with ſo much Danger, and Glory, and runs to the Succour of his diſcourag'd Troops. He advances, all beſmear'd with the Blood of a multitude of Enemies, whom he had ſpread upon the Duſt. He gives a ſhout at a diſtance, that was heard by both Armies: *Minerva* had put ſomething unexpreſſibly terrible, both in his

Eyes

Eyes and Voice, with which he made the Neighbouring Mountains eccho. Never did *Mars* make his own cruel Voice to be heard louder in *Thrace*, when he call'd upon the infernal Furies, War and Death, to attend him. This ſhout of *Telemachus*, inſpires the Hearts of his Soldiers with Courage and Boldneſs, and freezes the Souls of his Enemies with Fear and Dread. *Adraſtus* is aſham'd to feel himſelf thus diſorder'd. I know not how many fatal Preſages fill him with Terror; and that which animates him, is rather Deſpair, than true Valour, which is accompanied with Tranquility of Mind. Thrice his trembling Knees began to ſlip away from under him; Thrice he ſtept back without thinking what he was doing; a faint Paleneſs and a cold Sweat ran through all his Limbs; his hoarſe and faltering Voice could not finiſh any Sentence; his Eyes, full of gloomy Fire, ſparkled and look'd as if they would ſtart out of his Head; he ſeem'd agitated by the Furies, like *Oreſtes*; all his Motions were Convulſive; he thought he ſaw the Gods irritated againſt him; and that

he heard a whiſpering Voice proceeding from the bottom of Hell, to call him into black *Tartarus*; every thing made him ſenſible there was a celeſtial and inviſible Hand waving over his Head, which was going to exert its force, in ſtriking him down: Hope was extinguiſh'd at the bottom of his Heart; his Reſolution was enfeebled, and diſappear'd like the Light of the Day, when the Son lies down in the boſom of the Sea, and the Earth wraps her ſelf in the Shades of the Night. The Impious *Adraſtus*, in fine, draws near his laſt Hour; he runs like a mad Man to meet his inevitable Fate: Horror, cutting Remorſe, Conſternation, Fury, Rage, and Deſpair, march along with him. No ſooner does he ſee *Telemachus*, but he thinks he ſees *Avernus* open it ſelf; and the rowling Flames of black *Phlegethon* ready to devour him. He cries out, and his Mouth remains open without being able to pronounce a word; he's juſt like a Man aſleep, who in a frightful Dream opens his Mouth, and makes attempt to ſpeak, but ſtill wants Utterance, and ſeeks it in vain. However, *Adraſtus*, with

with a trembling and precipitant Hand, throws his Dart at *Telemachus*; while the latter, intrepid, and calm as the Minds of the Gods, defends himself with his Buckler; Victory covering him with her Wings, seems already to hold a Crown over his Head; a sweet and orderly Courage shines in his Eyes; one would have taken him for *Minerva* herself, he appear'd so wise and regular in the midst of the greatest Dangers. The Dart which *Adrastus* cast being repuls'd by his Buckler, *Adrastus* made haste to draw his Sword to hinder *Ulysses*'s Son of the Advantage of taking his turn to throw his Dart at him: *Telemachus* seeing *Adrastus*'s Sword in his Hand, betakes himself immediately to his own, omitting to throw his Dart. When they were seen in this Posture of fighting one another hand to hand; all the rest of the Soldiers laid down their Arms in silence, to look upon 'em with the greatest Attention, expecting from their single Engagement the destiny of the whole War. The two Swords glitter'd like the Lightning which sends forth terrible Claps of Thunder, they often

croſs one another, and deal Blows without execution on their poliſh'd Armour, which reſounded with the heavy ſtrokes. The two Combatants ſtretch out and recover themſelves, ſtoop down and riſe up all in an inſtant; and in fine, they fall to grapling: The Ivy that grows at the Foot of a young Elm, does not more cloſely wreath its twining Branches about the hard and knotty Trunk, till it climbs up to the loftieſt Boughs of the Tree, than theſe two Combatants Claſp and Lock one another. *Adraſtus* had yet loſt nothing of his Strength, and *Telemachus* had not muſter'd all his together. *Adraſtus* made ſeveral Efforts to ſurprize his Enemy, and overſet him; he endeavours to ſeize the Sword of the young *Greek*, but in vain; while he attempts this, *Telemachus* takes him up from the Ground, and throws him flat upon the Sand: Then this impious Prince, that had always contemn'd the Gods, manifeſted an unmanly fear of Death: he is aſhamed to beg Life, yet can't help ſignifying that he deſir'd it; he endeavours to move the Compaſſion of *Telemachus* by

ſuch

ſuch words as theſe: O thou Son of *Ulyſſes*, ſays he, I now at laſt acknowledge that the Gods are Juſt; they puniſh me according to my Demerits. 'Tis only by Calamities that the Eyes of Men are open'd to ſee the Truth; I ſee it, and it condemns me. But let an unfortunate King put you in mind of your Father, who is remote from *Ithaca*, and let the thoughts of this touch your Heart.

Telemachus, who was holding him under his Knees, and had his Sword already lifted up to kill him, preſently anſwer'd, I deſire nothing but Victory and the Peace of the Nations which I came to ſuccour; I have no delight in ſhedding Blood. Live therefore, O *Adraſtus*, but live to make Reparation for your Faults; reſtore all that you have uſurp'd, re-eſtabliſh Tranquility and Juſtice in the Confines of the great *Heſperia* which you have defil'd with ſo many Maſſacres and Treacheries. Live and become another Man; learn by your Fall, that the Gods are Juſt, and that the Wicked are Miſerable; that they deceive themſelves in ſeeking Happineſs,

pineſs, by Violence, Barbarity and Fraud: In ſhort, that nothing is ſo happy and ſweet as ſimple and ſteady Virtue. Give us for Hoſtages your Son *Metrodorus*, with twelve of the principal Nobles of your Nation. At theſe words, *Telemachus* ſuffers him to riſe, and gives him his Hand, not ſuſpecting his Diſingenuity; for *Adraſtus* threw at him the ſecond time a ſhort Dart which he kept conceal'd; the Dart was ſo ſharp, and thrown with that force, that it would have pierc'd *Telemachus*'s Armour, had it had not been made by a Divine Hand; at the ſame time *Adraſtus* caſt himſelf behind a Tree, to avoid the Purſuit of *Telemachus*: Upon this, the latter cries, O *Daunians*, the Victory's ours! This impious Man ſaves himſelf only by his Treachery; he who fears not the Gods, fears Death; on the contrary he that fears them, has nothing elſe to fear. In uttering theſe words, he advances towards the *Daunians*, and gives a ſign to his Men that were on the other ſide of the Tree, to cut off the Retreat of the perfidious *Adraſtus*. *Adraſtus* fearing he ſhould be taken, makes as if he would

return

return the ſame way he came, and went to fall upon the *Cretans*, that ſtood to obſtruct his Paſſage; when on a ſudden *Telemachus*, ſwift as the Thunder which the Father of the Gods ſhoots from high *Olympus* upon guilty Heads; falls upon his Enemy; he ſeizes him with his Victorious Hand, caſts him upon the Ground, as the violent Northwind beats down the tender Ears of Corn that guild the Field. He will now hear no more, tho' the impious Wretch once again eſſays to abuſe the Goodneſs of his generous Mind; he inſtantly thruſts his Sword into his Bowels, and precipitates him into the Flames of black *Cocytus*, a Puniſhment worthy of his Crimes.

Adraſtus was ſcarce dead, when all the *Daunians* were ſo far from deploring their Defeat, and the loſs of their General, that they rejoyc'd at their deliverance, and held out their Hand to the Allies in ſign of Peace and Reconciliation. *Metrodorus* the Son of *Adraſtus*, whom his Father had educated in Maxims of Diſſimulation, Injuſtice, and Inhumanity, fled away like a Coward: But a Slave that was an Accomplice of his

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his Infamous Actions and Cruelties, whom he had infranchized and loaded with Favours, and in whose hands alone he trusted himself in his Flight, thought of nothing but how to betray him for his own Interest. He kill'd him as he fled, by giving him a Wound in the Back, cut off his Head, and brought it into the Confederate Camp, hoping to receive a great Recompence for a Crime that finish'd the War; but the Act of this Villain was abhor'd, and he put to Death. *Telemachus* having seen the Head of *Metrodorus*, who was a young Prince of wonderful Beauty, and of an excellent natural Temper, tho' corrupted by Pleasures and vitious Examples, could not restrain his Tears. Alas! cry'd he, here is what the Poison of Prosperity does for a young Prince; the more Elevation and Vivacity of Mind he has, the more he wanders and becomes a Stranger to all Sentiments of true Virtue; and now it may be my Condition had been like his, if the Misfortunes in which I was born and educated, Thanks be to the Gods, and to the Instructions of *Mentor*, had not taught me to govern my self. The

The assembled *Daunians* desir'd, as the only Condition of Peace, that they might be permitted to make 'em a King of their own Nation, who might by his Virtues efface the Reproach which the impious *Adrastus* had brought upon the Crown. They thank'd the Gods for having cut off the Tyrant, and came in Multitudes to kiss the Hand of *Telamachus*, which had been embrued in the Blood of that Monster; so that their Defeat was a Triumph to 'em. Thus, in a Moment, fell that Power without possibility of Recovery, which menaced all the rest in *Hesperia*, & made so many Nations tremble; like those Pieces of made Ground that appear firm and immoveable, but by degrees are undermined; for a great while the feeble Work of attacking the Foundations is derided; nothing appears the weaker for it, all is stable, nothing so much as shakes; yet all subterranean Props are gradually destroy'd to the Foundation, and all on a sudden the Terrass sinks, and opens a prodigious Pit. Thus an unjust and fraudulent Power, what Prosperity soever it acquires by its Violences,

digs

digs a Precipice under its own Feet; Fraud and Cruelty gradually undermine all the firmeſt Foundations of unlawful Authority. Men admire it, fear it, tremble before it, till the Moment it vaniſhes; it falls with its own weight, and nothing can raiſe it again, becauſe it has with its own Hands deſtroy'd the true Props of Sincerity and Juſtice, which attract Love and Confidence.

The chief Commanders of the Army the next Day aſſembled to grant the *Daunians* a King. It was a very pleaſant Thing to ſee the two Camps confounded together, by ſo unexpected a Friendſhip, ſo that the two Armies now made but one. The wiſe *Neſtor* could not aſſiſt at this Council, becauſe his Grief, added to his old Age, had wither'd his Heart, juſt as a Storm of Rain in the Evening beats down a Flower, and makes it languiſh, which in the Morning while *Aurora* was riſing, was the Glory and Ornament of the verdant Fields. His Eyes were become two Springs of Tears, that could not be exhauſted; ſoft ſleep that charms the acuteſt Pains, fled far away from him.

Hope,

Hope, which is the Life of a Man's Heart, was extinct in him; all Food was bitter to this unfortunate old Man; the Light was odious to him, his Soul desir'd nothing but to Die, and plunge himself into the eternal Night of *Pluto*'s Empire. In vain did all his Friends speak to him; his sinking Heart was disgusted with all Friendship, as a sick Man disrelishes the most dainty Meats: To all that could be said to him, to make the deepest Impression on his Mind, he return'd nothing but deep Sighs and Groans. From time to time he was heard to say, O *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, *Pisistratus*, my Son, thou call'st me away, I'll follow thee, thou wilt render Death sweet to me. O my Son! all the happiness I now desire, is to see thee again on the Banks of *Styx*. He past whole Hours without uttering one Word, but was still Groaning, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes all drowned in Tears, to Heaven.

In the mean time the Princes being assembled, were expecting *Telemachus*, who was by the Body of *Pisistratus*; he strew'd handfuls of Flowers upon the Corps,

Corps, to which he added exquiſite Perfumes, and pour'd forth bitter Tears; O my dear Companion, ſaid he, I ſhall never forget how I ſaw thee at *Pilos*, and how I follow'd thee to *Sparta*, how I found thee again on the Coaſts of the great *Heſperia*. I owe thee a Thouſand & a Thouſand kind Offices; I lov'd thee, and thou hadſt a like love for me; I knew thy Valour, it ſurmounted that of many famous *Greeks*. But alas! 'tis extinguiſh'd with thy Glory; 'twas thy Valour that has rob'd the World of that improving Virtue of thine, which would have equall'd that of the greateſt Men. Yes, thy Wiſdom and thy Eloquence in a riper Age, would have reſembled the like Endowments in the moſt celebrated Men of *Greece*. Thou hadſt already acquir'd that ſweet inſinuation, that could not be reſiſted when thou ſpeakeſt, thoſe natural and lively ways of relating Matters; that prudent Moderation which is a Charm to appeaſe irritated Minds; that Authority which proceeds from Prudence, and the force of good Counſels. When thou ſpeakeſt, every Ear was attentive; all were pre-

poſſeſs'd

poſſeſs'd in thy Favour, every one was willing to find Reaſon on thy ſide. Thy Speech that was plain and ſimple, void of Pomp, ſweetly inſtill'd it ſelf into Men's Souls, like the Dew upon the ſpringing Graſs. But alas! all thoſe Advantages which we were in poſſeſſion of a few Hours ago, are taken away from us for ever. *Piſiſtratus*, whom I embrac'd this Morning, is now no more. We have nothing remaining but the ſad remembrance of him. Ah! That thou hadſt clos'd the Eyes of *Neſtor*; and that we had not all been ſo unhappy to ſee thine clos'd; he would not then have ſeen what he is now forc'd to behold; he would not then have been the moſt unhappy Father in the World.

After theſe Words, *Telemachus* caus'd the bloody Wound which was in the ſide of *Piſiſtratus* to be waſh'd; he order'd him to be laid out upon a purple Bed, where his Head inclining on his Shoulder with the paleneſs of Death, reſembled a young Tree, which having cover'd the Earth with its Shadow, and ſtrech'd its flouriſhing Boughs towards Heaven, is wounded by the Edge of the

Wood-

Woodman's Axe; it no longer holds by its own Root, nor by the Earth, that fruitful Mother that nouriſhes her Plants in her Boſom; it languiſhes, its Verdure decays, and being no longer able to bear up, down it falls; its wide and thick Branches that lately were as a Veil to obſcure the Light of Heaven, now lye extended in the Duſt, wither'd and dry; 'tis now no more than a Trunk fell'd to the Ground, and ſpoil'd of all its Beauties. Thus *Piſiſtratus* being become a Prey to Death, was now carried away by thoſe who were appointed to lay him on the fatal Pile. The Flame already began to aſcend toward Heaven; a Troop of *Pylians* with Eyes dejected and full of Tears, and with their Arms revers'd with a ſlow and mournful Pace attended him. The Body was ſoon burnt, the Aſhes put in a Golden Urn; and *Telemachus* who took care to have all this perform'd, committed this Urn as a great Treaſure to *Callimachus*, who had been *Piſiſtratus* his Governour. Keep ſafely, ſays he, theſe Aſhes, the ſad but precious Remains of him you Lov'd.

Lov'd. Keep 'em for his Father, but wait till he recovers Strength enough to ask 'em before you give 'em to him; that which excites Sorrow at one time allays it at another.

At length *Telemachus* enter'd the Aſſembly of the Confederate Kings, where every one kept ſilence, in expectation to hear him Diſcourſe; when he perceiv'd it he bluſh'd, and they could by no means engage him to ſpeak: The Praiſes that were given him by publick Acclamations, and above all his late Actions augmenting his baſhful Diſpoſition: So that he would have been glad to have hid himſelf. This was the firſt time that he appear'd embarraſs'd and unſteady; in fine he deſir'd as a Favovr, that they would deſiſt from ſpeaking in his Praiſe: 'Tis not, ſaid he, that I do not love Praiſes, above all when they are given by ſuch good Judges of Vertue, but 'tis becauſe I am afraid of Loving 'em too much; for they are apt to corrupt Men, they fill 'em with themſelves, and render 'em Vain and Preſumptuous. We ought both to merit 'em and avoid 'em.

The

The juſteſt Praiſes reſemble thoſe that are falſe and flattering. The moſt wicked of all Mankind, the *Tyrants*, are thoſe that have made themſelves prais'd the moſt by ſervile Flatterers. What Pleaſure is there in being Prais'd like them? Due Praiſes are ſuch as you will give me in my abſence, if I am ſo happy as to deſerve 'em. If you believe me to be truly Good, you ought alſo to believe that I am willing to be Modeſt, and to be afraid of Vanity. Spare me therefore, if you value, me and do not praiſe me as if I were a Man fond of Praiſes.

After *Telemachus* had thus expreſs'd himſelf, he anſwer'd not a Word more to thoſe that continued to extol him to the very Heavens; but by an Air of Indifference he ſoon put a ſtop to the Encomiums that were made on him; till they began to fear they ſhould diſpleaſe him in commending him. But their Admiration ſtill increaſed; every one knowing the Tenderneſs he had manifeſted to *Piſiſtratus*, and the care he had taken to render him the laſt Devoirs; the whole Army was more touch'd with the Marks of the Tenderneſs and Generoſity

rosity of his Heart, than with all the Prodigies of Wisdom and Valour, that had been shining so conspicuously in him. He is Wise, he is Valiant, said they, in secret one to another; he is the Friend of the Gods, and the true Hero of our Age; he is rais'd a degree above Mankind: But this is only matter of Wonder, all this does no more than fill us with Astonishment; he has Humanity and Goodness, he is a Friend, he is Tender, he is Compassionate, he is Beneficent, and entirely theirs whom he ought to Love; he is the Delight of them that live with him; he divests himself of his Dignity, of his Repose, and of his Grandeur: This is that which makes him useful; this is that which touches Mens Hearts; this is that which fills us with such tender Affections towards him, and renders us sensible of all his Virtues. This is that which makes us all ready to Sacrifice our Lives for him.

These Discourses were scarce finish'd, when they hasten'd to speak of the necessity of giving a King to the *Daunians*. Most of the Princes in the Council were

of

of Opinion, that it was beſt to divide the Country amongſt 'em as a Conquer'd Land; and offer'd *Telemachus* the fertile Country of *Arpos*, which twice a-year bears the rich Bounty of *Ceres*, the ſweet Preſents of *Bacchus*, and the ever green Fruits of the Olive-Tree, which is ſacred to *Minerva*. This Land, ſaid they, ought to make you forget poor *Ithaca* with its Cottages, and the frightful Rocks of *Dulichia*, together with the ſavage Woods of *Zacanthus*. Ne'er perſiſt any longer to ſeek your Father, who was certainly loſt in the Waves at the Promontory of *Caphaneus*, through the Revenge of *Nauplius*, and the Anger of *Neptune*; nor your Mother who is long ſince in the poſſeſſion of her Lovers; nor your Country, whoſe Soil is not favour'd by Heaven, like this we now offer you. He patiently heard this Diſcourſe, but the Rocks of *Thrace* and *Theſſaly* are not more deaf and inſenſible of the Complaints of deſpairing Lovers, than *Telemachus* was of all theſe Propoſals. For my part, replied he, I am not mov'd either with Riches or Pleaſures; what ſignifies it to poſſeſs a

greater

greater extent of Ground, or to Command a greater Number of Men? One has therewith but the more Perplexity and the leſs Liberty: Life is full enough of Miſeries, even for the wiſeſt and moſt regular ſort of Men, without the additional Trouble of governing other Men, who are Untractable, Unquiet, Unjuſt, Treacherous and Ungrateful. If one has a Mind to have Dominion over Men, out of Self-love, looking at nothing but one's own Authority, Pleaſures and Glory; this is to be Impious and Tyrannical, and become the Scourge of Mankind. If on the contrary I have a Mind to govern Men only according to right Rules, for their own Good; I am not ſo much their Maſter as their Guardian, I have nothing but the Trouble of it, which is infinite; and this makes me very far from deſiring to enlarge the Bounds of my Authority. The Shepherd, who devours not his Flock, but defends it from the Wolves with the hazard of his Life, who watches over it Night and Day, leading it into fat Paſtures, has no great Mind to augment the Number of his Sheep, and

to ſeize on thoſe of his Neighbours; this would be but to increaſe his Trouble. Altho' I have never govern'd, added *Telemachus*, I have learn'd by the Laws, and by thoſe wiſe Men that made 'em, how toilſom a thing it is to have the Conduct of Cities and Kingdoms; I am therefore content with my poor *Ithaca*, tho' it be ſmall and mean. I ſhall have Glory enough, provided I Reign there with Juſtice, Piety and Courage; and indeed I ſhall Reign there but too ſoon. May it pleaſe the Gods that my Father may eſcape the Fury of the Waves, and Reign there to extream old Age, and that I may long learn under him to ſubdue my Paſſions, and learn the Art of regulating thoſe of a whole Nation.

Afterward he thus proceeded; Hear, O ye Princes who are here aſſembled, what I think I ought to tell you for your own Intereſt. If you procure the *Daunians* a juſt King, he'll govern them Juſtly; he'll make 'em ſenſible how much it is for their Advantage, to be Faithful and Sincere, and never to uſurp upon their Neighbours; all which they could never come to underſtand under the

the impious *Adraſtus*. As long as they ſhall continue under the conduct of a juſt and moderate Prince, you will have nothing to fear from them; they will owe you this good King, whom they have receiv'd from your Hands; they will owe you all the Peace and Proſperity which they ſhall enjoy under his Government. Theſe People will be ſo far from attacking you, that they will inceſſantly bleſs you; both the King and People will be the Work of your Hands. If on the contrary, you reſolve to ſhare their Country among you; I'll undertake to foretel the Miſchiefs that will enſue. Theſe People driven to Deſpair, will begin a new War. They will have a juſt Cauſe to take up Arms for their Liberty. The Gods, who are mortal Enemies to Tyranny, will fight for 'em; and if the Gods interpoſe in the Quarrel, ſooner or later you will be confounded, and all your Proſperity will vaniſh like Smoke. Counſel and Wiſdom will be taken away from your Commanders, and Courage from your Armies, and Plenty from your Lands: You will flatter your ſelves, and act

with precipitancy in your Enterprizes; you will ſilence Men of Integrity, when they go about to tell you the Truth; you will fall on a ſudden, and it will be ſaid of you; Are theſe then the flouriſhing Nations that were to give Laws to all the World, and now they fly before their Enemies? They are the Sport of other Nations, who trample them under their Feet: this is the Work of the Gods, ; this is what a People of Unjuſt, Proud, and Inhumane Minds deſerve. Beſides conſider, if you attempt to divide this Conqueſt among you, you re-unite all the Neighbouring Nations againſt you. Your League form'd to defend the common Liberty of *Heſperia*, againſt *Adraſtus* the Uſurper, will become odious; and 'tis you that all the World will with good Reaſon accuſe of having aſpir'd to uſurp an Univerſal Tyranny. But we'll ſuppoſe you ſhould prove Victorious both over the *Daunians*, and all other Nations that ſhall aſſiſt 'em; this Victory will deſtroy you, and this I'll make out to you. Conſider this Enterprize will diſ-unite you all, for ſince 'tis not founded upon Juſtice

you

you will have no Rule among you to bound each others Pretenſions; every one will have a Mind that his part of the Conqueſt ſhould be proportionate to his Power: None of you will have Authority enough over all thoſe Nations, to make this Diviſion peaceably: And this will be the ſource of a War of which the Youngeſt of your Children will not ſee an end. Is it not much more eligible to be Juſt and Regular, than to follow one's Ambition through ſo much Danger, and amidſt ſo many inevitable Misfortunes? Are not profound Peace, the ſweet and innocent Pleaſures that accompany it, the Happineſs of Plenty, the Friendſhip of Neighbours, the Glory which is inſeparable from Juſtice, the Authority which is acquired, in rendring one's ſelf by Fidelity and Sincerity, the Arbiter of all Foreign Nations, are not theſe, I ſay, Advantages much more deſirable, than the fooliſh Vanity of an unjuſt Conqeſt? O Princes! O Kings! you ſee I ſpeak to you without ſeeking any Intereſt of my own: Hearken therefore to one who loves you ſo well, as even to contradict and diſpleaſe you, in

ſetting the Truth before you in a clear Light.

While *Telemachus* ſpake thus with an Air of Authority, which they had never ſeen in any other; all the Princes ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and in ſuſpence, admir'd the Wiſdom of his Counſelſs: There was heard a confus'd Noiſe, which ſpread itſelf throughout the Camp, and came to the very Place where the Aſſembly was held. A Stranger, (ſay they) is come on ſhoar on theſe Coaſts, with a Troop of Armed Men; this unknown Perſon is of a lofty Mien; every thing in him appears Heroick; 'tis eaſie to diſcern that he has been long harraſs'd with Sufferings; and that his great Courage has ſet him above all his Calamities. At firſt the People of the Country who guard the Coaſts, would have repulſed him as an Enemy that was coming to make an Invaſion; but after having drawn his Sword with an Air of Intrepidity, he declar'd that he knew how to defend himſelf if he were attack'd, but that he ask'd nothing but Peace and Hoſpitality. Immediately he preſented an Olive Branch as a Suppliant;

pliant; upon this he was heard; he desir'd to be brought to those that govern in this part of *Hesperia*, and therefore he is conducted hither, to speak to the Assembled Kings.

This Discourse was scarce finish'd, but this Stranger was seen to enter with a Majesty that surpriz'd the whole Assembled. One might easily have been induced to believe he was the God *Mars*, he was so like him when he assembles his bloody Troops upon the *Thracian* Mountains. He address'd himself to them after this manner.

O ye Shepherds of the People, who without doubt are here assembled either for the Defence of your Countries against your Enemies, or to make 'em flourish by your Righteous Laws: Hearken to a Man who has been persecuted by Fortune. (May it please the Gods that you never experience the like Misfortune) I am *Diomedes* King of *Etolia*, who incensed *Venus* at the Siege of *Troy*; the Revenge of this Goddess pursues me throughout the *Universe*. *Neptune* who can refuse nothing to the Divine Daughter of the Sea, has deliver'd

me up to the Rage of the Winds and Waves, which have often daſh'd me againſt the Rocks. The inexorable *Venus* has depriv'd me of all Hope of ever ſeeing again my Kingdom, my Family, and the ſweet Light of that Country, where I firſt ſaw the Day at my Birth; no, I ſhall never more ſee what is moſt dear to me in the World. I now am come after ſo many Ship-wrecks, to ſeek on this unknown Shoar, a little Repoſe, and a ſafe Retreat; if you fear the Gods, and above all, *Jupiter*, who has a reſpect to Strangers, and takes care of 'em; if you have any ſentiment of Compaſſion, do not refuſe me in theſe vaſt Countries, ſome ſpot of Barren Ground, ſome deſart Shades, or craggy Rocks, that I with my Companions, may Found a City there, which may be at leaſt, the Melancholy Image of our loſt Country. We aſk but a little Ground in a uſeleſs Place; we'll live in Peace with you in a ſtrict Alliance; your Enemies ſhall be ours; we'll enter into all your Intereſts; we only deſire the Liberty of living according to our own Laws.

While

While *Diomedes* ſpake thus, *Telemachus*, who kept his Eyes attentively fix'd on him, ſhewed all the different Paſſions in his own Countenance. When *Diomedes* began to ſpeak of his long Misfortunes, he was in Hope it was his Father. As ſoon as he had declar'd himſelf to be *Diomedes*, *Telemachus* his Countetenance languiſh'd like a Flower which the Envious North-wind has juſt wither'd with its cruel Blaſt. The following Words of *Diomedes* complaining of the Anger of a Deity, melted him with the Remembrance of the ſame Diſgraces ſuffer'd by his Father and himſelf; Tears mix'd with both Grief and Joy, ran down his Cheeks, and he inſtantly threw himſelf upon *Diomedes* to embrace him. I am, ſays he, the Son of *Ulyſſes*, whom you once knew, and who was not unuſeful to you, when you took the famous Horſes of *Rheſus*; the Gods have treated him as well as you without Pity: If the Oracles of *Erebus* deceive us not, he is ſtill alive; but alas! he is not alive to me: I have left *Ithaca* to ſeek him; and now I cannot ſee either *Ithaca* or him again: Judge by my Misfortunes

what Compaſſion I have for others. The Advantage that is gain'd by Calamities, is to know how to ſympathize with others in the like Troubles. Tho' I am but a Stranger here, I am able, O great *Diomedes* (for in ſpight of all the Calamities that overwhelm'd my Country during my Infancy, I have not been ſo ill Educated as to be Ignorant of the Glory you have acquir'd in Battle) I am able, O Prince moſt Invincible of all the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*, to procure you ſome Relief. Theſe Princes you ſee here, are Men of Humanity, without which they know there is no true Virtue, nor Courage, nor ſolid Glory. Misfortune adds a new Luſtre to the Glory of great Men; they ſtill want ſomething, while they know not what 'tis to be Unfortunate. Examples of Patience and Firmneſs of Mind, are, till then, wanting in their Lives. Suffering Vertue ſoftens all Hearts that have any vertuous Reliſh; leave to us therefore the care of conſolating you; ſeeing the Gods have brought you to us, we receive you as a Preſent which they make us, and ought to eſteem our ſelves Happy, that we

are in a Capacity to alleviate your Afflictions.

While he ſpake, *Diomedes*, ſtruck with wonder, look'd intently on him, and felt a great Emotion in his Heart; they embrac'd one another, as if they had been united in the ſtricteſt Bonds of Friendſhip. O Worthy Son of the Wiſe *Ulyſſes*, ſaid *Diomedes*, I diſcern in you the Sweetneſs of his Countenance, the Grace of his Diſcourſe, the Force of his Eloquence, the Elevation of his Sentiments, and the Wiſdom of his Thought. In the mean time *Philoctetes* in the like manner Embraces the Son of *Tideus*; they related to one another their ſad Adventures; after which, ſays *Philoctetes* to him, without doubt, you will be glad to ſee the Wiſe *Neſtor*; he has lately loſt *Piſiſtratus*, the laſt of his Children, and now there remains nothing more to him in this Life, but a way of Tears to lead him to his Tomb. Come and try to comfort him; a Friend under the Frowns of Fortune, is more proper than another to allay the Sorrow of his Heart. They immediatly went into *Neſtor's* Tent, who

ſcarce

ſcarce knew *Diomedes*, Sorrow had ſo depreſs'd his Spirit and Senſes. *Diomedes* preſently fell to weeping with him, and their Enterview ſerv'd, at firſt, only to redouble their Sorrow; but by degrees the preſence of this Friend appeas'd the Grief of the good Old Man; and one might eaſily diſcern, that his Sorrow was in ſome meaſure ſuſpended, by the Pleaſure of relating what he had ſuffer'd, and of hearing on the other ſide, what had befallen *Diomedes*.

While they thus entertain'd one another, the Kings aſſembled with *Telemachus*, where examining what they ought to do. *Telemachus* advis'd them to give *Diomedes* the Country of *Arpos*, and to chuſe *Polydamus* for King of the *Daunians*, who was of their own Nation. This *Polydamus* was a famous Captain, whom *Adraſtus* through Jealouſie, was never willing to employ, leſt the Succſs, all the Glory of which he promis'd himſelf alone, ſhould be attributed to the Conduct of this able Man. *Polydamus* had in particular often advertis'd him that he too much expos'd his own Life, and the Safety of his Country

Country in this War againſt ſo many Confederate Nations: He would often have engag'd him to keep a more regular and even Conduct with his Neighbours. But thoſe Men that hate Truth, alſo hate ſuch as have the boldneſs to declare it to 'em; they are not affected either with their Sincerity, or their Zeal, or their Diſintereſſedneſs. A deceitful Proſperity harden'd *Adraſtus*'s Heart againſt his moſt wholeſom Counſels. In not following them he every day triumph'd over his Enemies. Pride, Fraud and Violence ſtill brought Victory on his ſide; none of the Miſfortunes that had been ſo long threatned by *Polydamus*, befel him. *Adraſtus* laugh'd at that timorous Prudence, which is always foreſeeing Inconveniences. *Pylodamus* at length became intolerable to him; he remov'd him from all Places of Truſt, and left him to languiſh in Solitude and Poverty. *Polydamus* was at firſt over-born with this Diſgrace, but it ſoon yielded him what he wanted; in opening his Eyes to ſee the Vanity of great Fortunes, he became Wiſe at his own Coſt; he began

to

to congratulate himſelf on his Misfortunes; he gradually learn'd to Act, and live in good earneſt, calmly to nouriſh his Soul with Truth, to cultivate in himſelf thoſe ſecret Virtues, which are even more eſtimable than thoſe that make the greateſt ſhow and noiſe in the World. In fine, to know how to live without Men, He dwelt at the foot of Mount *Gargan*, in a Deſart, where a vaulted Rock ſerv'd for his Houſe, a Rivulet than ran down from the Mountain appeas'd his Thirſt, ſome Trees that grew there, yielding him their Fruits; he had ſome Slaves that cultivated a little Field for him, in which he wrought with them with his own Hands; the Ground recompens'd his Labour with large Increaſe, not ſuffering him to want any thing; he had not only Fruit and Grain in abundance, but all ſorts of fragrant Flowers beſides. There he deplor'd the Unhappineſs of thoſe People that are led to Deſtruction by the mad Ambition of a tyrannical Prince. There he every day expected that the juſt Gods, tho' patient for a time, would over-turn the Throne of *Adraſtus*; the more his Proſperity

perity encreas'd, the more irrecoverable he thought his Fall would prove. For Imprudence, when proſperous in its failings, and Power, when riſen to the laſt exceſs of abſolute Authority, are the fore-runners of the overthrow of Kingdoms, and their Kings. When he heard of the Defeat and Death of *Adraſtus*, he manifeſted nothing of Joy; either for having fore-ſeen it, or for being deliver'd from the Power of this Tyrant; he ſigh'd only for fear of ſeeing the *Daunians* in a State of ſlavery. This is the Man *Telemachus* propos'd for their King. He had for ſome time known his Courage and Valour. For *Telemachus*, according to the Advice of *Mentor*, did not ceaſe to inform himſelf of all the good and evil Qualities of any Perſon that was in any conſiderable Employ, not only among the Confederate Nations, whom he ſerv'd in this War, but even among his Enemies. His principal care was every where to diſcover and examine Men, who had any particular Talent or Virtue.

The Confederate Princes at firſt had ſome reluctancy againſt placing *Polydamus*

mas in the Throne. We have had experience, said they, how formidable a King of the *Daunians* is to his Neighbours, when he loves War, and knows how to manage it. *Polydamus* is a great Captain, and may cast us into very great Dangers: But *Telemachus* reply'd, 'Tis true, *Polydamus* understands War, but he loves Peace; and these are the two things that ought to be desir'd in a Prince. A Man who knows the Miseries, Hazards, and Difficulties of War, is much more capable of avoiding it than another, who has no manner of Experience in these Things. *Polydamus* has learn'd to relish the Happiness of a quiet Life. He condemn'd the Enterprizes of *Adrastus*; he foresaw their fatal Consequences; a weak and ignorant Prince is more to be fear'd by you, than a Man who is able to understand and determine every thing himself. A weak and ignorant Prince can see nothing but by the Eyes of a passionate Favourite, or a flattering Minister, who is Turbulent and Ambitious; so that a Prince thus blinded, will engage himself in War, when he has no mind to it; and

you

you can never know when you are ſure of him, becauſe he cannot be ſure of himſelf; he'll falſifie his Word to you, and ſoon reduce you to that extremity, that you'll be under a Neceſſity, either of ruining him, or of being ruined by him. Is it not more advantageous, ſafer, and at the ſame time more juſt and noble, faithfully to anſwer the Confidence the *Daunians* put in you, and to give 'em a King worthy to command 'em? The whole Aſſembly was convinc'd by this Speech; and it was order'd that *Polydamus* ſhould be propos'd to the *Daunians*, who expected an Anſwer with impatience. When they heard the name of *Polydamus*, they anſwer'd, We are now well aſſur'd that the Confederate Princes will act ſincerely, and make an everlaſting Peace with us; ſeeing they are willing to grant a Man ſo Virtuous, and ſo capable of Governing us, to be our King. If a lewd, effeminate, and ill inſtructed Perſon had been propos'd to us, we ſhould have believ'd an occaſion was thereby ſought to deſtroy us, and to corrupt the Form of our Government; we ſhould have ſecretly

cretly laid up in our Breasts a lively Resentment of so severe and fraudulent a piece of Conduct; but the choice of *Polydamus* discovers to us true Candor; The Confederates, without doubt, expected nothing of us, but what is just and noble; seeing they allow us a King, who is incapable of doing any thing against the Liberty and Glory of our Nation. And we in like manner can protest in the Presence of the just Gods, That the Rivers should sooner re-ascend to their Sources, than we will cease to love such beneficial Nations. May our latest Posterity remember the Favour we receive this Day of renewing from Generation to Generation, the Peace of the Golden Age, in all the Borders of *Hesperia*.

Telemachus, after this, propos'd to give *Diomedes* the Fields of *Arpos*, to found a Colony there. This new People, says he to them, will owe their Settlement to you in a Country which you don't occupy. Remember that all Men owe one another Love; that the Earth is too large for 'em all; that you must have Neighbours, and 'tis best to have such

ſuch as are oblidg'd to you for their Eſtabliſhment. Be mov'd with the Misfortune of a King, who cannot return into his own Country. *Polydamus* and he being united together by the bands of Juſtice and Vertue, which are the only durable ones, will preſerve you in profound Peace, and render you formidable to all the Neighbouring Nations, that may think of aggrandizing themſelves. You ſee, O *Daunians*, that we have given you and your Nation a King capable of advancing its Glory to the Skies: Do you alſo give a Piece of Ground that is uſeleſs to you, ſeeing we ask it at youre hands, to a Prince who is worthy of all kind of Relief.

The *Daunians* reply'd, that they could refuſe nothing to *Telemachus*, ſince it was he that procur'd *Polydamus* to be their King: And they immediately went to ſeek for him in his ſolitary Dwelling, to make him Reign over them. Before they went, they gave the fertile Plains of *Arpos* to *Diomedes*, for him to found a new Kingdom there. The Allies were extremely pleas'd with it, becauſe this Colony of *Greeks* would con-

conſiderably fortifie the Confederate Party, if ever the *Daunians* ſhould endeavour to renew the Uſurpations, of which *Adraſtus* gave 'em ſo ill an Example.

Telemachus, with Teares in his Eyes, together with his Troop, took his leave of 'em, after he had tenderly embrac'd the valiant *Diomedes*, the wiſe and inconſolable *Neſtor*, and the famous *Philoctetes*, the worthy Poſſeſſor of the Arrows of *Hercules*. The brave Son of *Ulyſſes*, long'd with impatience to ſee *Mentor* again at *Salentum*, and to embark with him for *Ithaca*, where he hop'd his Father might by this time be arriv'd. When he approach'd *Salentum*, he was amaz'd to ſee the Country round, which he had left almoſt quite uncultivated and deſert, manur'd like a fine Garden, and fill'd with induſtrious Labourers; he knew this muſt be the work of *Mentor*. When he enter'd the City, he obſerv'd there were fewer Artificers for Luxury and the Pleaſures of Life; and to make a great appearance of Magnificence. *Telemachus* was ſhock'd at this, for he naturally lov'd all Things that carry'd

carry'd Pomp and Politeneſs with them. But his Mind was ſoon poſſeſs'd with other Thoughts. He ſaw at a diſtance *Idomeneus* coming toward him with *Mentor*; this inſtantly mov'd his Heart with Joy and Tenderneſs. And notwithſtanding all the Succeſs he had in the War againſt *Adraſtus*, he was afraid leſt *Mentor* ſhould not be well pleas'd with him; and as he advanc'd, he examin'd his Eyes to ſee if he could read nothing in 'em that might occaſion him to reproach himſelf. Firſt, *Idomeneus* embrac'd *Telemachus* as his own Son; after which *Telemachus* threw himſelf about *Mentor*'s Neck, and wetted him with his Tears. Says *Mentor* to him, I am well pleas'd with you; you have committed great Faults, but they have ſerv'd to make you know your ſelf, and to give you a diffidence in your own Performances. Men often derive more Advantage from their Defects than from their great Actions; for they ſwell the Mind, and inſpire it with a dangerous preſumption; whereas a Man's Faults make him recollect himſelf, and reſtore him that Prudence which he had loſt in the time

of

of his good Succeſſors. That which remains for you to do, is to Praiſe the Gods, and not to deſire the Praiſes of Men your ſelf; you have done great Things, but confeſs the Truth, 'tis ſcarce your ſelf that have done 'em: Did they not enter like ſomething Adventitious that was infus'd into you? And were you not capable of ſpoiling all by your too great Timerity and Imprudence? Do you not find that *Minerva* has, as it were, transform'd you into another Man above your ſelf, to perform by you that which you have done? She has held all your defects in ſuſpence, as *Neptune* does when he appeaſes the Tempeſts and ſuſpends the irritated Waves,

While *Idomeneus* was ſpeaking to the *Cretans*, who were return'd from the War, *Telemachus* liſten'd to the wiſe Counſels of *Mentor*. After which he look'd on every ſide with Aſtoniſhment, and ſaid, what a Change do I ſee, the reaſon of which I cannot comprehend? Is ſome Calamity befallen *Salentum* during my abſence? Whence is it that that Magnificence that reign'd in every

part

part of it at my departure, is not discernable at present? I see here neither Gold nor Silver, nor precious Stones. The Habit of the People is plain; and the Buildings that are Erecting are not so magnificent and full of *Ornaments*; the Arts languish here, and the City is become a Desart.

Says *Mentor*, smiling upon him, Have you observ'd the Condition of the Country round about this City? Yes, reply'd *Telemachus*, I see Husbandry is in Repute every where, and the Fields are clear'd and manur'd. Which is best added *Mentor*, a City Proud and Magnificent, with abundance of Gold and Silver, with the Country round it neglected and barren; or a City mean in its Ornaments, and modest in its Manners, with Fields about it cultivated and fruitful? A great City of Artificers employ'd in soft Arts which corrupt the Manners of Men, by engaging them in a Luxurious Course of Life; when 'tis surrounded with a Kingdom that is poor and ill cultivated, is like a Monster whose Head is of an extravagant Size, and whose whole Body is extremely thin and depriv'd

depriv'd of Nouriſhment; ſo that it bears no Proportion to that Head. 'Tis the number of People and Plenty of Proviſions, in which the true Strength and true Riches of a Kingdom conſiſt. *Idomeneus* has now a People innumerable and indefatigable in Labour, who fill the whole Extent of his Country. His whole Country is as it were but one entire City. *Salentum* is only the Center of it; the more the People multiply, the more are the Fruits of the Earth multiplied by their Labour; this ſo ſweet and peaceable Multiplication augments his Kingdom more than a Conqueſt. Only thoſe ſuperfluous Arts are rejected in this City, which divert the Poor from ſeeking the ſupply of their real Wants from the Earth; and corrupt the Rich by caſting 'em into a ſtate of Pride and Softneſs. Thus *Idomeneus* is much more powerful than he was when you ſo much admir'd his Magnificence. That dazling Splendor hid under it a Weakneſs and Miſery, which would ſoon have overturn'd his Empire; now he has a greater number of Men, he provides for 'em more eaſily; theſe Men who

who are accuſtom'd to Labour and Toil, and to a generous contempt of Life, by the Love they bear to good Laws, are always ready to Fight to defend thoſe Lands which their own Hands have Cultivated. This State, which you ſuppoſe under a declenſion, will ſoon become the Wonder of *Heſperia*. Remember, O *Telemachus*, that two Things are very pernicious in the Government of Nations, and ſcarce ever admit a Remedy. The firſt is an unjuſt and too violent Authority in Kings; the other is Luxury, which corrupts the Manners of the People. When Kings accuſtom themſelves to know no other Laws but their own Will, and to put no reſtraint on their Paſſions, they may do any thing; but by this Power of doing any thing, they weaken the Foundation of their Authority; they have no certain Rule remaining, nor any Maxims of Government. Every one ſtrives to exceed others in flattering them. Thus they loſe their People, and have nothing left 'em but Slaves. Who ſhall tell 'em that bold Truth that may ſet Bounds to this Torrent? Every thing gives way to it. The

wiſeſt Men fly, hide themſelves, and ſigh in ſecret. Nothing leſs than a ſudden and violent Revolution can bring back this exorbitant Power into its natural Channel. Nay, oftentimes the Blow that is deſign'd to regulate it, overthrows it Irrecoverably. Nothing ſo much menaces a fatal Fall as an Authority which is puſh'd too far; 'tis like a Bow too much bent, which at laſt breaks all to pieces, if it be not ſlacken'd. But who ſhall dare to ſlacken this overſtrain'd Power? *Idomeneus* lov'd Juſtice with all his Heart; yet by this ſo flattering Authority, he had been overturn'd from his Throne; and would ſtill have remain'd under the Power of the ſame Deluſion, had not the Gods ſent me here to undeceive him about this blind and extravagant Power, which does not agree with the State of Men. Nay, there were ſome kinds of Miracles neceſſary to open his Eyes. The other almoſt incurable Miſchief is Luxury. As too great an Authority poyſons Kings, Luxury poyſons a whole Nation. 'Tis commonly ſaid that Luxury ſerves to feed the Poor at the charge of the Rich; as

if

if the Poor could not get their Living more profitably in increaſing the Fruits of the Earth, without rendering the Rich effeminate, by refining voluptuous Arts. Thus a whole Nation accuſtoms it ſelf to look upon the moſt ſuperfluous Things as the Neceſſities of Life; and new Neceſſities of this kind are invented every Day. Men can't tell how to Live without Things that were quite unknown thirty Years ago; This Luxury they call the *Bon gout*, the perfection of Arts. This Politeneſs of a Nation, this Vice which draws ſo many others after it, is commended as a Virtue, and ſpreads its Contagion down to the very Mob. They of the Royal Blood are willing to imitate the King's Magnificence, the Men of Quality would equal thoſe of the Blood, and the middle ſort would fain equal thoſe of great Quality; for who is it that is willing to do himſelf Juſtice? The loweſt Rank of Men deſire to paſs for the middle Sort; and every one does more than he is able, ſome for Oſtentation, and to make a ſhow of their Wealth; others from a fooliſh Shame, and to con-

ceal their Poverty: Even thoſe who are wiſe enough to condemn ſo great a diſorder, are not ſo wiſe as to dare to begin to ſtem the Tide, and to give contrary Examples. A whole Nation runs to ruin, all conditions and ranks of Men are confounded; the paſſionate Deſire of acquiring Riches to ſupport a vain Expence, corrupts the pureſt Minds; And nothing is ſought for but how to become Rich. To obtain this End, Men Borrow, Cheat, and uſe a thouſand unworthy Artifices: But who ſhall remedy theſe Miſchiefs? The Reliſh and Habits of a whole Nation, muſt be chang'd, new Laws muſt be given 'em; and who ſhall attempt this? Unleſs the King be ſo much of a Philoſopher as to know how, by the pattern of his own Moderation, to cover all ſuch with Shame who love a pompous Expence; and to encourage the Prudent, who are glad to be Authoriz'd in an Honourable way of Frugality.

Telemachus hearing this Diſcourſe, was like a Man juſt waking from a profound Sleep. He conceiv'd the Truth of theſe Things, and they were deeply im-

impreſs'd on his Heart, by *Mentor*'s Words, as a skilful Statuary cuts what Lineaments he pleaſes on a piece of Marble, ſo that they gave him Affection, Life and Motion. He anſwer'd nothing, but revolv'd in his Mind all that he had been hearing. His Eyes ran over the Things that had been alter'd in the City; in fine, he ſaid to *Mentor*, you have made *Idomeneus* the wiſeſt of all Kings; I now neither know him nor his People. Nay, I confeſs that what you have done here is infinitely greater than all the Victories we have been Winning. Chance and Strength have a great ſhare in the Succeſſes of War; and theſe Succeſſes are always Miſchievous and Odious. But what I ſee here is all of it the Work of a celeſtial Wiſdom; all is ſweet, all is pure, all is lovely, all diſcovers an Authority more than Humane. When Men have a Mind to Glory, why do they not ſeek it, in thus applying their Minds to do Good? How little do they underſtand what ſolid Glory means who hope to acquire it in ravaging the Earth, and ſhedding humane Blood? *Mentor* diſplay'd a ſenſible Joy in his Face

to find *Telemachus* ſo happily undeceived about his Attchievements and Victories, at an Age in which it was ſo natural for him to be intoxicated with the Glory that ſurrounded him.

After this *Mentor* added, 'Tis true, all you ſee here is good and laudable; but know that 'tis poſſible to do yet better things than theſe: *Idomeneus* governs his Paſſions, and applies himſelf to regulate his People, yet he does not fail to commit a great many Faults ſtill, which are the unhappy Conſequences of his Ancient Miſtakes When Men have a Mind to forſake an Evil, this Evil ſeems ſtill to purſue 'em for a long Time; Evil Habits, a weak Temper, inveterate Errors, and almoſt incurable Prejudices ſtill attend 'em. Happy are they who have never thus wander'd, they may be able to do good, after a more perfect manner. O *Telemachus*, the Gods will require more of you than of *Idomeneus*; becauſe you have been acquainted with the Truth from your Youth, and have never been deliver'd up to the Seductions of too great Proſperity.

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Idomeneus, continu'd *Mentor*, is Wiſe and Sagacious, but he applies himſelf too much to the *Detail*, and does not enough meditate on the Body of his Affairs. That Capacity of Governing, which is more than Humane, does not conſiſt in doing all one's ſelf. 'Tis a groſs piece of Vanity, to hope by this means to obtain one's end, or to endeavour to perſuade the World, one is capable of it. A King ought to Govern in chuſing and conducting thoſe who Govern under him; he is not to deſcend into every particular Matter; this is to diſcharge the Function of thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to labour under him. He ought only to take of 'em an Account of theſe things; and to know enough of 'em, to be able to enter inte the Account with Judgment. There is a wonderful Art in Governing by chuſing, and applying thoſe that are under one's Government, according to their ſeveral Talents; by Judging of 'em, Correcting 'em, Moderating 'em, and Inſpiring 'em with good Conduct. For a Prince to go about to Examine every thing himſelf, is to ſhew Diſtruſt, littleneſs of Mind, and a Jea-

louſie about mean and minute Matters, which conſumes that Time and Liberty of Mind which is neceſſary for great Things. To form great Deſigns, there is need of a free and ſedate Mind; ſo as to be able to think at one's Eaſe in an entire diſengagement from all Diſpatches of perplexing Affairs. A Mind exhauſted by the Detail of Things, is like the Lees of Wine, which is void both of Strength, and Pleaſantneſs. They who govern by the detail, are always determined by the preſent, without extending their Views to a diſtant Futurity; they are always taken up with the Affair of the preſent Day, and that Affair alone poſſeſſing them, they are too much impreſs'd by it; for there is no paſſing a ſound Judgment on Things without comparing 'em all together, and placing 'em in a certain Order, that their Connexion and Proportion may be ſeen. To omit to follow this Rule in Government, is to be like a Muſician who ſhould content himſelf in finding harmonious Sounds, and never give himſelf the Trouble to Unite and Connect 'em together, to compoſe ſweet and raviſh-

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ing Muſick. Or like an Architect that thinks his Buſineſs done, provided he heap great Pillars, and abundance of hewn Stones together, without thinking of the Order and Proportion of the Ornaments of his Building: At a time when a Parlour is to be made, he thinks not of making a ſuitable Stair-caſe, when he works on the Body of the Building, he thinks neither of the Court nor the Portal: His Work is nothing but a confus'd Collection of Magnificent Parts, which are not made one for the other; ſuch a Work as this is ſo far from doing him Honour, that it will prove a Monument to eternize his Shame; for it ſhews, That this Workman had not a ſufficient Compaſs of Thought, to conceive at once, the general Deſign of his whole Work; which is the Character of a ſhort-ſighted and ſubaltern Mind. When a Man is Born with a Genius limited to Particulars, he is only proper to execute Affairs under another. Make no doubt of it, O my dear *Telemachus*, the Government of a Kingdom requires a certain Harmony like that of Muſick, and Juſt Proportions, as well as Archi

tecture. If you pleaſe, I will again make uſe of the Compariſon of theſe Arts, and make you underſtand how mean thoſe Perſons are who govern by the *detail*. He who in a Conſort, ſings only ſome certain Parts, tho' he ſings 'em perfectly well, is no more than a Singer; he only who conducts the whole Conſort, and at once regulates all the Parts of it, is the Maſter of Muſick. In like manner he that Carves Pillars, or raiſes one ſide of a Building, is but a Carver or Maſon; but he only who contrives this whole Edifice, and has all its proportions in his Head is the Architect; ſo thoſe who are labouring and making Diſpatches, and do the moſt Buſineſs, are ſuch as Govern the leaſt; theſe are but the ſubaltern Work-men. The true Genius that conducts a State, is he who while he does nothing himſelf, cauſes every thing to be done; who Thinks, who Deſigns, who ſees what is future, who reflects on what is paſt, who diſpoſes and proportions Things, who makes early Preparations, who inceſſantly makes head againſt, and grapples with the Obſtructions which Fortune throws

throws in his Way; as a Swimmer ſtems a ſwift Torrent of Water. Who gives attention Night and Day, that he may leave nothing to the diſpoſal of Chance. Do you think *Telemachus*, that a great Painter aſſiduouſly labours from Morning to Night, the more ſpeedily to expedite his Work? No, this Slavery and Subjection would extinguiſh the flame of his Fancy; he would no longer work from a regular Genius; all muſt be done with a kind of Irregularity, and by Sallies, according as his Guſt conducts him, and his Mind excites him. Do you believe that he ſpends his Time in pounding of Colours, and preparing Pencils? No, this is the Buſineſs of his Servants, and he reſerves to himſelf the Buſineſs of Thought and Contrivance; he ponders on nothing but how to make bold Strokes, that may give Sweetneſs, a noble Air, Life, and Paſſion to his Figures. He has in his Head the Thoughts and Sentiments of thoſe Hero's he is about to repreſent. He is tranſported into the Ages wherein they lived, and puts himſelf into all the Circumſtances

that

that have attended 'em. To this kind of Enthuſiaſm, he muſt join a ſort of Wiſdom that muſt reſtrain him; that all may be True, Correct, and one thing proportionable to another. Do you think, *Telemachus*, that leſs Elevation of Mind, and Effort of Thought is neceſſary to make a great Prince, than to make a good Painter? Conclude then, that the buſineſs of a King is to think, and to make choice of others to labour.

Telemachus reply'd; methinks I comprehend all you have been ſaying to me; but if Things were thus manag'd, a King would be often deceiv'd for not entring himſelf into the particularities of Things, No, 'tis you that are deceiv'd, reply'd *Mentor*. That which hinders a Prince from being impos'd on, is the General Knowledge of Government. Thoſe that have not Principles to guide 'em in Affairs, and have not a true diſcerning of the Minds of Men, go always as it were, groping in the Dark; and 'tis owing to Chance, if they are not miſtaken. They don't ſo much as know preciſely what it is they

are ſeeking for, nor which way they ought to ſteer: They only know how to be diffident; and they ſooner diſtruſt thoſe that are ſo Honeſt as to contradict 'em, than Deceivers that flatter 'em. On the contrary they that have Principles of Government, and are well skill'd in Men, know what they ought to aim at, and the Means to attain it; they know at leaſt in groſs, whether the Perſons they make Uſe of, are proper Inſtruments for their Deſigns; and whethey conceive their Intentions ſo far as to be able to tend to the end they propoſe. Beſides, ſeeing they do not caſt themſelves into perplexing *Details*, they have their Minds more free to diſcover the Body of the Work at one View, and to obſerve whether it advances towards its principal End; and if they make any Miſtakes, at leaſt they can ſcarce ever happen to be eſſential ones. Again they are above thoſe little Jealouſies, that are Signs of a narrow Spirit, and mean Soul; they very well underſtand, that there is no avoiding being deceiv'd in great Affairs; becauſe 'tis neceſſary to employ Men in 'em, who ſo often prove deceitful.

deceitful. But more may be loſt by that Irreſolution, into which Diffidence caſts a Man, than would be loſt by ſuffering one's ſelf to be in ſome degree deceiv'd. He is very Happy, who is deceiv'd only in Things of a mean Conſideration; great ones will not fail to come to an Iſſue, notwithſtanding that. And 'tis this only the Mind of a great Man ſhould be concern'd about. He ought ſeverely to puniſh Deceit, when 'tis diſcover'd; but 'tis neceſſary to reckon upon meeting with ſome Deceit, if a Man would not really be deceiv'd.

In fine, ſays *Mentor* to *Telemachus*, the Gods love you, and prepare you a Reign, which ſhall abound with Wiſdom. All that you ſee here is not ſo much done for the Glory of *Idomeneus* as for your Inſtruction; all theſe wiſe Eſtabliſhments, that you admire in *Salentum*, are but the Shadow of what you ſhall one Day make in *Ithaca*, if your Virtues anſwer the height of your Deſtiny. 'Tis time for us to think of going hence; *Idomeneus* keeps a Veſſel ready for our Return. Thus *Mentor*, who regulated the Moments of *Telemachus* his

his Life; to raiſe him to the higheſt pitch of Glory, ſtay'd him only ſo long in each Place, as was neceſſary to Exerciſe his Virtue, and furniſh him with Experience.

Upon this, *Telemachus* open'd his Heart to his Friend, tho' with ſome difficulty concerning an Inclination he had, which made him regret *Salentum*. You will blame me, ſaid he, for too eaſily giving way to ſome engaging Impreſſion or other, in the Places through which I paſs; but my Heart would make me continual Reproaches, if I ſhould conceal from you that I love *Antiope* the Daughter of *Idomeneus*. No, my dear *Mentor*, 'tis not blind Paſſion, like that of which you cur'd me in the Iſland of *Calypſo*; I know very well the depth of the Wound, Love made in my Soul, in the company of *Eucharis*; I cannot yet pronounce her Name, without a ſenſible trouble; Time and Abſence have not been able to efface it from my Heart. This, fatal Experience has taught me to diſtruſt my ſelf. But as for *Antiope*, what I feel on her account, has nothing like it; tis not a paſſionate Love; 'tis Judgment,

ment, 'tis Eſteem, 'tis a Perſuaſion that I ſhould be Happy in ſpending my Life with her. If ever the Gods reſtore my Father to me, and permit me to chuſe a Wife, *Antiope* ſhall be the Perſon; that in her which moves me, is her Silence, her Modeſty, her Reſervedneſs, her Labour in working of Wool, and Embroidery, her Application in the whole Management of her Father's Houſe, ſince the Death of her Mother, her Contempt of vain and gaudy Trimming, that Forgetfulneſs, if not Ignorance of her own Beauty that appears in her. When *Idomeneus* commands her to lead the Dances of the young Ladies of *Crete*, at the ſound of Flutes, one would take her for a ſmiling *Venus*, ſhe is attended with ſo many Graces. When he carries her a Hunting with him into the Foreſt, ſhe appears Majeſtick and Dextrous at drawing the Bow, like *Diana* in the midſt of her Nymphs; only her ſelf does not know it, while all the World admires her. When ſhe enters into the Temples of the Gods, and carries the ſacred Offerings on her Head in Baskets, one would think ſhe were the

Deity

Deity that inhabits thoſe Temples. With what Fear, and with what Devotion have we ſeen her offer Sacrifices; and avert the Anger of the Gods, when ſome Fault was to be expiated, or ſome unhappy Preſage prevented? In fine, when one ſees her with a Company of her Women, holding a golden Needle in her Hand; one would think *Minerva* her ſelf were come upon Earth in a Human Form, to inſpire Mankind with curious Arts: She excites others to work; ſhe renders tedious Labour pleaſant to 'em by the ſweetneſs of her Voice; when ſhe ſings all the marvelous Hiſtories of the Gods: She ſurpaſſes the moſt exquiſite Painting by the delicacy of her Embroideries. Happy will that Man be whom chearful *Hymen* ſhall unite with her! He'll have nothing to fear, unleſs it be to loſe her, and ſurvive her. My dear *Mentor*, I here take the Gods to witneſs, that I am ready to be gone: I ſhall love *Antiope* as long as I live, but ſhe ſhall not retard my return to *Ithaca* one Moment. If another ſhould enjoy her, I ſhould paſs the reſt of my Days in Sorrow and Bitterneſs. But in fine, I am reſolv'd

reſolv'd to leave her, tho' I know Abſence may make me loſe her. I am unwilling to declare my Love, either to her or to her Father; becauſe I think I ought to mention it to none but you, till *Ulyſſes* re-aſcend his Throne, and give me his Conſent. You may know by all this, my dear *Mentor*, how different this Inclination of mine is from that Paſſion with which you ſaw me blinded for *Eucharis*.

O *Telemachus*, reply'd *Mentor*, I grant there is a difference. *Antiope* is mild, ſincere and wiſe; her Hands diſdain not to labour; ſhe foreſees Things at a great diſtance; ſhe makes Proviſion for every Thing; ſhe knows how to be ſilent, and acts regularly without Precipitation; ſhe is continually employ'd, but never embarraſs'd, becauſe ſhe does every thing to good purpoſe. The good Order of her Father's Houſe is her Glory, and is a greater Ornament to her than her Beauty it ſelf, tho' the Care and Burden of all lies upon her; ſo that ſhe reproves, refuſes, and ſpares as ſhe pleaſes; (things which make almoſt all other Women hated) ſhe has render'd her ſelf amiable to the whole Houſe; 'tis becauſe

becauſe they find in her, neither Paſſion, nor Caprice, nor Levity, nor Humour, as in other Women: She knows how to make her ſelf underſtood only with a glance of her Eye, and every one is afraid to diſpleaſe her. The Orders ſhe gives are expreſs'd, and ſhe commands nothing but what may be perform'd; ſhe reproves with kindneſs, and even encourages to do well in the time of her Reproof. The Heart of her Father reſts upon her; as a Traveller upon whoſe Head the Rays of the Sun have long beaten with violence, takes ſweet Repoſe upon the tender Graſs. You are in the right, *Telemachus*. *Antiope* is a Treaſure worthy to be ſought for in the remoteſt Countries; her Mind is never deck'd with vain Ornaments any more than her Body; her Fancy, tho' full of Vivacity, is reſtrain'd by her Diſcretion; ſhe never ſpeaks but when 'tis neceſſary, and when ſhe opens her Mouth, ſoft Language, and the Graces, in their native Simplicity, flow from her Lips. When ſhe ſpeaks, every body elſe is ſilent; ſhe her ſelf bluſhes, and could find in her Heart to ſuppreſs what

ſhe

ſhe was about to ſay, when ſhe perceives with what attention ſhe is heard. For our parts, we have ſcarce heard her ſpeak. You may remember, *Telemachus*, when her Father one day made her come in, how ſhe appear'd with her Eyes toward the ground, cover'd with a large Veil; and only ſpoke to moderate the Anger of *Idomeneus*, when he was about to inflict a rigorous Puniſhment on one of his Slaves. At firſt ſhe took part with him in his Trouble; then ſhe call'd him; at laſt ſhe made him underſtand what might be alledg'd in excuſe of the poor Wretch; and without letting the King know he was too much traſported with Paſſion, ſhe inſpir'd him with Sentiments of Juſtice and Compaſſion. *Thetis* when ſhe Careſſes old *Nereus*, does not appeaſe the Floods with more ſweetneſs. Thus *Antiope* without aſſuming any Authority, and without making a ſhow of her Charms, will one Day manage the Heart of her Husband; as ſhe now touches her Lyre, when ſhe would draw from it the ſofteſt harmonious Sounds. Once again, I tell you, *Telemachus*,

lemachus, your Love to her is reaſonable and juſt, the Gods deſign her for you. You love her with a rational affection; but you muſt wait till *Ulyſſes* grant her to you. I commend you for not having diſcover'd your Sentiments to her; and know that if you had by the by taken occaſion to let her know your Deſigns, ſhe would have rejected 'em, and ceas'd to have a value for you. She will never promiſe her ſelf to any one, but will leave her ſelf to the Diſpoſal of her Father; ſhe will never be Married to any who does not fear the Gods, and who does not demean himſelf according to all the ſtricteſt Rules of Decency. Have you not obſerv'd as well as I, that ſhe glances her Eyes leſs, and inclines 'em toward the Ground more ſince our return? She knows all the ſucceſſes that have attended you in War; ſhe is not ignorant of your Birth, or of your Adventures, or of all that the Gods have confer'd on you; and 'tis this that renders her ſo modeſt and reſerv'd. Come, let us go, *Telemachus*, let us go toward *Ithaca*; there now remains nothing more for me to do for you

you, but to bring you to your Father; and to put you into a Condition to obtain a Bride worthy of the Golden Age: If ſhe were a Shepherdeſs in the cold *Algius*, as ſhe is the Daughter of a King of *Salentum*, you would be a very happy Man in the Enjoyment of her.

Theſe Words inflam'd the Heart of *Telemachus*, with an impatient deſire of returning into *Ithaca*. The Veſſel was ready, *Mentor* had taken care to cauſe it to be prepar'd for him preſently after his Arrival. But *Idomeneus*, who could not without a great deal of reluctancy ſee him prepare for his Voyage, fell into a mortal Sorrow, and a deplorable Melancholy, when he ſaw theſe two Gueſts, who had been ſo uſeful to him, about to forſake him. He ſhut himſelf up in the moſt ſecret Apartments of his Houſe; where he gave vent to his Grief in ſighing and pouring out Flouds of Tears; he forgot to Eat, and Sleep could no longer charm his piercing Sorrows; he conſum'd and pin'd away in this uneaſie Condition, like a great Tree, whoſe Boughs are large and thick, when

when a Worm begins to gnaw the Stock of it in thoſe fine Channels, which convey the Sap to nouriſh all the Parts of it: This Tree which the Winds could never unſettle, and which the fruitful Earth was pleas'd to nouriſh in her Boſom; which was never wounded by the Country-man's Ax, cannot chuſe but languiſh, while the cauſe of its decay remains undiſcover'd; 'tis wither'd and ſtript of its Leaves that were its Glory and Ornament; it has nothing now to ſhew but its Trunk cover'd with a Bark full of Chaps and Flaws, together with dry and ſapleſs Branches. Thus was it with *Idomeneus* in his Sorrow. *Telemachus* was melted, but durſt not ſpeak to him; he fear'd the Day of his Departure; he ſought pretexts to retard it, and would have continued for a conſiderable time in this uncertainty, had not *Mentor* ſpoken to him after this manner: I am glad, ſays he, to ſee you ſo much alter'd; you were naturally rigid and haughty, not ſuffering your ſelf to be mov'd by any thing but your own Intereſt and Advantage; but you are at length become humane; and the experience

ence of your own Misfortunes makes you begin to Sympathize with others under like Circumſtances. Without this Compaſſion a Man has neither Virtue nor Goodneſs, nor Capacity to govern Men; but you muſt not puſh it too far, ſo as to fall into a weak ſort of Friendſhip. I would willingly ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, to engage him to conſent to your Departure; and would ſpare you the Trouble of ſo perplexing a Diſcourſe; but I would not have an unbecoming Shame and Rudeneſs bear the ſway in your Mind; you ought to uſe your ſelf to mix Courage and firmneſs of Mind with a tender and ſenſible Friendſhip; you ought to be afraid of afflicting Men without neceſſity; you ſhould ſhare with 'em in their Troubles when we can't avoid making 'em uneaſy; and moderate that Blow the moſt you can, which 'tis impoſſible for you entirely to ſpare. 'Tis to give ſuch an Allevation to the Grief of *Idomeneus*, anſwer'd *Telemachus*, that I ſhould chooſe to have him know the time of our departure from your Mouth, rather than from mine. To which *Mentor* immediately return'd.

return'd. You are under a miſtake, my dear *Telemachus*. You are like the Children of Kings who are tenderly brought up in Purple; they would have every thing done after their own Faſhion, and would have Nature intirely yield Obedience to their Humors, and yet have not Courage enough to oppoſe any one to his Face. 'Tis not that they care ſo much for Mankind; nor that they have ſo much Goodneſs as to be afraid of afflicting them; but all they do is for their one conveniency. They are not willing to ſee ſad and diſcontented Countenances round about 'em: The Troubles and Miſeries of Men do not affect 'em, provided they are not before their Eyes, or ſounding in their Ears; for Diſcourſes on ſuch Subjects give 'em Trouble and Uneaſineſs. To pleaſe 'em they muſt always be told that every thing goes well; and while they are ſurrounded with Pleaſures, they are not willing to ſee or hear any thing that may interrupt their Mirth: If there be occaſion to reprove, or correct any one, to oppoſe the Pretenſions and Paſſions of a troubleſome Man, they will rather

give Commiſſion to another to do it, than ſpeak themſelves with a ſedate ſteadineſs of Mind. On ſuch Occaſions they would be ready to ſuffer the moſt unjuſt Favours to be extorted from 'em, and would ſpoil the moſt important Affairs, for want of knowing how to determine againſt the Sentiments of thoſe with whom they have to do every Day. This Weakneſs which is found in 'em, puts every one upon thinking only how to make an improvement of it. They preſs and importune 'em; they weary 'em out, and ſucceed in ſo doing. Again, they flatter and extol 'em to the Stars, to inſinuate themſelves the better; but when they are become their Confidents, and are plac'd near 'em in Employs of ſome conſiderable Authority, they lead 'em a great way, they impoſe the Yoke on 'em, under which they Groan, and which they would often ſhake off, but are forc'd to bear as long as they live. They are ſo jealous of their Authority, that they can't endure to be thought to be govern'd by others; but in reality are always under management, and in-

deed

deed they know not how be without it, For they are like thoſe feeble Vines, which are not able to ſupport themſelves, and therefore always twiſt themſelves about the Trunk of ſome great Tree. I cannot ſuffer you, O *Telemachus*, to fall into this Fault which renders a Man ſo weak for Government. You who are ſo tender as not to dare to ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, will be no longer touch'd with his Sorrows, when you are once got out of *Salentum*. 'Tis not ſo much his Trouble that ſoftens you, as 'tis his Preſence that embarraſſes you: Go ſpeak to *Idomeneus*, and learn on this occaſion to be reſolv'd and tender at the ſame time. Let him know the Trouble you feel in parting from him; but let him know at the ſame time by the deciſive tone of your Voice, the neceſſity of your departure.

Telemachus durſt neither any longer oppoſe *Mentor*, nor go to *Idomeneus*; he was aſham'd of his Fear, and yet had not the Courage to ſurmount it; he heſitated, and made a ſtep or two, and then return'd immediatly to alledge to *Mentor* ſome new reaſon of delay.

But *Mentor*'s Look alone depriv'd him of Speech, and made all his fair Pretences diſappear. And is this, ſays *Mentor* ſmiling, the great Conqueror of the *Daunians*? The Deliverer of the great *Heſperia*? The Son of the wiſe *Ulyſſes*, who is to be the Oracle of *Greece* after him, Who knows not how to tell *Idomeneus*, that he can no longer defer his return into his Country, to ſee his Father? O ye People of *Ithaca*, how miſerable will you one Day be, if you have a King whoſe Mind is under the Dominion of an unbecoming Shame; and who will ſacrifice his greateſt Intereſts to his Weakneſſes in matters of the ſmalleſt Conſequences! See, *Telemachus*, what a differenc there is between Valour in the Field, and Courage in the Court You have not fear'd the Arms of *Adraſtus*, and yet you are now afraid of the Sorrows of *Idomeneus*. This is that which diſhonours Princes who have done the greateſt Feats; after they have appear'd to be Heroes in War, they ſhew themſelves the meaneſt of Men on common Occaſions, wherein others ſupport themſelves with Vigour. *Telemachus*,

machus, convinc'd of the Truth of these Words, and spurr'd on with his Reproach, went out hastily, and would no longer give ear to his Affections. But he was scarce come into the Room where *Idomeneus* was sitting with dejected Eyes, languishing and overwhelm'd with Sorrow, but they were both afraid of each other. They durst not look one upon another; they understood one another without saying any Thing; and each was afraid that the other would break Silence; both of 'em fell a weeping; and in fine, *Idomeneus*, press'd with excess of Sorrow, cried out, To what purpose is Virtue sought after if she so ill requites those that love her? After my Weakness is remonstrated to me, I am forsaken. If it be so, I must e'en fall back into all my Misfortunes: Speak no more to me of Governing well, I am not able to do it. I am weary of Men. Whither will you go, *Telemachus*? Your Father is dead. You in vain seek after him. *Ithaca* is become a Prey to your Enemies, they'll destroy you if you return thither; you'll find that one or other of 'em has Married your Mother.

Continue here, and Reign with me; at leaſt leave *Mentor* with me; who is my only Support. Speak, anſwer me, do not harden your Heart; have pity on the moſt miſerable Man in the World. What do you ſay, nothing? Ah! I very well perceive how cruel the Gods are to me; I feel it even more ſeverely than I did in *Crete*, when I was ſo unhappy as to pierce my own Son.

At laſt *Telemachus* anſwer'd with a diſturb'd and timorous Voice; I am not my own, the Deſtinies call me back into my Country. *Mentor*, who has the Wiſdom of the Gods, commands me in their Name to be gone. What would you have me do? Shall I renounce my Father, my Mother, and my Country, which ought to be dearer to me than my Life? Being Born to Royalty, I am not deſtin'd to a calm and ſedate Life, nor to follow my own Inclinations. Did not you promiſe me to ſend me back to *Ithaca*? Was it not upon this Promiſe that I fought for you againſt *Adraſtus* with the Confederates? 'Tis time for me to think of retrieving my domeſtick Misfortunes. The Gods, who have given

given me to *Mentor*, have alſo given *Mentor* to the Son of *Ulyſſes*, to make him fill up the Decrees of the Fates. Would you have me loſe *Mentor*, after having loſt every Thing elſe? I have now neither Eſtate, nor Retreat, nor Father, nor Mother, nor Country to receive me. I have only a Wiſe and Virtuous Man left me, who is the moſt precious Gift of *Jupiter*. Judge your ſelf, if I can renounce ſuch a Treaſure; and ſo abandon my ſelf to my own Conduct. No, I would ſooner die. Take away my Life, that does not ſignifie much, but do not take *Mentor* from me.

As *Telemachus* went on to ſpeak, his Voice grew ſtronger, and his Timorouſneſs vaniſh'd. *Idomeneus* knew not what to anſwer, and could not tell how to conſent to what the Son of *Ulyſſes* ſaid. When he could no longer ſpeak to him, he endeavour'd, at leaſt by his Looks and Geſtures, to move his Compaſſion. At the ſame Moment he ſaw *Mentor* appear, who very gravely addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe Terms. Do not afflict your ſelf; we leave you. But Wiſdom which preſides in the Councils

of the Gods, will always continue with you. Only believe that you are very Happy, in that *Jupiter* has ſent us hither to ſave your Kingdom, and to reduce you from your Miſtakes. *Philocles*, whom we have reſtor'd to you, will ſerve you faithfully; the Fear of the Gods, the Reliſh of Virtue, the Love of the People, and Compaſſion for the Miſerable, will always Reign in his Heart. Hearken to theſe, and make uſe of him with Confidence, and without Jealouſie: The greateſt Service you can deſire from him, is to oblige him to tell you your Faults, without any Extenuation. This is that in which the Courage of a good King conſiſts, to ſeek true Friends, who may point out to him his own Defects: Provided you have this kind of Reſolution, our Abſence cannot hurt you, and you may live happily. But if Jealouſie, which inſinuates it ſelf like a Serpent, ſhould again find a Way to your Heart, to make you diſtruſt the moſt diſintereſted Counſels, you are undone. Don't ſuffer your ſelf weakly to ſink under Sorrow; but ſtrenuouſly endeavour to follow the guidance of Virtue.

tue. I have told *Philocles* all that he ought to do for your Aſſiſtance, and have caution'd him never to abuſe your Confidence in him: I can undertake to anſwer for him. The Gods have given him to you, as they have given me to *Telemachus*. Every one ought Couragiouſly to follow his Deſtiny. 'Tis to no purpoſe to afflict your ſelf: If ever you have need of my help, after I have reſtor'd *Telemachus* to his Father, and his Country, I will come and ſee you again; and what can I do that can give me a more ſenſible Pleaſure? I neither ſeek for Riches, nor Authority upon Earth; all that I aim at, is to aſſiſt ſuch as are enquiring after Juſtice and Virtue: And can I ever forget the Confidence you have put in me and Friendſhip you have ſhewn me? At theſe words, *Idomeneus* was quite alter'd, and found his Mind appeas'd, and calm like the Sea, when *Neptune* with his Trident, quells the tumultuous Waves, and ſcatters the blackeſt Tempeſts. There only remain'd in him a calm and peaceable Sorrow; which was rather a tender ſentiment of Regret, than a lively paſſion of Grief. Courage,

Confidence, Virtue, and the hope of the assistance of the Gods began to revive within him. Well then, said he, my dear *Mentor*, it seems one may lose every Thing, and yet not be discourag'd. At least, remember *Idomeneus*, when you are arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where your Wisdom will Crown you with Prosperity: Forget not that *Salentum* was your Work, and that you have left an unfortunate King there, who has no hope but in you: Farewell, O worthy Son of *Ulysses*, I'll no longer detain you; I am not willing to resist the Gods, who sent me so great a Treasure. And farewell, *Mentor*, the wisest and greatest of all Mankind (if indeed a Human Creature is able to do what I have seen in you, and if you are not some Deity under a borrow'd Form, to instruct Weak and Ignorant Men;) Go, and conduct the Son of *Ulysses*, who is more happy in having you with him, than in having been the Conqueror of *Adrastus*: Farewel both of you, I dare speak no more, forgive my Sighs; Farewel, live, and be Happy; there now remains nothing more to me in the World,

World, but the Remembrance that I once poſſeſs'd you. Oh pleaſant Days, too happy Days! Days which I knew not how ſufficiently to value! Days that have too ſwiftly glided away! You'll never more return. My Eyes will never again ſee what they now behold.

Mentor took this Moment for their parting; he embrac'd *Philocles*, who bath'd him with his Tears, without being able to Speak. *Telemachus* went to take *Mentor* by the Hand, to take him out of the Hand of *Idomeneus*; but this laſt preſſing towards the Door, placed himſelf between *Mentor* and *Telemachus*. He look'd upon 'em, he ſigh'd; he began to ſpeak, but his Words were cut off in the midſt, ſo that he could not finiſh a Sentence.

Confus'd Cries were heard on the Shoar, which was cover'd with Seamen; theſe fall to handling their Ropes, and ſpreading their Sails. A favourable Wind begins to preſent. *Telemachus* and *Mentor* take their leave of the King, who accompanies them to the Harbour, keeping his Eyes fixt on 'em; and having weigh'd Anchor, the Land ſeems

to

to fly from 'em: The Experienc'd Pilot perceives, at a diſtance, the *Leucatian* Mountains, whoſe Head hides it ſelf in a Cloud of frozen Rime; and the *Acroceraunian* Hills, which ſtill hold up their proud Foreheads to Heaven, though they have been ſo often torn with Thunder.

During this Voyage, *Telemachus* ſaid to *Mentor*; methinks I now conceive the Methods of Government which you have explain'd to me; at firſt, they ſeem'd to me like a Dream, but by degrees they unfold themſelves in my Mind, and preſent themſelves clearly to me. As all Objects ſeem cloath'd with Darkneſs at the firſt glimmerings of *Aurora*, and afterwards ſeem, as it were to come out of a Chaos, when the Light that increaſes inſenſibly, diſtinguiſhes them, and reſtores 'em their natural Colours. I am perſuaded that the Eſſential Point of Government is to diſcern well the different Inclinations of the Minds of Men; to know how to make a prudent Choice, and apply 'em to Buſineſs according to their reſpective Talents; but I want to know how to do this.

this. He that knows this, is able to be well skill'd in Men. To this *Mentor* answer'd, You muſt ſtudy Men if you would know 'em; you muſt Converſe and treat with 'em. They that govern ought to treat with their Subjects, to make Proof of 'em by ſmall Employments, of which they may make 'em render an Account, to try if they are capable of higher Functions. How, my dear *Telemachus*, have you learn'd in *Ithaca* ſo much skill in Horſes? It was by often ſeeing 'em, and by obſerving both their Faults and good Properties, with Men that were experienc'd in 'em. Juſt ſo you ſhould be ſo often ſpeaking of the Good and Evil Qualities of Men, with other wiſe and virtuous Perſons, who have long ſtudied their Qualifications. You will inſenſibly learn how they are made; and what you may expect from 'em. Who is it that taught you how to know Good and Bad Poets? It was frequent reading, and reflection with ſuch Perſons as had a right Reliſh of Poeſie. Who is it that acquir'd for you that Judgment in Muſick? It was the ſame Application of Mind in obſerving

Muſi-

Muſicians. How can any one hope to govern Men well, if he does not know 'em? And how can that be, if he never lives with 'em? To ſee 'em all in publick, is not to live with 'em, for on ſuch Occaſions, there is ſcarce any thing ſaid on one ſide or other, but about indifferent Thing, and ſuch as are prepar'd with Art. The great Buſineſs is to Converſe with them in private; to draw from the bottom of their Souls all the ſecret Springs that lie conceal'd there; to handle 'em on every ſide, and to ſound their Maxims. But to judge well of Men, a Man ſhould begin by knowing what they ought to be. He ſhould know what true and ſolid Merit is, that he may diſcern thoſe that have it from ſuch as have it not. He ought to have certain Principles of Juſtice, Reaſon, and Virtue, by which to know who are Reaſonable and Virtuous; he ſhould know the Maxims of a good and wiſe Government, that he may know the Men that have theſe Maxims, and thoſe that wander from 'em through a falſe Subtilty. In a word, to take the Dimenſions of many Bodies, one ought to have

have fix'd a Meaſure; and in like manner to judge well, one ought to have certain Principles to which all is reducible. A Man ought to know preciſely what is the Deſign of Humane Life, and what end ought to be propos'd in governing Men. This only and eſſential End, is for a Man never to deſire Authority and Grandeur for himſelf, which only tends to gratifie a Tyrannical Pride; but to Sacrifice himſelf in the infinite Cares of Government, to render Men good and happy. Otherwiſe he gropes in the Dark, and ſteps at a venture, through the whole Courſe of his Life. He goes like a Ship in a high Sea without a Pilot, which can't conſult the Stars, and to which all the neighbouring Coaſts are unknown, and therefore cannot chooſe but ſuffer Shipwrack. Princes often for want of Knowledge, wherein true Virtue conſiſts, are Ignorant of what they ought to look for in Men. True Virtue has ſomething Rough, Auſtere, and Independent in it, which frights 'em; and ſo they turn themſelves towards Flattery, and from that time they can find no Sincerity and Virtue; they ſoon accuſtom

accuſtom themſelves to believe, that there is no ſuch thing in reality upon Earth: For tho' good Men very well know ill Men, yet theſe do not know the Good, and can't tell how to believe there are any ſuch to be found. Such Princes can do no nothing but diſtruſt every one alike, they conceal themſelves, and ſhut up their Thoughts, and entertain Jealouſie on the ſlighteſt Occaſions; they are afraid of Mankind, they fly the Light; and dare not appear in that poſture of Mind that is Natural to 'em. Tho' they deſire not to be known, they can't help being diſcover'd; for the malignant Curioſity of their Subjects penetrates and divines every thing: But they know no body; thoſe intereſs'd Creatures that are about 'em, are extreamly pleas'd to ſee 'em Inacceſible to others; and delight to blacken, by infamous Reports, all who are capable of opening their Eyes, and by this means, keep 'em always at a diſtance from 'em. They ſpend their Lives in a Savage and Barbarous kind of Grandeur: While they are inceſſantly afraid of being deceiv'd, they are always moſt certainly impos'd on,

on, and deſerve ſo to be. When one ſpeaks only to a ſmall number of People, one is engag'd to receive all their Prejudices and Paſſions; one is at the mercy of Tale-bearers, a baſe and malignant Generation of Men, who live upon Venom, and poiſon the moſt innocent Things; that magnifie ſmall Matters, and invent Evil rather than they will ceaſe to do Miſchief; that for their own Intereſt, play with the diffidence and unworthy Curioſity of a weak and jealous Prince. Inform your ſelf therefore, O my dear *Telemachus*; inform your ſelf of Men, examine them, make them ſpeak of one another; try them gradually; deliver your ſelf into the Hands of no Man; make improvement of your Experience. When you have been deceiv'd, as ſometimes you may happen to be in your Judgment; learn by that not to judge too haſtily of any one, either in reſpect of Good or Evil; both are very dangerous: The Evil are too ſubtil not to ſurprize the Good by their falſe Gloſſes: Thus your paſt Errors will inſtruct you with great Advantage. When you have found any conſiderable Talents,

Talents, and Virtue in a Man, make uſe of him with Confidence. For Men of Honour and Honeſty, love to have their Integrity taken notice of; they value Eſteem and Confidence above Treaſures; but take care you do not ſpoil 'em, by giving 'em an unlimited Power; many a one might have been Virtuous who is not ſo, becauſe his Maſter heap'd on him too much Authority and Wealth. He who is ſo far belov'd of the Gods, as to find in a whole Kingdom two or three true Friends, that are Men of ſolid Wiſdom and Goodneſs, will, by their means, ſoon find other Perſons that reſemble 'em to fill up inferiour Places. Thus a Prince, by a few good Men whom he can truſt, learns that which it was not poſſible for him to diſcern himſelf alone.

But is it adviſeable, ſaid *Telemachus*, to employ ill Men, when they have good Parts; as I have ſo often heard it is? Yes, ſays *Mentor*, Neceſſity often requires that they ſhould be us'd. In a Nation that is in a Ferment and Diſorder, there are often found unjuſt and Politick Men in Authority. They have Em-

Employments that can't be eaſily taken away from 'em; they have acquir'd the Confidence of ſome powerful Perſons, who ought to be carefully manag'd. Theſe wicked Men themſelves muſt be manag'd with Caution, becauſe there is reaſon to fear 'em, ſince they are capable of putting all Things in confuſion. 'Tis proper therefore to employ 'em for a time, but this ſtill with a deſign to render 'em uſeleſs by degrees. As for real and intimate Confidence, beware of ever placing it in them, for they may abuſe it, and hold you faſt by the Secrets you have committed to 'em, in ſpite of all you can do; this is a Chain more hard to be broken than Fetters of Iron. Make uſe of 'em for trivial Negotiations, treat 'em well, engage 'em by their Paſſions to be faithful to you, for you'll never hold 'em any other way: But do not bring 'em into your moſt ſecret Deliberations, have ſome Spring always ready to move 'em at your Pleaſure, but never give 'em the Key of your Heart, and the Knowledge of your ſecret Affairs. When a State comes to enjoy Peace, and good Order, and is under the

the Conduct of wiſe and good Men that you are ſure of; thoſe ill Men that you were conſtrain'd to employ, will gradually become uſeleſs; and then you ſhould not ceaſe to treat 'em; for you never ought to ſuffer your ſelf to be ungrateful even to ill Men. But in treating 'em well you ought to endeavour to make 'em Good; and while you tolerate certain Faults in 'em, which may be conniv'd at as humane Frailties, thoſe Evils nevertheleſs ought to be check'd which they would openly commit, if not reſtrained. After all, there is an Evil in the very Good that is done by ill Men; and tho' this Evil often becomes inevitable, 'tis however needful to endeavour to make it ceaſe. A wiſe Prince, who is pleas'd with nothing but good Order and Juſtice, will in time come to be able to lay aſide corrupt and fraudulent Men. He'll find good Men enough of a ſufficient Capacity to ſerve him: But 'tis not enough for him to find good Subjects in a Nation; 'tis neceſſary he ſhould form ſuch himſelf. This, reply'd *Telemachus*, muſt greatly embarraſs one. Not at all, reply'd *Mentor*.

Mentor. Your Application in ſeeking for able and virtuous Men to raiſe 'em, excites and animates ſuch as have Capacity and Courage, ſo that every one puts himſelf forward in virtuous Actions. How many Men are there that languiſh in an obſcure and unactive Life, who would become great Men, if they were animated to Buſineſs by Emulation, and hope of Succeſs? How many Men are there, who are Tempted, by their Miſery and the incapacity they are in, to raiſe themſelves by Virtue, to endeavour to advance themſelves by Crimes? If therefore you annex your Rewards and Honours to Induſtry and Virtue, how many good Subjects will form themſelves? But what a number will you form, in making them aſcend Step by Step, from the loweſt to the higheſt Employments? You'll hereby exerciſe their Talents, you'll try the extent of their Underſtandings, and the ſincerity of their Virtue. Thoſe that ſhall be advanc'd to the higheſt Places, will be ſuch as have been brought up under your Obſervation. You will have traced 'em all your time; and will judge of

of 'em not by their Words, but by the whole Train of their Actions.

While *Mentor* was reaſoning thus, they ſpy'd a *Pheacian* Veſſel, that had put in at a ſmall Iſland, which was Deſert and Wild, and encompaſs'd with prodigious Rocks. And now the Winds were ſilent, even the gentle *Zephyrs* ſeem'd to hold their Breath; the whole Sea became ſmooth like a Looking-glaſs; the flagging Sails could no longer animate the Veſſel; the Rowers that were already tir'd, now labour'd to little purpoſe. 'Twas therefore neceſſary to make aſhoar on this Iſland, which indeed was rather a huge Rock than a Habitable Place. In other Weather leſs Calm, there would be no approaching it without Danger. Thoſe *Pheacians* which waited for the Wind, appeared no leſs impatient to continue their Voyage, than the *Salentines*. *Telemachus* advances toward em upon this craggy Shoar. He asks the firſt he meets with, Whether he had not ſeen *Ulyſſes* King of *Ithaca* in the Palace?

The Perſon to whom he accidentally addreſs'd himſelf, was not a *Pheacian*, but

but an unknown Stranger, who had a majeſtick Air, but ſad and dejected; he ſeem'd to be deeply muſing; and ſcarce heard *Telemachus* his Queſtion at firſt; but at length he thus anſwer'd. You are miſtaken, *Ulyſſes* has been receiv'd by the King, as he ought to be in a place where *Jupiter* is fear'd, and Hoſpitality exerciſed; but he is not here now, and therefore 'tis to no purpoſe for you to ſeek him here; he is gone to ſeek *Ithaca* again, if the appeas'd Deities will at laſt ſuffer him again to ſalute his Domeſtick Gods. This Stranger had ſcarce pronounc'd theſe Words with a melancholy Tone, but he threw himſelf into a little thick Wood that was on the Top of a Rock, from whence he view'd the Sea with a ſad Aſpect, flying from all the Men he ſaw, and ſeeming troubled that he could not get away. *Telemachus* look'd intently on him, and the more he look'd, the more he was mov'd and aſtoniſhed. This unknown Perſon, ſaid he to *Mentor*, has anſwer'd me, like one that can't hear a Man ſpeak to him without Pain; and ſeems full of Grief and Anguiſh. I bewail the unfortunate, ſince I am ſo

my

my ſelf; and I find my Heart ſtrongly engag'd to this Man, tho' I know not why. He has treated me rudely enough, and yet I can't chooſe but deſire he may ſee the end of his Troubles. *Mentor* reply'd ſmiling, you ſee what the Miſeries of this Life ſerve for; they render Princes Moderate and ſenſible of other Men's Afflictions; when they have never taſted any thing but the ſweet Poyſon of Proſperity, they are ready to believe themſelves Gods; they would have the Mountains become Plains to ſatisfie their Humour; they make no account of Men; they would even ſport with whole Nature; when they hear any one ſpeaking of Suffering, they know not what it means; 'tis a mere Dream to 'em; they have never ſeen the diſtance between Good and Evil. But Misfortunes alone may give 'em Humanity, and change their Hearts of Flint into Hearts of Fleſh; for then they feel they are but Men themſelves, and that they ought to treat other Men kindly who are like themſelves. If a Stranger moves your pity ſo much, becauſe you find him wandering on this Shoar like your ſelf; how

how much more Compaſſion ought you to have for the People of *Ithaca*, if you ſhall hereafter ſee 'em ſuffer? That People whom the Gods will commit to you, as a Flock to a Shepherd, will perhaps become Miſerable by your Ambition, or Pride, or Imprudence; for the People ſeldom ſuffer but by the Faults of their Kings, whoſe Duty is to watch over 'em, to ſecure 'em from Miſery.

While *Mentor* was ſpeaking thus, *Telemachus* was overwhelm'd with Trouble, and at laſt reply'd. If all this be true, the Condition of a King is very Miſerable. He is a Slave to all thoſe he ſeems to Command; he is not ſo much made to Command 'em, as he is made for 'em; he owes himſelf entirely to 'em; he is loaded with all their Cares; he is the Man to whom all the People together, and every one in particular, has a Right; he muſt accommodate himſelf to their Weakneſſes, Correct 'em like a Father, render 'em Wiſe and Happy; the Authority he ſeems to have is not his own; he can do nothing either for his own Glory, or his own Pleaſure; his Authority is that of the

Laws, he muſt obey them to give a good Example to his Subjects: In a Word, he is only the Defender of the Laws, to make 'em Reign; he muſt Watch and Labour to maintain 'em. He has the leaſt Liberty and Tranquility of any Man in his Kingdom. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Mentor*, a King is made a King only to take Care of his People, as a Shepherd does of a Flock, or as a Father does of his Family. But, my dear *Telemachus*, don't think it hard for him to go through ſome Trouble to be in a Capacity to do good to ſo many People. He Reforms ill Men by Puniſhments, encourages good Men by Rewards; he repreſents the Gods, in thus leading all ſorts of Men to Virtue; he has not Glory enough in cauſing the Laws to be obſerv'd? That of ſetting himſelf above the Laws, is but a falſe Glory; that produces nothing but Horror and Contempt. If he be given to Vice, he can't but be miſerable; for he can find no Tranquility in his Thoughts, no real Satisfaction; if he be good, he taſtes the moſt pure and ſolid of all Pleaſures in Labouring for Virtue thereby expecting

pecting an eternal Recompence from the Gods.

Telemachus oppos'd to theſe Reaſons, Mens Ingratitude. What, ſaid he, to take ſo much Pains to gain the Love of thoſe Men, who perhaps will never love you, and to ſhew kindneſs to ſuch vile perſons as will perhaps turn the Favours confer'd on 'em againſt you, to do you a Miſchief? *Mentor* anſwer'd, You muſt expect to meet with Ingratitude from Men; and yet not ceaſe to do 'em good: You ought to ſerve 'em not ſo much for their own ſake, as out of love to the Gods who command it: The good you do is never loſt; if Men forget it, the Gods remember and reward it. Beſides, if the Multitude be ingrateful, there are always ſome virtuous Men that will be affected with your Virtue; nay, the very Multitude, as changeable as they are, do not fail to do ſome kind of Juſtice to Virtue: But would you hinder Men from being ingrateful? Do not endeavour only to make 'em powerful, rich, and formidable by Arms, and happy by Pleaſures, this Glory and this Plenty corrupts 'em, they will be but the more

wicked, and conſequently the more ingrateful; but apply your ſelf to reform their Manners, and to inſpire 'em with Juſtice, Sincerity, the Fear of the Gods, Humanity, Fidelity, Moderation, and Diſintereſſedneſs: In making 'em good, you'll hinder 'em from becoming ingrateful: You'll give them the true Good, which is Virtue, which if it be ſolid, will always engage 'em with it. Is it to be wonder'd at, that Men ſhould be ingrateful to ſuch Princes as never ſhew'd 'em the way to any thing but Injuſtice, Ambition, and Jealouſie, Inhumanity, Pride, and Treachery, againſt their Neighbours? A Prince ought to expect nothing of 'em; but what himſelf has taught 'em. But if on the contrary he has labour'd both by his Example and Authority, to make 'em good, he'll find the Fruit of his Labour in their Virtues, or at leaſt he'll find enough to conſolate him in his own, and in the Friendſhip of the Gods. During this Diſcourſe, *Telemachus* often turn'd his Eyes toward the Sea, which began to be agitated; the Winds ſtirr'd up the Waves, and beat 'em againſt the Rocks, which

which were whitened with their Foam. The Ship-Sails were immediately ſwelled with Wind; a confus'd Noiſe of the Seamen was heard on the Shoar, occaſion'd by the warmth and impatience they were in to put to Sea. That unknown Perſon with whom *Telemachus* had ſpoken, had been ſometime in the midſt of the Iſland, climbing up to the Tops of the Rocks, and thence viewing all the immenſe ſpaces of the Sea, with a profound dejection of Mind: *Telemachus* had not loſt ſight of him, but continually obſerv'd his Motions. In fine, this Man ſeeing the Veſſel he belong'd to much ready to Sail, deſcended from thoſe craggy Rocks with as much ſpeed and agility, as *Apollo* in the Foreſts of *Lycia*, when he has tied up his white Locks, traverſes the Precipices with his Arrows to pierce the Stags and Wild Boars. This unknown Perſon ſoon gets aboard the Veſſel, which cuts the brackiſh Waters, and flies from the Land. A ſecret Impreſſion of Sorrow ſeizes the Heart of *Telemachus*; he afflicts himſelf without knowing for what Reaſon. The Tears run down from his Eyes,

and nothing ſeems ſo pleaſant to him as Weeping: At the ſame time he perceives all the Mariners of *Salentum* lying upon the Graſs, and in a ſound Sleep. They were weary and diſpirited; and ſweet ſleep had inſinuated it ſelf into all their Limbs; the Poppies of the Night were by the Power of *Minerva* ſtrew'd upon 'em in the middle of the Day. *Telemachus* was amaz'd to ſee this Univerſal Drowſineſs of the *Salentines*, while the *Pheacians* were ſo diligent to make their Advantage of a favourable Wind: But he was yet more engag'd in viewing the *Pheacian* Ship, ready to diſappear in the midſt of the Waves, than in going towards the *Salentines* to wake 'em. Something or other there was that held his Eyes fix'd on a Veſſel that was already parted, of which he could now ſee nothing but the Sails, whoſe Whiteneſs he could juſt diſtinguiſh from the Azure Sky. He is ſo intent, that he does not ſo much as hear *Mentor* ſpeak to him. He i tranſported beyond himſelf, in an Extaſie like that of the *Menades*, at the Feaſt of *Bacchus*, when they hold the *Thyrſus* in their Hands, and make their fran-

frantick Cries echo on the Banks of the *Hebre*, and on Mount *Rhodopus* and *Ismarus*.

At last he recover'd himself a little from this sort of Enchantment, and the Tears again began to flow from his Eyes. Upon this, says *Mentor* to him, I don't wonder, my dear *Telemachus*, to see you Weep; the cause of your Sorrow, tho' unknown to your self, is not unknown to *Mentor*. 'Tis Nature that speaks, and makes her self felt; 'tis she that melts your Heart. The Stranger who gave you such a lively Emotion, is no other than the great *Ulysses*; he is going to *Ithaca*, and is already very near the Harbour, and at last sees again that so long desir'd Place. Your Eyes have seen him, and it was formerly predicted to you, but without knowing who he was. You shall soon see him and know him, and he shall know you; but now the Gods did not think fit to permit you to know one another out of *Ithaca*. His Heart was mov'd no less than yours; but he is too Wise to discover himself to any Mortal, in a Place where he might be exposed to Treachery, and to the pursuits of

Penelope's Lovers. *Ulyſſes* your Father is the Wiſeſt of all Men, his Heart is like a deep Well, there is no drawing any of his Secrets out of it. He loves Truth, and never ſpeaks any thing that ſtifles it; but he does not ſpeak it but on thoſe occaſions, when Conveniency and Wiſdom require it. He keeps his Lips alway clos'd up as it a were with a Seal, from uttering any uſeleſs word. How often he was moved in ſpeaking to you? how often did he put a reſtraint on himſelf, that he might not diſcover himſelf to you? and what has he not ſuffer'd in ſeeing you? It was this that render'd him ſo bad and dejected.

During this Diſcourſe, *Telemachus* was ſo melted and troubled, that he could not hinder a Torrent of Tears from Guſhing out; his Sighs prevented him for a time from returning an Anſwer. At laſt he cry'd out, Alaſs! my dear *Mentor*, I found ſomething powerful (which I can't tell how to utter) in that Stranger, , which attracted me to him, and made an Emotion in all my Bowels: Why did you not tell me before he went away, that it was *Ulyſſes*, ſeeing you knew

knew him? Why did you let him go without ſpeaking to him, and without ſignifying that you knew him? What is the Myſtery of this? Shall I always be unhappy! Will the provok'd Gods hold me ſtill in ſuſpence like thirſty *Tantalus*, who is amus'd and flatter d by the deceitful Water, which ſtill glides away from his Lips? O *Ulyſſes*, *Ulyſſes!* Have you eſcap'd me for ever? Perhaps I ſhall never ſee you more: Perhaps *Penelope*'s Lovers will take him by the Ambuſhes they prepar'd for me. If I had follow'd him I had at leaſt died with him. O *Ulyſſes!* O *Ulyſſes!* If no Storm daſhes you again againſt ſome Rock, (for I have every thing to fear from adverſe Fortune) I tremble leſt when you arrive at *Ithaca*, your Lot ſhould be as fatal as that of *Agamemnon* at *Mycene*. But why, dear *Mentor*, did you envy my Happineſs? I ſhould now have been embracing him. I ſhould have been already with him in the Port of *Ithaca*; and we ſhould have fought together to conquer all our Enemies.

Says *Mentor*, ſmiling; 'Tis to exerciſe your Patience that the Gods hold you

thus in ſuſpence: You look upon this time as loſt; but know that 'tis the moſt uſeful part of your whole Life; for it exerciſes you in that Virtue, which of all others is the moſt neceſſary for ſuch as are to Govern. You muſt be patient, if you would become Maſter of your ſelf, and of others. Impatience, which ſeems to be the force and Vigour of the Soul, is but a Weakneſs: He that knows not how to keep a Secret in his Breaſt; both of 'em want ſtrength and firmneſs of Mind to reſtrain themſelves; as a Man who runs along in a Chariot, and has not a Hand ſtrong enough to ſtop his fiery Courſers when he ſhould; ſo that they no longer obey the Bridle, but run down a Precipice, and the weak Man that cannot check 'em is daſhed in pieces by the Fall. Thus an impatient Man is hurried along, by his wild and furious deſires into an Abyſs of Miſeries; the greater his power is, the more fatal is his impatience to him; he'll wait for nothing, he will not give himſelf time to take any Meaſures; he forces all things, to ſatisfie his Wiſhes: He breaks the Boughs to gather the Fruit before 'tis Ripe:

Ripe: He breaks down the Gates rather than to wait till they are open'd: He will needs Reap when the wiſe Husband-man is Sowing. All he does in haſte is ill done; and can have no longer duration than his volatile deſires. Such as theſe, ſuch as theſe are the Senſeleſs Projects of that Man who thinks he is able to do every thing; and who gives himſelf up to his deſires to abuſe his Power. 'Tis to teach you to be patient, my dear *Telemachus*, that the Gods exerciſe your Patience ſo much. The Good you hope for ſhews it ſelf to you, and flies from you like a fleeting Dream, which vaniſhes as ſoon as a Man awakes; to ſhew you that the very things you think you poſſeſs in your Hands, may eſcape you in an Inſtant. The wiſeſt Leſſons you can have from the Mouth of *Ulyſſes*, will not be ſo uſeful to you as his long Abſence, and the Troubles you undergo in ſeeking him.

Telemachus heard all this with a Mind full of Anguiſh; he look'd upon the Sea, but could no longer ſee the *Pheacian* Ship: Then he turned his Eyes, flowing with Tears, toward *Mentor* who

was

was ſpeaking to him; when all on a ſudden he perceived *Mentor* take a new Form The Wrinkles of his Forehead vaniſh'd, as the Shades of Night diſappear when *Aurora* with her roſie Fingers opens the Gates of the Eaſt, and inflames the whole Horizon: His hollow and auſtere Eyes became blue and full of heavenly ſweetneſs, and ſhin'd with a divine Flame; his gray and neglected Beard diſappear'd; and noble and majeſtick Lineaments, mix'd with ſweetneſs and grace, preſented themſelves to *Telemachus* his wondering Eyes. He ſaw a Woman's Countenance with a Complection finer than that of a tender Flower when newly blown before the Sun. He ſaw the white of Lillies mix'd with the red of blooming Roſes, and an eternal Youth with a ſimple and unaffected Majeſty, flouriſhing on this heavenly Countenance. The ſweet Scent of Ambroſia ſpread it ſelf from the flowing Hairs of this glorious Perſon, whoſe Garments ſhin'd like thoſe lively Colours with which the riſing Sun paints the gloomy Arches of Heaven, and the Clouds when he has been gilding them.

This

This Deity did not ſet a Foot upon the Ground, but lightly glided along through the Air, as a Bird cleaves it with its Wings. In her Hand ſhe held a glittering Spear, capable of making the moſt warlike Cities and Nations tremble. *Mars* himſelf would have been terrified at it; her Voice was ſweet and moderate, but ſtrong and inſinuating; all her words were ſo many Darts of Fire, that pierc'd the Heart of *Telemachus*, and made him feel a ſtrange kind of delicious Sorrow. Upon her Helmet appear'd the mournful Bride of *Athens*; and on her Breaſt there ſhind'd a formidable Breaſt-plate. By theſe Marks *Telemachus* knew it was *Minerva*.

O Goddeſs, ſays he, 'tis you then your ſelf who have daign'd to conduct the Son of *Ulyſſes* for his Father's ſake. He would have added more, but his Voice fail'd him; his Lips in vain endeavour'd to expreſs thoſe Thoughts, that came with Impetuoſity from his Mouth, and from the very bottom of his Heart. The Preſence of a Deity overwhelm'd him; ſo that he was like a Man in a Dream, oppreſs'd to that degree, that he loſes

Reſpi-

Reſpiration, and cannot form a Voice by all the troubleſome Agitation of his Lips.

In fine, *Minerva* pronounc'd theſe words; O Son of *Ulyſſes*, hearken to me this laſt time! I never Inſtructed any Mortal with ſo much Wiſdom as I have done you: I have led you by the Hand through Shipwracks, unknown Countries, bloody Wars, and all the hard Adventures that can terrifie the Heart of Man: I have by ſenſible Experiences, ſhewn you the true and falſe Maxims by which you may Reign. Your Faults have been no leſs uſeful to you than your Misfortunes: For where is the Man who can govern wiſely, if he has never ſuffer'd any Hardſhip, or has never gain'd any thing by his Sufferings, into which his Faults have precipitated him? You, as well as your Father, have fill'd Sea and Land with your terrible Adventures. Go, you are now worthy to follow his Steps; there remains nothing more but an eaſie Paſſage for you into *Ithaca*, where your Father is this very moment arriving: Go, fight under him with as much Obedience

bedience as the meaneſt of his Subjects; and thereby give others a good Example. He'll procure *Antiope* for your Bride, and you ſhall be happy with her, for having ſought her for her Wiſdom and Virtue more than for her Beauty. When you come to Reign, make it all your Glory to renew the Golden Age: Hear every Body, believe very few; have a care of believing your ſelf too much; be afraid of impoſing on your ſelf; but never fear to let others ſee you have been miſtaken. Love your People, forget nothing that may engage 'em to love you. Fear is neceſſary when Love is wanting, but it always ſhould be made uſe of with regret, as violent and dangerous Remedies are; always conſider at a diſtance all the Conſequences of what you are about to undertake. Endeavour to foreſee all the moſt terrible Inconveniences, and know, that true Courage conſiſts in diſcovering all Dangers, and in deſpiſing them, when they become unavoidable. He that is not willing to ſee them, has not Courage enough calmly to bear the ſight of 'em. He that takes a view of them, and avoids

avoids all that can be avoided, and breaks through all the reſt without a troubleſome Emotion of Mind, is the only Wiſe and Magnanimous Man. Avoid Luxury, Pride and Profuſion; let your Glory conſiſt in Sincerity; let your Virtues, and good Works, be the Ornament of your Perſon, and of your Palace; let 'em be the Guard to ſurround you; and let all the World learn from you, wherein true Happineſs conſiſts. Never forget that Kings do not Reign for their own Glory, but for the Good of the People: The Good they do, reaches even to the remoteſt Ages; and the Evil they do, multiplies from Generation to Generation, even to the lateſt Poſterity. Fear the Gods, *Telemachus*, this Fear is the greateſt Treaſure of the Heart of Man; it will be attended with Wiſdom, Juſtice, Peace, Joy, refin'd Pleaſures, true Liberty, ſweet Plenty, and ſpotleſs Glory.

I now leave you, O Son of *Ulyſſes*; but my Wiſdom ſhall never leave you, provided you always remain ſenſible, that you can do nothing without it; 'tis time for you now to go alone. I

parted

parted from you in *Phœnicia*, and at *Salentum*, only to uſe you to be without the Pleaſure of my Company; as they wean Children, when 'tis time to deprive 'em of Milk, to feed them with ſolid Aliment. No ſooner had the Goddeſs finiſhed this Diſcourſe, but mounted into the Air, and wrapt her ſelf in a Cloud of Gold and Azure, in which ſhe diſappear'd. *Telemachus* ſigh'd, was ſtruck with wonder, and in an extaſie, proſtrated himſelf on the Gound; he lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and recovering himſelf, went to his Company and awaken'd them, haſten'd away, and arriv'd at *Ithaca*, where he found his Father with the faithful *Eumenius*.

FINIS.

THE ADVENTURES OF *ARISTONOUS.*

The BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

NEXT *to the Adventures of* Telemachus, *you can read nothing more Soft and Paſſionate than thoſe of* Ariſtonous. *It ſeems as if Nature her ſelf had dictated both thoſe Charming Pieces; and whereas the ſame Spirit, and the ſame Simplicity prevails alike through the whole, you will not be diſpleaſed to find them both joyn'd together, tho' they are not of the ſame Hand, as ſeveral Judges of a good Taſte have aſſured me. They generally give the Preference to* Telemachus, *and it muſt be own'd to be an incomparable Piece. The Author of* Ariſtonous *has Borrow'd the Idea, the Style, and the Moral, from the former; So that if he has not the Glory of the firſt Invention, yet he has at leaſt thus much to ſay in his own Behalf; That he has found out the Secret of Imitating a Man who ſeem'd to be Inimitable.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF *ARISTONOUS.*

SOPHRONIMUS, being deprived of the Estate of his Ancestors by Shipwrecks, and other Misfortunes, comforted himself as well as he could by his Virtue, in the Island of *Delos*. There upon a Golden Harp he Warbled forth the Wonders of the God that was Worshiped in that Place: He cultivated the Muses by whom he was belov'd; He was curious in the Searches he made into all the Secrets of Nature; Studied the motion of the Stars and the Heavens, The Order of the Elements, the Structure of the Universe, which he measured

red by his Compaſs, the Virtue of Plants, and the Formation of Animals; above all he Studied Himſelf, and endeavour'd to adorn his Soul by Virtue. Thus Fortune by abaſing him, had advanc'd him to true Glory, *viz.* that that of Wiſdom.

While he Lived thus happily without an Eſtate in this ſilent Retreat, he one Day eſpied upon the Sea-ſhoar a venerable Old Man, a perfect Stranger to him, who was but juſt Landed on that Iſland. This Old Man look'd with Admiration on the Banks of the Sea, wherein he knew that this Iſland formerly floated: He caſt his Eyes upon that ſide, where the little Hills (always cover'd with a green and flouriſhing Turf) had rais'd their Heads above the Sands and Rocks. He thought he could never take a ſufficient View of the Cryſtal Fountains, and rapid Streams that Watered this delicious Country: He made towards the Sacred Grove which ſurrounded the Temple of the God; he wondered to ſee its Verdure not ſo much as Tarniſh'd with the Cold and Boiſterous Winds, and beheld afar off the Temple

Temple of *Parian* Marble, more white than Snow, round which were lofty Pillars all of Jaſper. *Sophronimus* was as intent upon viewing this Old Man, his Silver Beard waved gently or'e his Breaſt, his wrinkled Face had nothing in it of Deformity, he was ſtill exempt from the Injuries of decrepid Old Age, a ſweet ſort of Briskneſs ſparkled in his Eyes, he was Tall and of a Majeſtick Mien, but ſomewhat ſtooping, and an Ivory Stick ſupported him as he walk'd. O Sir, (ſays *Sophronimus* to him) what ſeek you in this Iſland, to which you ſeem to be a Stranger! If it be the Temple of the God, you ſee it a diſtance, and I am ready to conduct you thither, for I reverence the Gods, and have Learn'd what 'tis that *Jupiter* requires we ſhould do for Strangers.

I accept, reply'd the Old Man, of the Offer which you have ſo frankly and kindly made me; may the Gods Reward your Love to Strangers, come, let us go towards the Temple. In the way thither he related to *Sophronimus* the occaſion of his Voyage. My Name, ſays he, is *Ariſtonous*, a Native of *Claſomene*

a Town of *Ionia*, Situated on that pleaſant Coaſt, which runs out into the Sea, and ſeems to joyn with the Iſle of *Scio*, the fortunate Country of *Homer*. I was deſcended of no Wealthy, tho' Noble Parentage; my Father Nam'd *Polyſtratus*, who was already overburden'd by a Numerous Family, was not willing to bring me up, but caus'd me to be expos'd by one of his Friends of *Teos*. An ancient Woman of *Erythréa*, who liv'd hard by the Place where I was expos'd, took me up and fed me with Goats Milk in her Cottage. But her Circumſtances being low, as ſoon as I was capable of doing any Service, ſhe Sold me to a Merchant that dealt in Slaves, who carry'd me to *Lycia*. This Merchant Reſold me at *Patara*, to a Wealthy and Virtuous Man, nam'd *Alcinus*; And *Alcinus* took care of me in my Youth. He found me to be tractable, Good-natur'd, Sincere, Hearty, and addicted to whatever uſeful thing they were willing to have me Inſtructed in. He Devoted me to thoſe Sciences which *Apollo* favours, and made me be Taught Muſick, Bodily Exerciſes, and eſpecially

ally the Art of Chirurgery. I ſoon attain'd to a great perfection in that Art, which is ſo neceſſary to Human Life; and *Apollo* who inſpir'd me, diſcovered to me a great many Wonderful Secrets in that Way. *Alcinus*, who Lov'd me more than ever, and was Raviſh'd to ſee how ſucceſsful his Cares towards me had prov'd, Enfranchis'd me, and ſent me to *Polycrates* the Tyrant of *Samos*, who amidſt that Boundleſs Proſperity which he enjoy'd, never fear'd that Fortune, which had flatter'd him ſo long, would ever be ſo cruel as to betray him. He lov'd a Life that could yield him the moſt Delights, he was afraid of loſing it, and was for preventing the very leaſt appearances of Evil; and hence it was that he always had attending upon him the moſt Eminent Phyſicians that could be had. *Polycrates* was very glad that I would live with him; and to engage me the cloſer to his Service, he beſtow'd great Riches and Preferments upon me. I Reſided a long time at *Samos*, where I could not but wonder to ſee how Fortune ſeem'd to take a kind of Pleaſure in granting him whatever he deſir'd. He

needed only to begin a War, and Victory would be ſure to follow him: It was enough for him to will the moſt difficult things, and they would immediately be effected with all the eaſe imaginable: His heaps of Wealth encreaſed every day; all his Enemies were laid down as it were at his Feet; His Health was ſo far from being impair'd that it grew ſtronger and ſounder. For Forty years paſt had this peaceful and happy Prince held his Fortune as it were in Chains, nor had ſhe made him the leaſt Trip, or cauſed him the leaſt Diſgrace in any of his Deſigns. Such an uninterrupted Proſperity, ſo ſeldom heard of among Mortals, made me concern'd for him; I lov'd him heartily, and could not forbear opening to him my Jealouſies; I made ſome Impreſſion upon his Heart, for tho' he was ſoftned by Pleaſures, and puffed up by his Grandeur, yet he had ſtill remaining ſome ſentiments of Humanity, whenever he was put in mind of the Gods, and of the Inconſtancy of Human Affairs. He permitted me to tell him the Truth, and was ſo moved by the Fear that I had for him, that at laſt he

he reſolv'd to interrupt the Courſe of his Proſperity, by a Loſs, that he would voluntarily undergo. I am ſenſible, ſays he to me, that there is no Man but what ought once in his Life to ſuffer ſome Diſgrace in his Fortune; the more he is favour'd by it, the more ought he to fear ſome Revolution. As for me, on whom it has heap'd ſo many good things for ſo many years together, I muſt expect the extreameſt Hardſhips from her, if I do not divert the Storm that ſeems to threaten me. I will therefore forthwith prevent the Treacheries of this flattering Fortune. No ſooner had he ſaid this, but he pluck'd a Ring off his Finger, of a very great value, for which he had a vaſt Eſteem; he threw it in my preſence aloft into the Sea, hoping by this Loſs, to have anſwer'd the neceſſity of ſuffering, at leaſt once in his Life, the frowns of Fortune. But this was a miſtake into which he was blindly lead by his Proſperity; The Misfortunes which one makes a matter of choice and ſubmits voluntarily to, are not real Evils; we are only afflicted by the forced and unſeen hardſhips which

the Gods in puniſhment inflict upon us. *Polycrates* was not ſenſible, that the true way of preventing the Caprices of Fortune, was by Prudence and Moderation to ſit looſe to all Her tranſitory Enjoyments. Fortune to which he Sacrificed his Ring did not accept of that Trifling Victim, and *Polycrates* in ſpight of all, ſeem'd to be more Fortunate than ever. A Fiſh had ſwallow'd the Ring, and the Fiſh was taken, brought to the Palace of *Polycrates*, dreſs'd up for his Table, and the Ring found in the Belly of the Fiſh by a Cook was reſtored to the Tyrant, who turn'd pale when he perceiv'd that Fortune was ſo bent upon favouring him: But alas the time drew near when all his Proſperity was at one Stroke to be chang'd into the moſt diſmal Adverſity. The great King of *Perſia*, *Darius* the Son of *Hyſtapes*, entered into a War againſt the *Greeks*, he ſoon ſubdued all the Greek Colonies on the Coaſt of *Aſia*, and the Neighbouring Iſlands which lie in the *Ægean* Sea: *Samos* was taken, the Tyrant conquer'd, and *Orantes*, who was Commander in chief under the great King, having caus'd a high

Gibbet

Gibbet to be rais'd, order'd the Tyrant to be Hang'd thereon: Thus this Man who had Enjoy'd ſuch an affluent Proſperity, and who could not have imagin'd ever to have met with ſo hard a Fate, fell from his Glory all of a ſudden, and ſuffer'd the moſt cruel and moſt Ignominious of Deaths. No Men therefore are more in danger of the Frowns of an Adverſe State, than thoſe who are too proud under the Smiles of a Proſperous Condition; that ſame Capricious Fortune which ſo cruelly ſports it ſelf over Men of the higheſt Station, does as often raiſe the moſt miſerable Creatures out of the Duſt: It had thrown down *Polycrates* from the Top of it's Wheel, and brought me from the meaneſt of Conditions to the Enjoyment of a very Plentiful Eſtate. The *Perſians* were ſo far from taking any thing away from me, that on the contrary they made great uſe of my Skill in Curing their Wounded, and highly eſteem'd the Moderation I was Maſter of during my being in Favour with the Tyrant. Thoſe Perſons who had abus'd his Authority and the Truſt he had repos'd in them, were Pu-

niſh'd after ſeveral manners. Whereas for my part I never did any Man an Injury, but on the contrary all the good I could; I was the only Perſon whom the Conquerors Spar'd and treated Honourably. Every one rejoyc'd at my Fortune, for I was belov'd, and had enjoy'd Proſperity without Envy, becauſe I never ſhew'd the leaſt Tokens of Cruelty, Pride, Avarice or Injuſtice. I liv'd quietly at *Samos* for ſome Years longer; but at laſt I perceiv'd in my ſelf a longing deſire of reviſiting *Lycia*, where I ſpent my Youth ſo pleaſantly. I was in hopes of meeting there with *Alcinus*, who had brought me up, and was the firſt Founder of all my Fortune. Upon my Arrival in that Country, I underſtood that *Alcinus* was Dead after he had loſt his Eſtate, and ſuffer'd the miſeries of Old Age with the utmoſt Conſtancy. I went and Strew'd ſome Flowers, and Shed ſome Tears over his Aſhes; I plac'd an Honourable Inſcription on his Tomb, and ask'd what was become of his Children? They told me the only Son who Surviv'd, nam'd *Orchilochus*, could not tell how to continue without an

Eſtate

Eſtate in his own Country, and where his Father had liv'd in ſo great Splendor, and therefore went aboard a Strange Veſſel, intending to lead an obſcure Life in ſome remote Iſland of the Sea. They acquainted me farther that *Orchilochus* within a ſhort time after ſuffer'd Shipwreck, about the Iſland of *Carpathus*. So that there was not one Remaining of the Family of my Benefactor *Alcinus*. Immediately I thought of Buying the Houſe where he had formerly Dwelt, but the fertile Fields round about that were in his Poſſeſſion. I was very glad to ſee again thoſe Places, which recall'd to mind the ſweet Remembrance of ſo pleaſant an Age, and of ſo kind a Maſter. Methought I was ſtill in the Bloom of my tender Years, wherein I ſerv'd *Alcinus*. I had ſcarce purchas'd his Inheritance of his Creditors, but I was call'd away to *Claſomene*. My Father *Polyſtratus*, and my Mother *Philidis* were Dead, and I had ſeveral Brothers who could not very well agree with one another. As ſoon as I arrived at *Claſomene*, I preſented my ſelf before them in a mean Dreſs, as a Man ſtrip'd of all he had, and

ſhew'd them the Marks with which you know they generally take care to expoſe Children. They were ſtartled to ſee the Number of *Polyſtratus*'s Heirs to increaſe, who were to be Sharers in his ſmall Inheritance; they were for conteſting the Legitimacy of my Birth, and refus'd to own me as their Brother before the Judges. To puniſh their Inhumanity I declar'd that I was willing to be as a Stranger to them, and demanded that they ſhould be excluded for ever from being my Heirs. The Judges decreed it ſhould be ſo; and then I ſhewed the Treaſures which I had brought along with me in my Ship; I diſcovered to them that I was that *Ariſtonous*, who had acquir'd ſo much Wealth under *Polycrates* of *Samos*, and that I was yet Unmarried.

My Brethren ſoon Repented of their unjuſt uſage towards me, and in hopes of becoming one Day my Heirs, uſed their utmoſt Endeavours, but to no purpoſe, to inſinuate themſelves into my Favour. Their Quarrelling occaſioned them to ſell our Fathers Eſtate, I bought it, and they had the Mortification to

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ſee the whole Patrimony fall into the hands of one, whom they would not admit into the leaſt Share. By this means they all fell into extream Poverty, but after they had ſufficiently ſmarted for their Folly, I was minded to extend my good Nature to them, I pardoned them, admitted them into my own Houſe, and gave each of them wherewithal to Traffick by Sea; I reunited them, they and their Children live peaceably together with me, and I am become a common Father to all theſe different Families. By their Union and Induſtry, they ſoon got together conſiderable Wealth. In the mean time Old Age, as you ſee, comes upon me apace, it has Silvered my Hairs, and Furrowed my Face; and admoniſhes me that I have not long to enjoy ſo perfect a Proſperity. I was willing therefore before I dye to ſee once more that Country which is ſo dear to me, and which affects me more than my Native Soil; *Lycia* I mean, where I had learned to be Good and Wiſe, under the Conduct of the Virtuous *Alcinus*. As I was upon my Voyage thither, I met

with a Merchant belonging to one of the *Cyclades* Iſlands, who aſſured me that there was ſtill Living at *Delos* a Son of *Orcilochus*, who imitated the Prudence and Virtue of his Grandfather *Alcinus*: Immediately I quitted my deſign of Sailing to *Lycia*, and haſtned by the favour of *Apollo* to ſearch in his Iſland after the precious Remains of a Family, to whom I owe my all. I have but a ſhort time to live; the Deſtinies, Enemies to that ſweet Repoſe, which the Gods ſometimes, tho' rarely, grant to Mortals, will ſoon cut off my thread of Life; but I ſhall be content to die, provided my Eyes, before they are rob'd of this Light, can but behold my Maſter's Grandſon. Speak then, Sir, who live with him in this Iſland, Do you know him? Can you tell me, where I may find him? If you can ſhew him to me, may the Gods in recompence grant you to ſee your Children's Children to the fifth Generation: May the Gods preſerve all your Family in Peace and Plenty, as the Effect of your Vertue.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Ariſtonous* ſpake thus, *Sophronimus* ſhed Tears that flowed from a Mixture of Joy and Sorrow. In ſhort, without being able to utter one Word he threw his Arms about the Neck of the Old Man, he embrac'd him, he graſp'd him cloſe, and with much ado forc'd out theſe Words, that were often interrupted by Sighs.

I am, O my Father, the Perſon whom you ſeek: You ſee *Sophronimus* the Grandſon of your Friend *Alcinus*; 'Tis I my ſelf, and I cannot queſtion in hearing your Relation, but that the Gods have ſent you hither to alleviate my Misfortunes. Gratitude which ſeems to be no more on Earth, is lodg'd in your ſingle Breaſt. I heard indeed in my Childhood that a certain Famous and Wealthy Man reſiding at *Samos*, had been brought up by my Grandfather: But whereas my Father *Orcilochus* died young, and left me in the Cradle, the Knowledge I had of theſe Matters has been but confuſed. I would not venture to *Samos* upon an uncertainty, and choſe rather to ſtay in this Iſland, comforting my ſelf under my Misfortunes

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by the Contempt of vain Riches, and by employing my ſelf in Cultivating the Muſes in the Sacred Houſe of *Apollo*. That prudence which accuſtoms Men to be content with a little, and to be quiet, has ſerv'd me hitherto inſtead of all other Treaſures.

Upon finiſhing theſe Words, *Sophronimus* perceiving they were arriv'd at the Temple, propos'd to *Ariſtonous* there to offer up his Prayers and Oblations. They Sacrificed to the God two Sheep as White as Snow, and a Bull which had a Creſcent on his Forehead between the two Horns. Afterwards they Sang in Verſe the Praiſes of the God, who inlightens the Univerſe, who regulates the Seaſons, who preſides over the Sciences, and who inſpires the Choir of the Nine Muſes. Having left the Temple, *Sophronimus* and *Ariſtonous* ſpent the reſt of the Day in recounting to each other their Adventures. *Sophronimus* received the Old Man into his Habitation with the ſame Tenderneſs and Reſpect, as he would have teſtified to *Alcinus* himſelf had he been alive. The next Day they parted both together, and

and ſet Sail for *Lycia*. *Ariſtonous* led *Sophronimus* into a fruitful Champain Country upon the Banks of another River, in whoſe Waves *Apollo*, returning from Hunting, cover'd with Duſt, has often bath'd his Body, and waſh'd his Flaxen Hair. Along this River they met with Poplars and Willows, whoſe green and tender Boughs conceal'd the Neſts of a great many Birds, who Warbled forth their Melodious Notes both Night and Day: The River falling from a Rock with a great Noiſe and Froth, daſh'd it's Waves into a Current that was full of ſmall Pebbles. All the Vale was covered with a gilded Harveſt, the Hills that appear'd like an Amphitheatre, were ſet with Vines and Fruit-Trees. All Nature ſeem'd to be gay and ſmiling, the Air was Calm and Serene, and the Earth always ready to yield out of it's Boſom new Crops to reward the Labours of the Husbandman. In going farther up the River, *Sophronimus* perceiv'd a plain and homely Seat, but whoſe Architecture was comely, juſt and proportionable; It had neither Marble, nor Gold, nor Silver, nor Ivory,

nor

nor was it Furniſh'd with Purple; but all was neat, agreeable and convenient, without Magnificence and Pomp: A Fountain Spouted up in the midſt of the Court, and made a ſmall Canal with a green Border round about it: The Gardens were not large, but full of uſeful Fruits and Plants, proper for the Nouriſhment of Man. On two ſides of the Garden were two Groves, whoſe Trees were almoſt as Ancient as the Earth that bare them, and whoſe thick Branches caſt ſuch a ſhade as could not be pierc'd by the Sun-beams. They entred into a great Hall, where they made a ſweet Repaſt of ſuch Proviſions as Nature furniſh'd them with out of the Gardens, wherein there was nothing to be ſeen, which Luxury inclines Men to ſend for ſo far, and at ſo dear a Rate out of the Cities. There was Milk as ſweet as that which *Apollo* Milch'd, whilſt he was Shepherd to King *Admetus*; and Honey more rich than that of the Bees of *Illiba* in *Sicily*, or of Mount *Hymetta* in *Attica*: There were Garden Pulſe, and Fruits which they boyl'd; with Wine more delicious than Nectar, running

ning out of large Veſſels into carv'd Goblets. During this frugal, but pleaſant and quiet Repaſt, *Ariſtonous* would not ſit down at Table: At firſt he made all the pretences he could imagine to conceal his Modeſty; but at laſt when *Sophronimus* preſs'd him to it, he declar'd that he could never find in his Heart to ſit down and Eat with the Grandſon of *Alcinus*, on whom he had waited ſo many Years at the ſame Table: Here it was, ſays he, where that wiſe Old Gentleman was wont to Eat; There he entertain'd himſelf with his Friend; there he diverted himſelf at ſeveral ſorts of Game; there he walk'd out and pleas'd himſelf in reading *Homer* and *Heſiod*; and there he laid himſelf down to reſt. In reciting theſe Circumſtances, his Heart melted with Tenderneſs, and the Tears trickled from his Eyes. After the Repaſt was over, he led forth *Sophronimus* to take a view of the pleaſant Meadows, where the large herds of Cattle wander'd on the Banks of the River; then they ſaw the Flocks of Sheep returning from their fat Paſtures, the Ews Bleating and full of Milk were

were followed by their little Skipping Lambs. Every where you might perceive the Workmen earneſt at their Buſineſs, as if they were in Love with their Labour, whilſt they promoted the Intereſt of their kind and gentle Maſter, who made himſelf to be belov'd by 'em, and alleviated the Miſery of their Slavery.

After *Ariſtonous* had ſhewed to *Sophronimus* this Houſe, theſe Slaves, theſe Flocks, and theſe Lands which were become ſo Fertile by careful Cultivating, he addreſs'd himſelf to him in theſe Words; I am very glad to ſee you in Poſſeſſion of the ancient Patrimony of your Anceſtors; in Poſſeſſion of a Place where I ſerved *Alcinus* ſo long. Do you peaceably enjoy what was his; Live happily, but prepare your ſelf by your Care for a late but calmer End than his. At the ſame time he made over to him a Deed of that Eſtate, according to all the neceſſary Forms of Law; and declared that he would diſinherit his natural Heirs of his own Eſtate, if ever they ſhould prove ſo ungrateful as to call in queſtion the Deed of Gift which he had made to the Grandſon of *Alcinus* his

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Benefactor. But this was not all; Before *Ariſtonous* gave away his Houſe, he Furniſh'd it throughout with New Furniture, plain and modeſt indeed, but withall neat and ſuitable: He fills the Barns with the Rich Preſents of *Ceres*, and the Cellar with choice Wine of *Scio*, fit to be ſerv'd up by *Ganimade* at the Table of Great *Jupiter*; he laid up likewiſe ſome *Parmenian* Wine, with a great quantity of Honey of *Hymetta* and *Hybla*, and *Attick* Oyl almoſt as ſweet as Honey it ſelf. Laſtly, to all theſe things he added a vaſt many Fleeces of fine Wooll, as white as the driven Snow, being the rich Spoils of the tender Sheep that wander on the Mountains of *Arcadia*, and in the fat Paſtures of *Sicily*. In this ſtate and condition he beſtowed the Houſe on *Sophronimus*: He gave him over and above 50 Talents, and reſerved to his own Relations, , the Eſtate which he poſſeſs'd in the Peninſula of *Claſomene* , and in the Parts that lay about *Smirna*, *Lebedos* and *Colophon*, which were of a very great value. When this Deed of Gift was made, *Ariſtonous* Reembark'd on Board his Ship for to return

turn to *Ionia*. *Sophronimus* ſurpriz'd and mov'd at the Greatneſs of thoſe Favours, attended him to the Ship with Tears in his Eyes, calling him his Father all along as he went, and holding him within his Arms. *Ariſtonous* ſoon arriv'd at his own home, having had a happy Voyage. None of his Relations durſt complain of his Liberality to *Sophronimus*: I have ordered, ſaid he to them, by my laſt Will and Teſtament, that all my Eſtate ſhall be Sold, and given to the Poor of *Ionia*; if ever any one of you ſhould oppoſe the Gift I have made to the Grandſon of *Alcinus*. The wiſe and aged *Ariſtonous*, liv'd in peace, & enjoy'd thoſe good things which the Gods had granted to his Virtue. Every year, notwithſtanding his Old Age, he took a Voyage into *Lycia*, to viſit *Sophronimus*, and to offer a Sacrifice on the Tomb of *Alcinus*, which he had bedeck'd with ſeveral curious Ornaments of Architecture and Sculpture. He had order'd, that his own Aſhes after his Death, ſhould be laid up in the ſame Tomb, where they might reſt with thoſe of his dear Maſter. Each year in the Spring,

Sophro-

Sophronimus, waited with impatience for his Return; he had always his Eyes looking towards the Sea-ſhoar, to ſee whether he could diſcover the Ship of *Ariſtonous*, which uſually arriv'd at that Seaſon. Each year he had the Pleaſure of ſeeing at a diſtance the Ship which was ſo grateful to him, croſſing the Salt and Briny Waves, and its Arrival was more pleaſant to him by far, than all the Graces which reviving Nature in Spring brings back to adorn the Earth after the ſharpneſs of a Rigid and Severe Winter.

One year it happen'd that this long'd-for Ship did not arrive as uſual; *Sophronimus* ſigh'd bitterly; Sorrow and Fear were Painted on his Face, Soft Sleep departed from his Eyes, the moſt exquiſite Dainties had no reliſh with him; he was uneaſie, diſturb'd at every the leaſt noiſe, was always looking towards the Port, and every moment demanding whether there were no Ship Arrived from *Ionia*. At laſt one came to Anchor, but alas, *Ariſtonous* was no more, it only brought his Aſhes in a Silver Urn. *Amphicles*, an ancient Friend of the Deceaſed,

ceaſed, and almoſt of the ſame Age with him, the truſty Executor of his laſt Will and Commands, was the ſad Bearer of this Urn. When he drew near to *Sophronimus*, they could neither of them utter a Word, but expreſſed their ſentiments in dumb ſighs and Moans. *Sophronimus* kiſſing the Urn, and bedewing it with Tears, at length gave vent to his Grief in theſe Words. 'Tis to you (O Aged Sir) that I am Indebted for all the Happineſs of my Life, and now you are the occaſion of my moſt pungent Sorrow; I ſhall never ſee you more; Death would be welcome to me, could I but be with you and ſerve you in the *Elyſian* Fields, where your ſhade enjoys the happy Peace which the juſt Gods reſerve as a Reward of Virtue. You have in our Days brought back upon Earth Juſtice, Piety and Gratitude; you have in this Iron Age ſhewn the Goodneſs and Innocence of the Golden days. The Gods, before they bleſs'd you with the Manſions of the juſt, granted you here below a long, happy and pleaſant Life; but alas! that which ought to laſt for ever, is not always of the

the longeſt continuance. I have now no pleaſure to enjoy being rob'd of your Preſence. O dear Shade! When is it that I ſhall follow you? O precious Aſhes, were you but ſenſible of any thing, you would needs be pleas'd to lie with thoſe of *Alcinus*, and mine ſhall one Day mix with both: In the mean time all my Comfort will be to preſerve thoſe Remains of what I ſo paſſionately Lov'd. O *Ariſtonous*, No you ſhall never Die; you ſhall always live within my Breaſt; may I ſooner forget my ſelf, than ever forget that ſo aimable a Man, who lov'd me ſo much, was ſo great a Lover of Virtue, and to whom I owe my all!

After theſe Words, often interrupted with deep Sighs, *Sophronimus* put the Urn into the Tomb of *Alcinus*: he offered ſeveral Victims, whoſe Blood moiſten'd the Altars of Turf which ſurrounded the Tomb; he poured out large Libations of Wine and Milk; he burnt Rich Perfumes that came from the fartheſt part of the Eaſt, which caus'd an Odoriferous Cloud to mount up into the Air. *Sophronimus* appointed, that

for

for the future every Year at the ſame Seaſon, Funeral Sports ſhould be celebrated in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*. Thither they flock'd from *Caria*, a happy and Fertile Country; from the charming Banks of *Meander*, which ſports it ſelf in ſo many Windings and Turnings, and ſeems ſo loth to part with the Country which it Waters; from the ever green Banks of *Cayſter*; from the Shores of *Pactolus*, which rouls along the Golden Sand beneath its Waves; from *Pamphilia*, which *Ceres*, *Pomona*, and *Flora* bedeck even to Envy: Laſtly from the vaſt Plains of *Cilicia*, Water'd as a Garden, by the Streams which fall from Mount *Taurus* always cover'd with Snow. During this Feſtival the young Men and Maidens, Clothed with long Robes of Linnen whiter than the Lilies, Sang Hymns in Honour of *Alcinus* and *Ariſtonous*, for they could not Praiſe one without Commending the other, nor ſeparate Two Men who were ſo cloſely united, even after their Deaths.

What was moſt wonderful was that on the firſt Day, whilſt *Sophronimus* made the Libations of Wine and Milk, a Green

Green Myrtle-Tree of an exquiſite Fragrancy, Sprung out of the midſt of the Tomb, and all of a ſudden rear'd its Buſhy Head, to cover the Two Urns with its overſpreading Boughs. Every one crying out that *Ariſtonous* as a Reward of his Vertue, was Chang'd by the Gods into ſo pleaſant a Tree. *Sophronimus* took care to water it himſelf, and to reverence it as a Deity. This Tree is ſo far from growing Old, that it renews it ſelf every Ten Years, and the Gods by this Miracle were willing to Teſtifie, That Vertue which caſts ſo ſweet a Perfume on the Memory of Men, does never Die.

FINIS.

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